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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by

GEORGE HARVEY

MARCH, 1925

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

CLAIRE OLIPHANT
is in charge of the Welfare Department of *The Trenton Times*, and was organizer and first President of the Women's American Legion Auxiliary of New Jersey.

JOHN SPARGO
is a native of England, where he was closely associated with the Labor Movement. He has been in America for twenty-five years, and, until 1917, actively working with the Socialist Party. He resigned when that party adopted its policy of antagonism to and obstruction of the war aims of the nation. With Mr. Gompers he formed the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy to combat pacifism and dangerous propaganda. He has been most active in opposing recognition of Soviet Russia.

C. REINOLD NOYES,
since his graduation from Yale in 1905, has been both business man and publicist. He is now President of a large mercantile corporation. His contributions to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on *New Prospects for American Capital* attest his keen insight into national interests and his scholarly power of presentation.

ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL
is Associate Professor of Journalism at Columbia University. He has long been a special investigator of and writer on American history and civics; is the author of books on those subjects and of a two-volume biography of *Cardinal Gibbons*. He was an editor for many years on the staffs of leading newspapers.

ELIOT JONES
is Professor of Railway Transportation at Stanford University. He was a member of the Federal Trade Commission in 1917, and the War Industries Board in 1918. He is the author of *The Trust Problem in the United States*, and *Principles of Railway Transportation*, which has been widely adopted as a college textbook.

J. D. WHELPLEY,
an American economist now living in England, contributes frequently to publications on both sides of the Atlantic. His long residence in England has familiarized him with the changing conditions. During the World War he served with the Military Intelligence Section of the American Expeditionary Forces.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS
was for many years Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin; he was Captain in the Military Intelligence Division of the General Staff in the World War; and was Assistant Military Attaché at the Paris Peace Conference. He is now Professor of History at Clark University. Dr. Dennis is the author of *Eastern Problems at the Close of the Nineteenth Century*, and *The Foreign Policies of Soviet Russia*.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MARCH, 1925

GREETINGS TO THREE PRESIDENTS

BY THE EDITORS

To William H. Taft

(From *Harper's Weekly* of March 6, 1909)

Good morning, Mr. President!

To you we prefer to turn with serious eyes. Solemnities drop less naturally from our pen, we must own, in this greeting than in that tentative farewell we have just been pronouncing. We can imagine you saying what Charles Surface said while Sir Oliver paid his respects to Brother Joseph: "If they talk this way to Honesty, what will they say to me by and by?" And we could fall into that mood, for, strange to say, we seem less in doubt about you at your coming in than about this other at his going out. Certainly you do not suggest painful reflections on the mysteries of human nature and life and fate. . . .

But we are to watch your every act, listen to all your words, to praise and dispraise you, for four years, perhaps for eight. Frankly, we have much hope in you, and it is hard to believe we shall ever feel bound to assail you with bitterness, to taunt, to deride. You have our liking—in common, we think, with that of nearly all your countrymen. But you know how hard it will be to keep from losing this well-nigh universal good-will. . . .

Frankly, again, there have been some things we do not like. Like your predecessor, you in your youth revolted against that system of so-called protection which, in its present phase, we count an indefensible surrender, first of your party, and then of the Government, to greed; and you, like him, have failed to defend in plain words this acquiescence of manhood against that rebellion of youth. When you touched upon your change of heart, speaking to young faces, in the place of your youth, your words went lame. You said then that you still approved of your youthful principles, that you held them still orthodox and sound—"if only the application of them is not carried to such an ex-

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treme as to interfere with the public welfare." You certainly cannot believe that free trade or any other *laissez-faire* principles run riot in our present tariff laws. Now that you have declared yourself a protectionist, however, we will not ask you to act as if you had never ceased to be a free-trader. We should like you to study the life of Sir Robert Peel. But we will be content for the present if you will merely insist that Congress shall squeeze the sheer robbery out of the schedules, although the real protection remains. All you have said since Election Day indicates that this is your purpose. . . .

Frankly, again, we could wish there had been, in your campaigns for the nomination of your party and then for election, less apparent dependence on the help and favor of your predecessor. It gave, alike to your rivalry with other leaders in your own party and to your contest with the candidate of the opposition, a character not unexampled in our history. That Van Buren was similarly championed has not been to his credit with historians. But we Americans understand personal loyalties, and respect them, too, when they do not mean disloyalty to principle or to us. Let us feel that in office you held yourself responsible only to us and to principle, and we will not malignantly keep you in mind of the manner of your elevation. . . .

We are glad you have been a judge. Granting you consecration instead of ambition, we think you will find that to do justice among men will be your most constant function, though you wear no ermine. Our hope is the greater because you have propounded no theory of life, profess no allegiance to any one principle in your own life, but have merely risen from task to task by virtue of efficiency and good nature. You will not set *obiter dicta* above decisions. The case itself will be your business, and you will wait for cases to come up before you decide them.

In nothing will that habit and procedure serve you better than in your effort, following your predecessor's lead, to make government stand for right as between man and man, class and class, force and force, in all its relations to our appallingly complex industrial system. To proceed from one specific evil to another, to formulate no rules not based on actual experience, to try no mere experiments—to go on step by step—this, simple as it seems, is the sole secret of England's success in free government. She arrives at generalizations only by amassing precedents. Her genius is the distrust of genius, and her caution and foresight consist in keeping pace with the demands of her civilization, not in running ahead to meet them. . . .

Your limitations, therefore, commend you, Mr. President. Our greeting is the more cordial because we do not take you, and you do not take yourself, for a man of destiny; because we are not moved to make our salutation an obeisance.

Nevertheless, we commend to you all the inspiration to be got from considering the magnitude of your trust, the terrible height to which you are lifted up by our will and choice. Your station is like Cæsar's, or Charlemagne's. It is not less because railroad and steamship, electricity and the press, bring far things near and make the mysterious commonplace. Because you hold it,

Europe and Asia are daily mindful of you. Maintain it, then, as we have no doubt you will, with dignity, and be conscious always that the great mass of your countrymen, of all races and parties and creeds, know instinctively the line between that criticism and opposition which a republic permits and that which patriotism sternly forbids.

Good morning, Mr. President—and good luck!

* * *

To Woodrow Wilson

(From *Harper's Weekly* of March 8, 1913)

Good morning, Mr. President!

To you, indeed, it hardly seems needful that this journal should offer assurances of its own good will and good wishes. In all its life no political enterprise has ever engaged its sympathies more deeply than that which ends today as you take your solemn oath of office. But to you, too, we can offer whatever heartening there may be in our conviction that you also have the good will and the good wishes of the majority of Americans.

We have no fear, Mr. President, that you will overestimate the value of our own or any other assurances in that matter; even if you agree with them, you will not vainly imagine that your present great prestige and popularity are a secure possession. For we feel sure that you are not politically short-sighted. We feel sure that you do not need to be told that the more suspiciously a man enters upon a great trial of his quality the more he has to fear from anything like failure to meet it worthily. You have shown convincingly that you understand the incessant nature of Democracy's demands and the necessity of meeting them continuously, unfalteringly—of fighting all one's battles through, as Grant said—if one would survive politically.

In that clear-eyed envisagement of obligations and of dangers we find, indeed, one of the chief sources of our hope in your administration; for we regard it as one of the many proofs of your political competency.

On this point, no doubt, we differ with many other observers of your career. For we do not in the least share the apprehension that your long years of devotion to academic tasks will be found to have dimmed your eyes to harsh realities. On the contrary, we take comfort from the circumstance that you have all your life been studying in quiet such problems as now confront you, such careers as you yourself are now attempting. We are happy to feel that, like most Americans, but unlike your immediate predecessor, you like politics; that you understand politics; that you have already proved yourself an excellent politician. We shall be disappointed if, before the end, you shall not have proved yourself a great politician.

So shall we all be, Mr. President, and so will you be; for none of us has indi-

cated a clearer comprehension than you have indicated of what the times and the country's mood really demand of you. Administrative skill, executive efficiency—these, of course, are always demanded of a President. But you know that today, for you, they will not be enough. You know that you face a crisis; that you may, quite conceivably, inaugurate an epoch. Before we take up, with other journals, our constant duty of unsparing criticism, perhaps you will permit us briefly to indicate what we conceive your full task and opportunity to be.

It is to lead Democracy in a great advance which it now clamors for. It is to guide Democracy wisely while it compasses and overcomes a new kind of opposition that for some generations has been erecting itself among us; a kind of opposition to Democracy which is all the more baffling and confounding because it is, in the main, an outcome of Democracy itself; because it is as if, in our startled battling with it, a giant strove with his own giant offspring. In this respect the curious instinct of the cartoonists is no false leading, but a true indication of our real predicament. For the real foe of Democracy in this country wears no form that privilege has ever worn before. It is not monarchical, it is not aristocratic, it is not military, it is not clerical. It is entirely economic and industrial. The seat and source of it is neither court nor camp nor church; it is the common market-place. The essence of it is, to be sure, monopoly, and monopoly is old. But this kind of monopoly, self-created and self-sustaining monopoly, is new. It is young and vigorous. Of all the forces that make against Democracy it is the youngest and most vigorous now extant in the world.

That is your giant antagonist, Mr. President; and Democracy expects of you nothing less than that you forthwith prove yourself its Jack the Giant Killer. . .

We do not neglect to note your handicaps; we shall not forget them when we fall back into our ordinary function of watchfulness and criticism. It was your immediate predecessor's misfortune to lead a party which had been too long in power; it is your misfortune that you lead a party which has been too long out of power. It lacks the training power alone can give. It has the habit of irresponsible protest and criticism, not of responsible action. You will be surrounded by men who can speak only from conviction, not from experience. To keep your leadership, you must be, perhaps, complacent with ignorance and prejudice.

Do not, we beseech you, be too complacent; for that may prove your greatest danger. We do not underestimate the necessity of tact and consideration and whatever else may make for harmony, but we would, nevertheless, fortify you in loyalty to your own superior training and instincts. For it must be with you as with every other man lifted up to high place and great power. There is no way to spare you the duty of self-reliance; there is no way to spare you the loneliness of your great station. . . .

Your party is also hungry, for it comes in from a long wandering in the desert, and from this cause, too, you will face temptation and must endure a

wearying importunity. More than that: because your party is unaccustomed to power, it will not be at ease in power. Part of your great task in leadership will be to teach it self-confidence; yet it will be equally necessary to hold it back from over-confidence and extravagance. There will inevitably be required of you a constant and supremely difficult balancing of restraint and energy, of sympathy and steadfastness, of courage and caution. For the full test of you and your party will be nothing less than this: that through you Democracy shall win victories and yet shall not abuse them.

But if, Mr. President, we are thus candidly mindful of all that confronts you, we are also happily mindful of much, of very much, to hearten and to help you. Happily for you, as for us all, you are the choice of no one section, but of the whole country. As your elevation excludes no one section from power, you will escape a kind of bitterness that has borne hard on many of your predecessors; and yet you will not lack the fine inspiration to be drawn from the peculiar pride in you of a particular section, a section strong in loyalties. Southern-born, it is your privilege to restore the South to a full share in the country's affairs, to help her prove her fitness for it and to revive, let us hope forever, the great tradition of her spacious patriotism in the early days of the Republic.

Less than this, perhaps, but far from little, will be the inspiration of your academic memories. At every crisis there will be the inspiring consciousness that to an extraordinary degree you represent in American public life the training and ideals of American colleges. There will be something still more poignant—the passionate, intimate appeal of your own ancient university, calling upon you, as with bells and songs, to win for her still greater honors. If need be, Alma Mater may serve you better still. If the worst comes to the worst, if the path of duty becomes the way of sacrifice, if it so happens that you must lay down even popularity itself on the altar of patriotism, you can still see the tall tower with which she commemorates that other President of whom, in the hour of his seeming failure, you yourself wrote:

"The men who assess his fame in the future will be no partisans, but men who love candor, courage, honesty, strength, unshaken capacity, and high purpose such as his."

Yes, Mr. President, the task is great, the dangers manifold, and manifold the temptations. But all your youth will now, surely, rise up and reinforce your manhood. The great thing has happened—has happened to you, of all men. Surely you will not quail before it. Surely you will not lack in the face of opportunity and of danger the supreme human quality; you will not lack courage—the kind of courage that is one with sincerity. As you go to meet Fate's call, the time's demand, your country's summons, your mood will not be one of pride or self-sufficiency; yet surely it will be as if, in your own heart, a drum beat, or a trumpet sounded.

Good morning, Mr. President—and good fortune!

To Calvin Coolidge

Good morning, Mr. President!

We rejoice to greet you, at the beginning of this memorable day in your remarkable career, with faith already justified by your own good works.

When, under an inscrutable Providence, you were summoned to replace a leader snatched away overnight, you found yourself in the difficult position of a substitute whose services the people had not expected to require. You were quite naturally divided between a sense of obligation to fulfil the plans of your predecessor and your own individual convictions which, under such circumstances, more than ever demanded free play. Moreover, you were called upon to head a party, divided and jangling with many angry, discordant voices, and were confronted immediately by the imperative need of reforming partisan lines and of reducing them to some semblance of order if the task imposed upon you were to go forward to appreciable performance. So between your obligation to the dead, your duty to yourself, and the chaotic state of your party, you were compelled to exercise the utmost tact and discretion; and you did so admirably, with results which have left little to be desired.

But, after all, you were only Vice-President-Acting-President and could not be expected to assert your rule so vigorously as when, after a test of your qualities, the people should have confirmed your leadership. Manfully the test was met and happily was withstood. Now you need only be yourself.

You understand this as few others before you have realized it. You are not a novice in politics who must be reminded that public office is a public trust, in which the character of the individual is inseparably merged with that of the official. You have had wide experience in government, wider and more thorough than any of your predecessors in modern times. Still it has had its limitations. Until you were elected Vice President, you had been concerned all your life solely with the problems of a single Commonwealth which, important though they were, denied you the

opportunity to study the needs of the country at large, especially in the field of foreign affairs where, indeed, subtlety builds on subtlety, and profession all too seldom leads to action. And never was there a time, Mr. President, when those charged with responsibility should walk more carefully; for the state of international society is today a precarious one, and to no country does it present more dangerous aspects than to our own. The war is with men still, not alone in the material alterations it has wrought, but in a spiritual laceration which some would seek to heal by measures more drastic than the vitality of peoples can endure.

This country, in particular, being far removed from the scene of the great conflict which brought other nations face to face with all its terrible realism, has been in grave danger, through the mistaken generosity of many of its inhabitants, of forsaking the plain, but none the less arduous, path laid down for it by its founders. In order to relieve devastation abroad, some would renounce justice at home, and by thus abdicating principles which in the course of the ages have been established in the relations of man with man, would deprive society of the guarantees it can now boast, at a time when it can ill afford to lose any.

New problems are ever arising, it is true, but there are few, if any, which can not be solved by an application of the principles embodied in the letter and spirit of the Constitution, to which we all owe unqualified allegiance. Such technical difficulties in diplomacy and economics as your experience has not embraced can be largely overcome by recourse to counsel from those qualified to advise. We have great confidence in your judgment of men, nor could there be, perhaps, a more necessary adjunct to a successful Executive; but if we may venture the suggestion, it will be well for you to bear in mind that the diversity and extent of this country demand of its Chief Magistrate not only discretion in policy, but sympathy with each of its many sections, never more strongly local than today. Problems of executive routine can not be disposed of with the precision and speed possible to one who deals only with a single group of people, such as you have been accustomed to do, but must be accorded a balanced consideration, a judgment of the heart as well as of the understanding.

But "there is no true liberty nor right joy but in the fear of God

accompanied with a good conscience". In your modest confidence in yourself, no less than in your sterling patriotism, we seem to perceive a heartening sign for days ahead, and you could not be what you are nor have come from the people you did come from without being animated by passionate devotion to the ideal of individual self-development, unimpeded by government, from which these United States have derived their independence. It is for you, their freely chosen President, to proclaim by all your acts this sacred right, and thus by observing the limitations of government procure for it greater respect, even as in your own person we like to think of you exemplifying the character of that Happy Warrior—

> Who if he rise to station of command,
> Rises by open means; and there will stand
> On honorable terms, or else retire,
> And in himself possess his own desire.

Whatever may be the seeming to others, Mr. President, you will understand that what we venture to proffer at this time is neither presuming advice nor unsought suggestion, but a simple, old-fashioned confession of faith—of faith in you, Sir, reflected from your own appealing adjuration to us to have faith in America and embodying not merely "the substance of things hoped for," but also "the evidence of things not seen."

Your unusual, if not indeed unique, career supplies that. In the course of a quarter of a century you have been sixteen times elected by the people to serve them in public office, and have never once been rejected. And of the last twenty-five years you have devoted nineteen years and nine months to the public service, sometimes as the maker and sometimes as the executor of laws. Our experience of you has thus been extensive and varied, and "experience worketh hope."

It has been your lot, Mr. President, to win your numerous elections largely through the force and merit of your own dependable personality, and with comparatively little aid from others or from extraneous circumstances. This has been true in the last three of the sixteen cases to a degree commanding national attention. Your reëlection to the Governorship of Massachusetts by a phenomenally large majority was a tribute to your

intrepid bearing in one of the greatest civic crises that Commonwealth has seen in our time. Your selection for the Vice-Presidency of the United States was an abrupt reversal of the hitherto practically uniform custom of political parties, in that you were chosen not for expediency but for merit. Your recent election to the Presidency of the United States, by a popular majority unprecedented in the history of the country, was a personal triumph for yourself greater, perhaps, than that of any other President. You were elected because of yourself, and you carried with you to sweeping victory a party which without your personality as its chief asset might easily have suffered defeat.

Yet you yourself have doubtless perceived the desirability of applying Professor Einstein's unproved theory of relativity to the case, and of recognizing in even these felicitous circumstances elements of difficulty, if not of danger. Chief among these must be reckoned the disposition of your own political organization. When a party wins at the polls a substantial victory through its own deserts, it should be and generally is competent to conduct the Government in a satisfactory manner; for the very conditions of its success denote its possession of unity of purpose and of a potentially profitable programme of achievement. But it is not so when, as in the present instance, the party has been carried into power in spite of its own demerits and through the worthiness of a single leader. Its best hope then lies in continuing the man who was its chief asset in the electoral campaign as its dominant factor during its tenure of power.

The party of which you are the leader and to which you would naturally look for support in your Administration, is by no means unified or harmonious, even though it has happily rid itself of some of its most discordant and disloyal factors. It is not always scrupulous in fulfilling the promises which it has made in soliciting popular favor. It is lacking in definite policies toward some of the most vital and urgent issues of the time. Yet it is often self-willed and inclined to vaunt itself upon the victory which you won for it as though it had been its own, and to regard itself as secure in possession, irrespective of the manner in which it may discharge its stewardship. From it you can expect only such support as your own initiative may constrain it to give.

If we turn to the opposite party, a still more unsatisfactory plight confronts us. That aggregation is so utterly divergent and demoralized after two of the most disastrous defeats in the history of national campaigns that it can but ill and scantily perform the functions of a constitutional opposition and seems likely, at least for some time, to offer mere carping in place of the corrective and constructive criticism which is always so needed.

Apart from these is a cave bigger than Adullam's, filled with heterogeneous elements of dissent, unrest, and even sedition. There are those who sincerely differ from both of the established parties, and seek the public welfare by dubious and untried ways. There are those who would replace the proved and prosperous principles of the American system of government with mere vagaries or with the discredited and discarded policies of other lands. There are those who, openly or insidiously, seek to subvert the Constitution and to erect above its ruins a motley structure of Communism infected with Anarchy.

And in such a situation, Mr. President, you are called upon to deal with some of the most complicated and most momentous problems this country has ever known, in both its domestic economy and its foreign relationships. With no inclination to play the part of a killjoy, we must regard it as an outlook conducive to serious thoughts and earnest resolution rather than to idle jubilation. Yet—

"*Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?*"

More than once or twice in our nation's history a great issue has arisen, upon the determination of which the integrity of the Republic seemed to depend. Never did such a number of such issues arise together as at the present time. The efficiency of the Supreme Court as a coördinate department of the national Government, the rights of the States as against Federal centralization, the rights of the individual as against oppressive legislation, the sovereign independence of the Republic as against any alien super-State, the freedom of the nation from foreign entanglements beyond our legitimate concern—all these are at stake, openly or covertly challenged.

The abatement of waste, the promotion of prosperity, the fore-

fending of class conflicts, the assurance of "a fair field and no favor" to every honest and industrious citizen in every useful occupation—these, too, are urgent domestic needs to which a wise and just Government must be responsive.

And so, Mr. President, we conclude as we began. The American people have faith in you, as "the substance of things hoped for," that you will successfully apply to these things those principles of homely, robust virtue and practical common sense which prevailed in the founding of this Republic and which you have inherited from its founders and manifested on your own behalf. They have faith that you will prove those pristine principles to be still vital and still valid. If our greeting to you seems more serious than effusive, it is for that very reason the more sincere and confident. If we have indicated trying tasks before you, we still more earnestly suggest the puissant factors of achievement. No President in recent times ever had so great a popular electoral mandate as you. No President ever entered upon his duties more free from obligations to party or to individuals. No President ever had better opportunity to promote the highest and most enduring welfare of the nation and the people.

To such achievement you have yourself best pointed the way, under that which you have felicitously commended to the nation in its dealings with others, and under that which the nation confidently expects to see become the ruling principle of your Administration in all directions, "the inescapable law of service."

Good morning, Mr. President—and good will!

NATIONAL DEFENSE PEACE INSURANCE

BY CLAIRE OLIPHANT

National President of The American Legion Auxiliary

THE preservation of peace and its relation to the instruments of national defense: In woman's enlarging public sphere no problem and no responsibility is of greater importance than this, and none is less correctly understood. Not all of the misunderstanding in this detail, of course, can be charged to the women, but as long as they carry the share of it which they do, they are scarcely in a position to point to the shortcomings of others. The proper thing is to set themselves right first.

The question of peace is one which bears with peculiar force upon the world today. We have lately emerged from an intimate experience with the alternative of peace, which is war. We have emerged from a war, but we have not recovered from it; but it surely is the prayer of every American woman that when we shall have recovered, that recovery shall be in the nature of a permanent cure, and that we shall have no more war. So the work for peace, and a general understanding among nations through some form of arrangement whereby international disputes may be adjudicated without recourse to arms before some form of world court, must go forward; this work must not be neglected now, even though we know in advance that the fruits of these labors will not ripen for a long time to come. Thus the question of what we can and cannot do effectively for peace at this time is a question which should be considered with care.

Should we—the United States, that is—disarm now and "set an example" to other Powers? Some say we should. We have earnest women working seriously in the advocacy of this cause. I am not one of their number, because I do not agree with them. Two hundred and fifty thousand women who are members of the organization which I have the honor to head do not agree with them, and I think this opinion reflects the sentiment of the ma-

jority of American women. For America to disarm now would be foolhardy and dangerous. It would be more likely to invite international friction, which is the first step toward war, than otherwise.

Disarmament must be gradual. The naval limitation treaty was a good start. The United States was willing to go farther at that Conference than the other nations were, and the fact that the pact of 1921 accomplished as much as it did is due in large measure to the advanced position taken by the American conferees. The American Legion has advocated, and President Coolidge has declared that he stands ready to call, a second arms limitation conference as soon as conditions in Europe indicate that such a conference would have a chance of succeeding. That indicates how "militaristic" this country is. Limitation should be extended to include air, submarine and land forces and poison gas, and these instruments of war have been specifically considered by the President in his efforts in behalf of another conference.

But until the propitious moment comes, the United States must not neglect its only present safeguards of peace, namely, the Army and the Navy, and the Air Services of those forces, and the industrial preparation upon which any rapid expansion of the instruments of defense to meet a national emergency must depend. A defenseless condition has never averted war. If any nation has, we certainly have given this theory of preserving the peace an adequate test. It has cost us hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars. We have never been properly prepared for war, yet wars have come along with fairly unfailing regularity. We deliberately invited war in 1812 by our defenseless condition. We got it, and our school histories are ashamed to tell the truth about it. Our trained merchant seamen, drafted into the Navy, saved us from defeat. National defense cannot be improvised except at a staggering expense, which is an injustice to any people.

After all, conditions are not so greatly different now from what they were seven years after the Revolutionary War. Then we talked about our "splendid isolation". We said the last war, as far as we were concerned, had been fought, except possibly a few brushes with the Indians. George Washington did not say that.

He wanted a good Regular Army and an Officers' Reserve Corps. But Congress said this would be a waste of money, that taxes were high enough, and we must not be going around with a chip on our shoulder. The people supported Congress, and everything was lovely until the British dropped in on us and burned the capitol.

Due to the repeated costly lessons of one hundred years past, we have provided ourselves with the legal means for a sane national defense in peace time. It becomes now only a question of informing public opinion so that the laws in this respect may be carried out.

We have the National Defense Act of 1920, which calls for an adequate but small Regular Army, capable of quick expansion; a competent National Guard; an Officers' Reserve Corps; and a plan of general mobilization which shall be tested from time to time. This is the meaning of Defense Day. It is a demonstration of our plan for a general mobilization under the Defense Act, a plan which affects every community and almost every household. It is something we should know much more about. We have gone back to the old and peculiarly American idea of community protection. In case of an emergency, every village and town and locality raises its quota for the common defense, raises and sees it uniformed and equipped and drilled on the spot, before it marches off to a neighboring town and assembles with other local companies to form a regiment, which in turn joins with other regiments to form a division.

An inkling of the idea got into the public mind last September, when the first Defense Day demonstrations were observed It will be a little better understood this year, I hope, and these defense tests should continue until every man and every woman knows his place in event of trouble.

We have the 5–5–3 ratio naval agreement, which three years after the event is as much of a mystery to most people as Defense Day is. Women owe it to themselves to know what that treaty means, and to know why our Navy is not kept up to treaty strength. The reason, of course, that it is not kept up to treaty strength is because we are not sufficiently interested in the matter. If we knew what it was all about we would be interested—enough

of us would to form a public opinion which would demand that our Navy be kept up and not neglected as it had been, until Congress this last winter stirred itself and made a partial reparation in the matter.

For three years the American Legion has been at work on a proposed item of legislation which is popularly known as The Universal Draft Act. It is possible, that before Congress adjourns on March 4, this bill will have been reported by the Military Affairs Committee of the House; but in any event it has been before the Congress during two sessions now and has received considerable attention, if little definite action, toward its eventual passage. At the next session of Congress, however, the Legion and the Legion Auxiliary will press vigorously for the passage of this bill. It will be the most significant piece of legislation bearing on the question of national defense this country has enacted in a generation. I am thankful that between now and the convening of the next Congress the women of the country will have an opportunity to inform themselves about this measure and to assist in swelling the voice of public sentiment which will insist on its enactment.

This bill would place all war service on an equal plane as regards obligations to serve and remuneration from the public purse. It is a peace measure, it is a preparedness measure, it is a measure of justice and equity. It would draft soldiers to fight, as heretofore; it would draft labor to work, and capital to provide the facilities which are essential to the great industrial effort which must stand back of armies and navies on the field of action.

The armed forces are the small end of a war effort. In the last war it has been figured out that the work of seventeen men behind the lines was required to keep one soldier on the front provided with the wherewithal required for him to transact his business there. About fifteen of these seventeen men were not in uniform. We sent 2,000,000 soldiers to France and 3,000,000 civilians toiled in the ordnance factories alone at home. The soldiers worked or fought, as fell their lot, for a dollar a day. The civilian workers got twelve dollars a day. Some of the civilian capitalists got $12,000 a day. There was scandalous profiteering by those who took advantage of the necessities of the Government. The Gov-

ernment's common method of dealing with industry was by means of the cost plus contract by which the contractor was guaranteed free from loss—which meant that he could not possibly lose a dollar on his contract and he might make millions; as most generally he did.

This bill would eliminate profiteering, or at any rate make it exceedingly difficult and hazardous. It would safeguard peace by averting hasty declarations of war and curbing the Jingoes. It would be the greatest preparedness measure known, because it would increase ten-fold the national effectiveness in a war effort. It would be a measure of common justice—"the only square way to fight a war," as Colonel Drain, the National Commander of the Legion, so tersely puts it. This bill is the product of three years of close and continuous study and research. It has the endorsement of the General Staff of the Army and of some of the leading peace advocates of the country in Congress and out. It seems to be the one thing touching the question of national defense which has been put forward so far, on which both the preparedness and the non-preparedness people generally have been able to agree; which indicates that we are all working toward the same goal, which is Peace, though we ofttimes disagree as to the best road to get us there.

These are just a few of the things which surround this question of peace in its relation to the instruments of national defense—which is just one of the questions which the women of America, accepting the full responsibilities of citizenship, are in duty bound to consider. It is merely an item in an extensive campaign of education for better citizenship to which the American Legion Auxiliary, in coöperation with the other women's groups throughout the land, has determined earnestly to address its efforts.

CLAIRE OLIPHANT.

VOTING AND VOTE-SLACKING

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

BACK in 1896, 84 per cent. of those qualified to vote in the United States did their duty at the polls. In 1920 a little over 49 per cent. voted, and in 1924 a little more than 50 per cent.

Is voting an important part of a citizen's duty or is it not? Are we, or are we not, living in a glass house and throwing stones at outsiders? We love to sneer at elections in other lands, and especially at those in Latin-American republics. We claim to be the most successful example of a free and enlightened democracy, and especially point with pride to the safeguards which surround our ballot boxes. Any American political writer will tell you how superior is our republic to France, and how much more advanced in political thought than Argentina. But what are the facts? Even a slight investigation will disclose the glass house in which we are residing.

No one knows better than we that a free and enlightened people should evidence their interest in their own government by voting. Our newspapers have been full of this for the last year. There are several reasons why our vote last November should have been unusually large. In the first place, it was a national election, which means that all political parties were doing their utmost to increase the vote. Secondly, there was a vigorous non-partisan campaign being conducted to the same end. Thirdly, unusual interest was aroused by the emergence of a third party led by Mr. LaFollette. The disheartening result was that our vote proved but slightly more than in 1920. Our population had increased 14.9 per cent., and yet in 1924 we voted only 28,924,070 against 26,711,183 in 1920. The LaFollette movement increased the vote in the industrial States over that in 1920, but the 1924 vote was less than that of 1920 in eighteen other States, viz.: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Delaware, Flor-

ida, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and Washington.

Last spring I was in Paris during the general elections held to choose a new Chamber of Deputies plus a third of the Senate; and I studied them carefully. Nothing was going on to indicate that a vigorous political campaign was in progress:—no parades, not many speeches, few tirades in the press for or against any political party. About all one could see was that numerous billboards were set up at street corners to permit the posting of campaign propaganda, which posters were constantly renewed and attracted many readers. That was all—a very tame campaign according to American views. And yet against our 50 per cent. 84 per cent. of the French voters did their duty at the polls. Have we a right to consider ourselves better citizens of our republic than they have thus demonstrated themselves to be of theirs?

Now let us turn our eyes to the south of our glass house, down toward Latin-America. Of course we shall hasten to vaunt our superiority over Mexico, at whose elections the poor peon gets small chance and less encouragement to vote for or against policies or rulers. But what about Argentina? There is a country which leads the world in its insistence that a citizen do his duty at the polls. They meet the problem frankly, and they handle it drastically. If a qualified voter fails to vote in Argentina, and can give no excuse of sudden illness (voting by mail is provided for all other sick folk), then he is fined ten pesos (about $4); and at the next and each subsequent failure to vote, his fine is doubled. In other words, Argentina rules that a citizen who does not vote deserves punishment, and fixes the amount.

Now let us get back to our sympathy for the unfortunate Mexican peon whose overlord will not let him vote. Suppose one of those local tyrants who seem especially to merit our condemnation should have the effrontery to come out with a statement something like this: "Frightful conditions among Negro voters in the United States! In many sections the well-to-do whites will not permit their colored fellow citizens to vote!

By their laws each Congressional district contains 211,877 citizens, but the proportion of them voting in the Southeastern States is ominously less than in the North and West. In the Southern States in 1924 the vote per Congressional district was only 11,536 in the First Alabama district, 12,158 in the Second Florida, 13,400 in the Fourth Mississippi, 5,531 in the First South Carolina, etc. The total vote in the First Georgia district was 14,037; and in only one other, the Ninth, was there more than one candidate. In ten of Georgia's twelve districts only one candidate ran.

"And yet these Americans criticize us Mexicans for discouraging our ignorant peons from voting! As a matter of fact, the total vote cast in all Georgia was only 124,385, which total is less than that cast in many a Congressional district in the North and West (197,360 in the Seventh Illinois, 202,896 in the Sixth Michigan, 152,992 in the Twenty-Second Ohio, 130,189 in the First New York, 157,030 in the Seventh Indiana, 214,705 in the Tenth California, etc.). Why do these Americans consent to such treatment of their Negro fellow citizens, at the same time that they are criticizing a certain judicious handling by us of our peon vote?"

Might not such a statement from a Mexican have the unpleasant effect of reminding us that we are living in a glass house? And might it not modify our tendency to throw stones at outsiders? Perhaps, if we thought the matter over a little, we might even come to two somewhat radical conclusions:

First, that we sadly need some such law as the Argentine has to punish vote-slackers and thus indirectly put a premium on the conscientious citizen who votes; and

Second, that a vote-slacking community should share this punishment with their delinquent individuals. Is not the fair way to measure this punishment somewhat as follows: Proportion a State's vote in the Electoral College upon the total vote cast in that State at the preceding Presidential election. At present Alabama, Virginia, and Minnesota each enjoy twelve votes in the Electoral College. Last November Minnesota cast over 800,000 votes, while Alabama cast only 166,055 and Virginia 223,481. Is not that state of affairs unjust?

How idle it is to talk about "getting out the vote" when such disparities are permitted to continue in the Electoral College! Why should 166,187 Georgia voters have 14 votes in the Electoral College while 167,114 voters of Montana have only 4, or 198,379 voters of North Dakota have only 5? Last November 111,463 voted in Mississippi and 121,961 in Louisiana, each State having 10 electoral votes, the same as Kansas, where no less than 666,441 citizens did their duty at the polls.

There is, however, no reason why we should permit any Mexican or Argentine or Frenchman to abuse our Southern fellow-citizens without our defending them. I have lived much in the South, know and like the people, and understand thoroughly their point of view in regard to districts where Negroes outnumber the whites. Self defense is the first law of nature. Also, any student of our political history knows that many of our finest statemen were Southerners—George Washington was a Southern gentleman!

The Southerner is a fine type of American citizen, but "there are others". During the last year I have seen a good deal of the two Dakotas and the neighboring States, have come to hold a high opinion of those sturdy North-Westerners, and can testify that they are beginning to feel resentment against the unfair advantage in the Electoral College which the South enjoys. When an idea like this gets started in the pure air of those western prairies it spreads fast.

The glorious campaigns for political liberty launched by the American and French revolutions were chiefly to gain for the citizens the right to vote: they were protests against taxation without representation. Both those peoples won the right to the ballot. Today 84 per cent. of the French and only 50 per cent. of us Americans are using it. Is it not about time that we took a decided step forward, following Argentina's lead in punishing the vote-slacker? And if vote-slacking is a punishable offense, ought we not also to punish vote-slacking States by amending our Constitution so that a State's vote in the Electoral College shall be proportionate to the total vote cast in that State at the preceding Presidential election?

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

THE PASSING OF GOMPERS AND THE FUTURE OF ORGANIZED LABOR

BY JOHN SPARGO

I

To what extent, and in what manner, will the character and the policy of the American labor movement be influenced by the death of Samuel Gompers, for so many years its brilliant and distinguished leader, and the passing of the reins of leadership to younger hands? Will the result be the closer alignment of the American movement with that of Great Britain and Continental Europe, and, especially, the creation of a class conscious political party of labor, similar to the British Labour Party? Will there be inaugurated an era of more aggressive and adventurous policy? These questions, which the death of the great labor leader has taken into the wider forum of public discussion, had occupied the minds of students and observers of the labor movement long before. The age of Mr. Gompers and the precarious state of his health during the last three years made them inevitable.

Born in England, in 1850, for upwards of forty years he had held high position in the American labor movement. With the exception of John Mitchell, the miners' champion and leader, who for a time seemed destined to supplant him, Mr. Gompers had no serious rival for more than a generation. There is no parallel to his career in the history of labor of this or any other country.

No one who is reasonably conversant with the history of the American labor movement will deny, or seriously question, that Mr. Gompers held his unique position by virtue of extraordinary gifts of intellect and of character, amounting to something closely akin to genius. Taken all in all, he was incomparably the greatest leader that the trade union movement of any country has yet produced. Never at any time a profound student of books, he was not the equal in scholarship of certain British and French

leaders who, recognizing that fact, affected a certain condescension toward him. They failed to recognize that he was a phenomenally keen observer of life, and that deficiencies in formal scholarship were amply compensated for by an extensive knowledge of life and a deep, even profound, understanding of human nature. He was a great deal wiser than many more learned men. In his character there were blemishes that were not slight — personal weaknesses that were denounced by his foes and deplored by his friends — but there was never a question of his fundamental integrity as a leader; he was incorruptible. Though he was susceptible to flattery, his loyalty to his constituents, like his loyalty to his own convictions, was unimpeachable. When to these qualities we add his almost unlimited energy and powers of endurance, his oratorical ability and his adroitness in debate and parliamentary manipulation, we begin to understand the source of his great influence. It sprang from a remarkable union of talent and character.

When, at the age of thirty-one, he was elected to the presidency of the newly organized Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada, of which he was one of the principal founders, Gompers already had a creditable reputation as a courageous and sagacious leader. He had been notably successful as president of the local union of cigar-workers to which he belonged — Local 144 of the Cigar Workers' International Union — and at the conventions of the latter had distinguished himself by his skill in debate and his sturdy realism. He was, even at that early date, supremely confident that trade union methods would do far more for the wage earners of America than political organization and programmes could possibly do. At that time he was on friendly terms with the Socialist element in the Federation, who sought to use it as a field for propaganda, and was himself generally classed as a Socialist. There is a tradition that for a time he was actually a member of the Socialist organization in New York, but of that I have no positive evidence. He was non-committal when in conversation on one occasion I referred to the subject, hoping to satisfy my curiosity upon the point. What seems to me of great significance is the fact that forty-three years ago, when he was classified as a Rad-

ical and a Socialist, his general conception of labor policy differed hardly at all from that which he so stoutly championed in later years.

From its formation, in November, 1881, he was president of the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada. That organization lasted until 1886, when it was dissolved and the American Federation of Labor founded to take its place, with a new programme and radically different constitution. I believe that it is the simple truth that up to that time Gompers had not only not received one penny by way of remuneration for his services, but had paid most of his expenses out of his own earnings at the bench. Even during the first year of the Federation of Labor he fared little better. During the historic fight of 1886 for the eight-hour day he paid his own expenses as before. In those days he revealed that indifference to material wealth, and that incorruptible honesty in money matters, which characterized his entire career. From 1886 to 1924 he was annually reëlected to the presidency of the American Federation of Labor, with the exception of a single year — 1895 — when he was defeated by a curious combination of Socialists and reactionaries led by the former to the advantage of the latter. There could be no more eloquent testimony to the faith he inspired than this bald chronological outline.

It is not difficult to understand how and why, in the light of this record, his death has given rise to widespread anticipation of momentous consequences to organized labor. Long before the wearied old warrior of labor passed to his rest, evoking a demonstration by his countrymen that he would have been delighted to witness, there were many who felt that the event would certainly prove the close of an epoch and the beginning of a new one. "Perhaps now that Gompers is gone and the reins will be in the hands of some one of the younger men, the way for a genuine Labor Party like that of England will be opened up." Thus wrote a well-known Liberal a day or two after Mr. Gompers died. "Gompers is dead; now let us kill Gompersism!" cried a leading Communist, with the disregard of the amenities and decent usages of civilized men so characteristic of his kind. His exultation had its inspiration in a venomous hatred that the dead leader was

accustomed in his lifetime to regard as a high compliment. It was a compliment that was not wholly merited, however, for it exaggerated the importance of the man from the point of view of the life of the movement which he served. That is a mistake that is by no means peculiar to Communists.

II

From one point of view it is indeed almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of the life and work of Samuel Gompers in the development of the American labor movement. On the other hand, nothing is easier than to assume that he originated what he merely represented and what would have existed, to be represented by others, if he had not lived, or, living, had been quite unlike what he was. There is no diminution of the great respect due to his memory in the recognition of the fact that if his mentality shaped the movement, it is equally true that the movement shaped his mentality. He was no less created by the movement than he was the creator of it. To suppose otherwise it is necessary to approach the history of American labor in a spirit of romanticism bordering upon fantasy.

At all events, I cannot bring myself to the state of mind that I conceive to be necessary to the belief that the essential character of the American labor movement will be changed as a result of the death of its great leader. Changes there will doubtless be, but they will be only such changes as would have occurred if Mr. Gompers could have lived on indefinitely with undiminished, and even increasing, powers. I cannot entertain the view that the labor movement was at any time formless except as this one man gave it form, that it was like the shapeless mass of clay thrown on to the potter's wheel, without form or purpose save as the skill of the potter imparts it. I cannot see the labor movement as an inert plastic mass to which a single human intelligence and energy gave the shape, "Gompersism", in lieu of some other shape to which some other single human intelligence and energy might have contrived to mold it. Neither is it possible for me to believe that elements powerful enough to divert a great movement like organized labor into a new course, to change its character, were held back by the power and energy of one man, waiting only for

his death to exert themselves and achieve their ends. Such a view seems to me to be a close approach to mythology. It is easy to understand how the Communist comes to hold such a view: the explanation is that fantasy is the normal state of the Communist. It is not easy, however, to understand, how such a view finds acceptance by normal minds.

It in nowise detracts from my estimate of the high and honorable character of his leadership of the American Federation of Labor to say that, in my judgment, the fundamental character of the labor movement in this country would have been the same under any other leadership that could conceivably have been maintained. Another way of saying the same thing is that if Mr. Gompers had held other views and ideals and had attempted to realize them — if he had held the views and ideals of a Powderly, or a Haywood, for example — he would have failed completely and would not have retained his leadership for so long. Of course with regard to particular episodes he not infrequently exercised a decisive determining influence, as any leader must do. His appeal sometimes turned the scale in a convention from rashness to moderation. His warning sometimes prevented a disastrous and unwarranted strike. Such influence is inseparable from the acknowledged leadership of a movement, whether it be large or small. We may also freely admit that this inevitable and inescapable influence Mr. Gompers exerted with remarkable wisdom, and with success far from ordinary. But when we have said so much it remains to be said that the basic character of the movement, its major policies, its course over any long period, are not to be attributed to any individual. These things can only be accounted for by taking cognizance of great and complex forces that are little related to the vision of any individual, or to his capacity or character. There never was a moment, in my judgment, when Mr. Gompers could have successfully transformed the American Federation of Labor into a counterpart of the British Labour Party, for example. Neither could he at any time have successfully directed it along the lines of the I. W. W. or of French Syndicalism. Gompers was what he was, and "Gompersism" is what it is, because the American labor movement was and is what it was and is.

I had occasion to emphasize this at the Institute of Politics at

Williamstown last August. One of the speakers had charged that the opposition of the American Federation of Labor to Bolshevism and the Soviet Government of Russia was simply due to the petty political scheming of Mr. Gompers; that the workers affiliated to the Federation actually held no such views, and that what purported to be the will of organized labor in America was simply "Gompersism". On that occasion I pointed out that the laws of its own being compelled organized labor to be hostile to Bolshevism and Communism; that the genuine trade union movement of every country was in conflict with the forces of Bolshevism and Communism; that in Russia itself the trade unions were the chief resistance to the Bolshevist dictatorship in the cities; that, regardless of all the vicissitudes of its politics and policies, the American Federation of Labor had stoutly opposed every one of those revolutionary movements more or less akin to Bolshevism which have arisen from time to time, notably the Anarchist propaganda, the old Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance led by De Leon, the I. W. W., and Syndicalism. It is significant that the trade union movement in Great Britain and the principal industrial countries of Europe has consistently pursued an almost identical course toward these revolutionary movements. In view of these facts, and of others which will readily occur to the mind of the student of labor problems, it would seem to be definitely settled that this policy, at least, cannot be attributed to the influence of any leader or leaders. Explanation for it must be sought in the character of trade unionism itself, in the laws of its existence.

The vital and characteristic policies of the trade union movement are determined by the fundamental ideals by which the movement is inspired, by its history and traditions, by the character of the government and political institutions, by the prevailing social standards, by the general attitude of the employing class, and by the extent to which opportunity for individual advancement can be found within the economic system. When we seek an explanation of the fact that in England, for example, organized labor has formed itself into a political party, which the American movement has steadily refused to do — except for the adventurous episode of the last Presidential election, which need not be seriously estimated here and now — we shall do well to

dismiss from our minds the thought that Mr. Gompers prevented the American movement from following the British example. We shall rather see it in the differences in the social status of the workers in the respective countries. The British worker has the sense of being permanently fixed in a definite class to a far larger degree than the American worker, who, by reason of the larger opportunity for individual advancement in our economic system, does not think of himself and his children as being permanently fixed in a definite class, and has therefore less of the sense of class solidarity and class consciousness.

I do not in any degree belittle the great influence of Mr. Gompers, or detract from the admiration justly evoked by his leadership, when I assert the conviction that the policy of the American Federation of Labor during practically its entire existence would have been substantially the same if Mr. Gompers had not been in office. It would have conformed to the laws of its own being. Had John Mitchell, or Denis Hayes, or James Duncan, or James O'Connell, or Frank Morrison, or Thomas I. Kidd — to name half a dozen men almost at random — been called to the presidency of the Federation, there would have been no radical departure in policy. Any one of these men might have adopted an attitude different from that which Gompers would adopt in like circumstances, upon any one of the many administrative problems of the movement, but that is all that can be said with any truth. And there will be no radical departure in policy now that Mr. Gompers has passed away and Mr. Green has been chosen to fill his place. The new president will have a difficult task to maintain the standard set by his predecessor in certain respects. He is, however, a man of great ability and of high character, and those who know him best are most confident of his success.

It was not at all surprising, but, on the contrary, natural and logical, that at the first possible moment the new president issued a statement of assurance, making it quite clear that he contemplated no departure from the principles so long championed by Mr. Gompers and associated with his name. "It shall ever be my steadfast purpose to adhere to those fundamental principles of trade unionism so ably championed by Mr. Gompers, and upon

which the superstructure of organized labor rests," he declared immediately after his election. Those intellectuals upon the fringe of the labor movement who believed that it was only the ultra conservative, and even reactionary, influence of Gompers which for so long thwarted their efforts to lead the trade union movement of the country along new paths — into a political alliance like the British Labour Party, for example, or the "One Big Union" policy — will find that the passing of the older chieftain will make surprisingly little difference. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Mr. Green will be as resolute an opponent of all such adventures as ever Mr. Gompers was. As a matter of fact, Gompers was always fairly representative of the great mass, that is equally suspicious and distrustful of both extremes, the extreme right of Conservatism and the extreme left of Radicalism. In that lay the greatest source of his personal strength, and his successor has distinguished himself by similar characteristics.

III

I have already intimated that certain changes in the American labor movement are likely to occur; are, indeed, practically inevitable and irresistible. They are changes which would have been no less inevitable had Mr. Gompers lived. Whether or not he would have recognized the fact and accepted it, may be doubted by his closest friends and warmest admirers. Equally with youth, age will be served. In October, 1919, during the sessions of the First National Industrial Conference, of which I was a member, one of his close associates and friends remarked that Mr. Gompers no longer displayed the quick mental receptivity and elasticity which had so long characterized him, and which the speaker had observed in many important conferences with great admiration. The observation seemed to me entirely just.

New developments in our industrial life, an evolution presenting entirely new problems, he appeared to recognize vaguely at best. That was notably true of the bearing of shop organization upon the demand for collective bargaining, for example. He simply could not adjust his understanding of the demand for collective bargaining to admit that any other agency than the trade union could represent the workers in collective bargaining to de-

termine wages, hours of labor, shop conditions, and the like. It had become quite apparent to students of our industrial problems that, in some of the principal industries, a great advance toward industrial democracy had been made in the form of thoroughly representative and democratic shop organizations, entirely free from control by the employers, and had come to hold an important place. The much discussed "Colorado Plan", the "Employees' Conference Plan" of the Procter and Gamble Company, and numerous arrangements of a more or less similar character definitely recognize the right of the workers to bargain collectively with their employers through the agency of representatives of their own free choice, and, beyond that, to share in the determination of questions not commonly regarded as being within the province of the trade union. In such organizations collective bargaining is achieved without the agency of the union, by representatives of the whole body of workers affected. This does not mean that the union is discriminated against. As a rule, it is specifically provided that the employees are free to belong to any union they please. There is nothing to prevent a shop organization of the best type from being wholly unionized in the sense that the employees all belong to the union or unions of their trade or trades, and in their election of representatives choose only trusted union men, and in every vote to determine shop policies reflect union aims and views.

But the agency through which the workers exercise the right to bargain collectively is that of the shop unit, not of the union through its officials. This is not the old anti-union arrangement misnamed "the open shop", but a sincere and intelligent approach to the application of the ideals of democracy to industry. The first great test of Mr. Green's quality as a successor to Mr. Gompers will be the manner in which he faces this development. Is he big enough to see that the end is more important than the means used, and that the union is only the means to attain those great fundamental requisites of industrial democracy, collective bargaining by the wage-earners through representatives of their own choosing, and the representation of labor equally with capital in those councils which determine the vital policies of industry? Can he see that if those ends can be more efficiently served than by

the traditional methods of trade unionism the task before the trade unions is to adjust their policies to the new conditions and methods? Gompers feared the new forms because he believed they would undermine trade unionism; will his successor see that in reality they open up new ways for trade unionism to develop and grow?

Another question, closely related to the foregoing, has been steadily growing in importance during recent years. I refer to the question of the degree to which the trade unions are to be recognized in connection with public employment. The National Government, the several State governments, and the municipalities, are constantly increasing their importance as employers of labor. Supported as they are by public taxation, the income from which they pay wages being derived, as a rule, from taxation and not from ordinary trade, it is clear that these authorities are not, and cannot be, on the same footing as ordinary employers. A private individual, or an ordinary industrial corporation, may, for example, enter into an agreement with the representatives of certain trade unions that it will employ only members of those unions. In so doing, it may be entirely justified. It is fairly obvious, however, that no public authority supported by taxation ought to make such an agreement. Some unions have been known to close their books and decline to take in new members. Upon no justifiable ground of public policy could such a union expect to gain the assent of any public authority to such an agreement, or even to preferential treatment. One has only to think of a mechanic, a taxpayer, refused admission into the union on the one hand, and refused employment on the other upon the sole ground of non-membership in the union, to see how unjust such an agreement would be, violative of every principle of justice and civic right. Other unions have deliberately restricted their membership by prohibitive entrance fees and dues. Here, of course, the same principles apply. For cause regarded by its own members, acting under their own rules and laws, as sufficient, a union may expel a member. How can such expulsion be regarded as a cause for dismissal from public employment?

All such issues as these Mr. Gompers evaded. He went on to the end demanding that the unions be "recognized" by the public authorities. The term meant to him according the unions the

exclusive right to represent labor. The interests of trade unionism do not require anything of the sort. It is fairly certain that they would not be benefited thereby, but, on the contrary, weakened. "Recognition of the unions" in the case of public authorities must of necessity be restricted. There is only one possible basis for applying the principle of collective bargaining to public employees, namely, the principle of shop organization. The moment there is any attempt to get back of that, to accept any other organization as the sole representative of the employees of the public, a whole series of evil possibilities arise. For many years there were rival carpenters' unions. An individual employer or an ordinary industrial corporation, could "recognize" whichever he pleased, and could play the interests of one union against the other. But a Government department could not do that. The only basis upon which public authorities could give such recognition to the trade unions would be the incorporation of the unions and the establishment of such a measure of public control over them, including their rules of membership and their jurisdiction over their members, as would destroy the essential character of the unions. Mr. Gompers was never willing to face the logic of this situation. It is hardly possible for his successor to evade or ignore it.

Gompers saw in the trade union movement a militant force, the armament of the wage-earners in a ceaseless warfare against their employers. His reliance was upon the power to strike. It was not so much upon the actual strike as upon the power latent in the threat to strike. He very often prevented the occurrence of strikes, it is true, and not infrequently he discouraged those who would strike. In this he was precisely like the militarists who, while relying upon militarism, frequently discourage the resort to war. He could tolerate no suggestion that society must take effective measures to protect itself against the occurrence of strikes of a certain character. The "right to strike" was a sort of fetish to him, and he hurled his anathemas against whoever was bold enough to declare that the right was not absolute, but relative and conditional. His animus against President Coolidge for the stand he took when he was Governor of Massachusetts, in the police strike, scarcely knew any bounds.

But it is fairly obvious that strikes which bring about the stoppage of vital public services, such as, for example, railroad transportation upon which millions of lives depends, and strikes which paralyze the functioning of government itself, such as police strikes, for example, cannot be tolerated. We may admit an abstract "right to strike" in the same sense and way as we admit an abstract "right of revolution". There is the right, also, of society to protect itself against revolution and to crush the revolution that imperils its safety, if it can. It is not at all an exaggeration to say that the United States of America can as easily contemplate with equanimity the secession of several States, as the cessation of labor for any length of time upon our railroads or in our coal mines.

Mr. Gompers lived long enough to see the American nation begin to bestir itself to erect some protective legislative devices against this evil. His successor will have to deal with the plain and inescapable fact that, unless the unions themselves, by ways and devices of their own, protect society against the peril of such strikes, which jeopardize the very existence of civilized life and government, it will be done by legislation. Mr. Green assumes a difficult task at a critical time in the history of organized labor and in the experience of the nation. Fortunately there is every reason for confidence that he will be able to impress upon organized labor a determining sense of its obligation to society in this important particular.

I venture the prediction, therefore, that under Mr. Green's leadership organized labor in America will continue to flourish and grow; that it will stand against the formation of a political party analogous to the British Labour Party, in which the trade unions are subordinated to a small class of professional intellectuals; that it will enter upon a period of readjustment, governed by a spirit wholly constructive; and that as a result of that readjustment it will be vastly more potent for good, not alone as measured by the material gain of the wage-earners themselves, but equally as measured by the material and moral strength of the nation.

JOHN SPARGO.

THE RESTORATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

THE most conspicuous feature of the recent election was the return to office of President Coolidge, which clearly constituted a vote of confidence by the people of the United States in a man who had been presented to them as the incumbent candidate through a combination of political accident with an act of Providence. His was a personal rather than a party victory. A less conspicuous but equally significant result was the reëlection to the Sixty-ninth Congress of most of the Senators and Representatives who made up the Sixty-eighth. So far as the Republican Party is concerned it appears to continue, as it has been during the last three or four years, a divided party, neither wing of which has rendered consistent allegiance to its elected leader. It remains to be seen whether the President will ally himself with one or the other wings of his party, or, on the other hand, whether he can preserve a position of neutrality between them and succeed in the most necessary task of healing the schism and restoring the solidarity of the Conservatives.

This division in Conservative ranks has appeared during these recent troublous years between the East and the West, or, more accurately, between the Industrial and the Agricultural districts. The alignment has been confused by its very novelty and has left room for much independence of individual action. But the clearest demonstration of its true nature occurred in the vote in the House, last spring, on the McNary-Haugen Bill for Agricultural Protection. At that time the ayes included the entire Republican delegation from every State west of the Mississippi River, with the exception of those from the industrial districts of California, and the industrial cities of Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and Minneapolis. To these Western rural Congressmen were joined the Republicans from most of the country districts of Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia and central Pennsylvania. To-

gether they constituted about half the Republican caucus. No such accurate measure was taken of the Senate, but it is supposed that there, as well, the Agriculturalists could muster about half the Republican votes. The fact is that there are two "blocs", of about equal strength, in the Republican Party, the Farm Bloc and the Business Bloc. The former has received all the advertising.

The people of the cities, whose interests are principally industrial, have largely misunderstood the character of this new political movement arising in the country districts. Two centers of Socialistic infection, developing during the years prior to 1921 in Wisconsin and North Dakota, under the leadership of LaFollette and the Non-Partisan League respectively, have been confused with and have given a Radical cast to the Farm Bloc, though they are entirely separate movements. During the hard times these Radical foci showed a tendency to spread into neighboring States, usually by capturing the Republican organization. The opportunity to do so arose through the failure of the old Republican politicians to realize that these constituencies were justified in opposing the industrial favoritism of the Republican Party, which resulted in a betrayal of the true spirit of representative government. But the LaFollette machine is a product of Wisconsin industrialism, and the Farmer-Labor leadership came from the ranks of Socialists and Labor Union officials. Their appeal to Agriculture has been disingenuous and they have been merely feeding upon discontent without expressing its true nature or desires. So far as they dared this whole Third Party group opposed and voted against the McNary-Haugen Bill.

The Farm Bloc proper is, on the other hand, composed of Conservative Republicans. At bottom the political rebellion has been against the urban management of the Republican Party. In some districts the exigencies of party politics have forced it to express itself by the election of a LaFollette or Farmer-Labor Radical who was the only opponent of an urban Conservative. But usually a rural Conservative has been returned. And it is the latter who compose the Farm Bloc. The farmer himself is not a Radical but, on the contrary, has been, here and always, the mainstay of Conservatism. He would not vote for a Radical except by way of protest. He is a staunch supporter of individualism, nationalism and the

rights of private property which are the cardinal tenets of Conservatism.

Interpreted in this way the recent election ceases to appear a paradox and takes on the most lucid consistency. The Farm Bloc States helped to reëlect President Coolidge because they are Conservative and are opposed to the programme of government ownership of railroads, subversion of constitutional guarantees and the general trades union objectives put forward by their only alternative candidate, when he shed his sheep's clothing and appeared as the lion of the new Labor Party. They favored the President because they had confidence that he meant what he said when he urged the last Congress to address itself to the relief of the farmers. And they still believe that he will eventually work out a just and wise plan for reëstablishing the balance between agriculture and industry. But the West also reëlected, almost without a change, the Farm Bloc. It is certainly a clear indication of what the Western voters intended to express, that 129 of the 161 Representatives, who voted for the McNary-Haugen Bill, were returned, and that at least half the rest were succeeded by men running on the same platform.

Among the Farm Bloc from west of the Mississippi there were but six changes in the House and two in the Senate. Obviously this was a mandate to the good and faithful servants of agriculture to continue their efforts. Let those beware who read in the reelection of the President a rebuke to the Western Conservatives, an endorsement of inaction on their part, or an acceptance of the *status quo* by agriculture. The Congressional elections call for solidarity but not subservience. Nearly one-half the Republican majority in both Houses has its instructions from the people to demand, as the price of its coöperation, an equal share in the governance of the Conservative Party. Those in either Bloc who fail to interpret correctly the *vox populi* are due for a rude awakening.

Nothing is more important to the future of stable government in this country than to re-unite immediately these two wings of the Republican Party, the farmers and the business men. The La-Follette Bloc has been read out of the party in the Senate and, perhaps, in the House. Peace and reconciliation might have resulted from a *rapprochement*. This move compels war. At this time

there is, in many Western States, no effective opposition, such as is required for healthy party government, except the recently defeated Third Party. The Democratic organization has vanished in the greater contest between Conservative and Radical. A political vacuum exists. Drunk with victory, the Republican leaders have forced the situation in a way certain to assure the permanence and growth of the Labor Party movement, though it is a curious anomaly that it should have its rise in the section where Labor is weakest. Undoubtedly the death of Samuel Gompers will also contribute its share to the *dénouement*. If, in the face of this prospect, the Conservative schism is allowed to persist and grow, it will mean a divided opposition to the developing Radical movement.

Compromise is the part of wisdom at this juncture. To a large extent the breach between the farmers and the business men is due to ignorance and misunderstanding of the economic conditions which have nurtured this political rebellion. To some extent it is also due to an inherent opposition in interest between the two major members of the economic partnership. The countryside sells food and buys manufactured goods, while the city sells manufactured goods and buys food. The latter cause can only be removed by mutual forbearance and fair play; the former only by enlightenment. It is necessary that the Business Bloc should study the situation sympathetically, giving heed particularly to Agriculture's own explanations of its difficulties and proposals for relief, which are so radically different from the analyses and plans that are being foisted upon it by the business and official world.

Superficially the economic condition of agriculture seems to have changed overnight, and the ignorant, who measure agricultural conditions by prices on the Chicago Board of Trade, seem to believe that the troubles of the farmer are cured. A world shortage has doubled the price of wheat in the face of a greatly increased domestic crop, and has given the laugh to the advocates of reduced acreage. But this holds no promise for the future. Corn and hogs are skyrocketing. But the cause is a failure of the corn crop that spells disaster, not prosperity, to most of the corn belt. And the cattle men are still crying in the wilderness. The case for the farmer is as strong as it ever was, and, in the face of this temporary respite,

the need for a permanent solution is just as pressing. No one blames the Government for crop failures, and elsewhere there is a happy conjuncture of high prices and excellent crops. Therefore we have a breathing space during which this great problem may be worked out in an amicable and equitable manner.

Out of the welter of investigation and debate there have gradually crystallized four principal programmes for agricultural relief: Diversification, Coöperative Marketing, Reduction of Transportation Costs and Effective Protection. The advocates of all four seem to agree that the crucial problem is one of increasing the net return to the producer, and to admit, therefore, that the principal trouble with agriculture, as it is practised today in the great food producing areas of the United States, is that it is unprofitable. Moreover, those who believe the answer is Diversification or Co-operative Marketing or Effective Protection appear to have come to the same conclusion, that it is the weight of the exportable surplus of the major food products on domestic markets which is the chief cause of this unprofitable character. Those who emphasize Diversification explain the difficulty as one of wrong apportionment of effort and find the remedy in a change in productive methods through individual action. Those who support Coöperative Marketing blame the marketing system and recommend a new plan of distribution brought about through voluntary group action. Those who favor Effective Protection believe the fundamental cause to be the Government's fiscal policy and propose a change in our political economy to be accomplished by political action.

There are some, of course, who believe that American agriculture is overdeveloped and should be compelled by economic pressure to contract its production within domestic requirements. They may safely be ignored. The United States has been, for over half a century, the great agricultural exporter of the world. We have, to a large extent, fed Europe, and half our exports have been, and still are, agricultural products. Has this great trade now become a crime? Suddenly to curtail the industry which has gradually laid the foundation of the economic life of America, would be as destructive as Bolshevism.

There is great merit in all four plans for relief. But only by a careful comparison of them is it possible to determine the natural

limitations of each and to demonstrate the relative benefits to be expected from them. Let us attempt to take their measure. The general programme of Diversification is the law of evolution of agriculture. But it can only be carried out as far and as fast as is permitted by the controlling factors of suitability of soil and climate, distance from and size of markets, accumulation of capital, acquisition of special knowledge and skill, and, finally, subject to the qualification that specialization pays best in agriculture as in every other activity. Diversification comes about by evolution, not by revolution. It is a slow process, because the producer of food can no more readily change his production at will than can the producer of industrial products, and because the markets for the new production must grow in order to absorb the growing supply. In an effort to force the movement the dairy industry has recently been swamped by a relatively small transfer of energy to that favorite field. And this points the defect in this plan as a speedy cure. Rapid change of production simply reduces itself to a transfer of the surplus from one line to another. It does not deal adequately with the surplus itself, which is inherent in our present ratio of food production to population. Nothing which does not relieve the domestic markets of the weight of this surplus, in whatever form it may exist, really meets the exigencies of the case.

Coöperative Marketing is a favorite panacea. Under good management it has been successful in the case of specialties which need to be exploited or which are suffering from inadequate or antiquated shipping and selling methods. It has been successful with the virtual monopolies, cotton and tobacco. And, where glutting of markets at harvest time has been indicated by a regular rise in the price curve, during the season of consumption, more rapid than the costs of carrying would justify, it has raised the average price to the producer. But none of these conditions exist in the case of wheat, corn, hogs and cattle, the four great staple food products of which the surplus consists, and therefore the nub of this question. Those who recommend Coöperative Marketing for these products seem to have faith in the power of such great selling organizations to manipulate prices in an open market. Yet all experience denies this possibility and predicts disaster for such attempts. Failing this there is a vague idea

that Coöperatives could relieve the home markets of the exportable surplus, thus permitting the tariff to be effective in raising prices. But this would compel the members of such voluntary organizations to shoulder the whole loss of selling the surplus at world prices while non-members would get the higher domestic price for their entire output. Such a penalty on membership would, of course, destroy the organization that attempted it. The remaining benefit that might be secured would be limited to the net profits of the present private dealers or to economies effected by more efficient management. The profits of the producer, therefore, could be enhanced by only a few cents per bushel or tenths of a cent per pound. And the problem of the surplus could not be met at all by this method.

The party which pins its hopes upon a reduction of transportation costs, consists, for the most part, of the usual groups who attack the railroads in season and out of season. There are also some conservative forces who propose the development of water transportation and, particularly, the connection of the Great Lakes with the ocean. It is undoubtedly true that transportation costs mean more to the farmer than to any other producer. He pays the freight both ways. He must deliver his product to the market in the centers of population, and his costs of production and living include the freight on all commodities brought to him from these same centers. By the nature of the case the farmer occupies the *hinterland* where distances are great, while industry naturally chooses the strategic points where transportation costs are lowest. The existing high rates rest upon a fabric of costs consisting, in the main, of a wage level established by a monopoly of labor in the absolute control of the Railroad Brotherhoods and the Railroad Unions. To break down this inflated level is a task from which even courageous political and railroad leaders shrink. Without such a liquidation, lowering of rates would result either in an insignificant saving to shippers or in bankruptcy for the railroads. And, even if the railroad problem were squarely met and fought out with the unions, the saving to the farmer, as in the case of Coöperatives, would be limited to a few cents per bushel or fractions of a cent per pound. In neither event would this plan have any effect upon the export surplus. It is, there-

fore, entirely inadequate as a method of remedying this particular situation.

There is only one approach to the question which seems to the West to go to the root of the difficulty. Most of the leaders of agriculture and all the members of the Farm Bloc, backed by a great majority of the farmers themselves and many disinterested men of affairs, lay the blame for agricultural distress at the door of the Government's historic fiscal policy. They are united in asking Effective Protection. Agriculture has diagnosed its own trouble and prescribed its own remedy. All that is needed is to fill the prescription. And the prescription is a simple one. It is called the "Golden Rule", and it says to the East from the West "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The farmer believes in the Protective Tariff. He believes in it so thoroughly that he wishes to participate in its benefits. He has seen industry grow and prosper under the fostering care of this government policy. He knows that he is dependent upon the tariff for the very existence of his own dairy, sugar and wool industries. And now he wants his four great food staples included in the system. Nominally they are: Practically they are not. That Protection is ineffective in these cases is proved by the fact that domestic prices of these products are entirely subject to and on a level with world prices. While foreigners cannot rob the American producers of their home markets, the results are the same, since competition abroad is entirely effective in preventing Americans from securing at home prices corresponding to the general level obtaining in this protected market. To say that the tariff protects the farmers of the ranges and the wheat and corn belts is a mere sophistry. Nor is it, at present, sufficient to offer to remove the artificial aid given to industry by the tariff. Free Trade would involve deflation for industry, and the temporary depression of the farmer's domestic market. It would also place him under the necessity of paying off his debts in dollars which were worth more and were harder to get than those which were originally loaned to him. What he wants and needs is some measure of fixed, if temporary, inflation such as was accorded industry in 1921—at least until he is square with the world. Therefore the political attention of the West is

concentrated upon this one underlying difficulty. The others will be worked out by the farmers themselves. This one can only be dealt with by the Government. The demand is not for "relief"; it is only for justice.

After the sudden and disastrous deflation of 1920–21, the Republican Party leaped into the breach and brought immediate aid to industry and transportation. The Business Bloc was in the saddle. The Emergency and, later, the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Laws had an almost immediate effect in restoring the price levels of industrial products. It is estimated that this tariff has raised internal prices on manufactured goods and some raw materials about forty per cent., on an average, above the natural world level, and that it has permitted our manufacturers to control home markets in spite of their higher costs. The Immigration Law fortified the tariff while, at the same time, tending to give the benefit of both measures to labor. Whereas previous tariffs had relieved us from the competition of foreign labor working on its own shores, that same labor had been free to immigrate in large numbers and provide effective competition from within our borders. This kept down the wage scale, which is the principal element in the cost of manufacture. The 1921 laws shut out, not only the products of foreign labor but the labor itself, with the result that American wage scales were fixed at, or near, war levels, in spite of the general deflation in all unsheltered prices.

To succor the railroads Congress passed the Esch-Cummins Law, which had the effect of crystallizing the inflated costs of war times and the rates built upon them, and which, to a large extent, relieved the railroad managements and railroad labor from the necessity of deflation under which the rest of us have suffered.

These three measures were paternalistic; had a direct effect upon the prices of commodities or services produced by industry and transportation; and greatly aided these branches of our economic organization in a return to prosperity which had reached such proportions by the spring of 1923 that it needed to be deliberately checked by Federal Reserve policy. For agriculture little or nothing was done. The agricultural schedules of

the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law were soon recognized by the farmers to be a political hoax, and one of the authors of the bill was among the first to feel the weight of Western resentment. During 1922 and 1923 Commissions, Departments, Bureaus and individuals studied the persistent agricultural depression. But, after laying bare the farmers' sins of omission and commission and adding a sprinkling of good advice, the gist of all reports and pronouncements was to the effect that economic laws must be allowed free play and only time and the farmers' own efforts could restore them to prosperity.

The inconsistency of this conduct does not seem to have been as clearly apprehended as one would expect. The farmer has been blamed for his extravagance, his inefficiency, his speculation, his unfitness, even for his productivity. Yet labor and capital in the cities have been at least equally guilty on all these counts but the last, while they have been protected, so far as possible, from suffering the natural retribution. One system of economics has been preached for agriculture—the unfettered operation of the economic law—while the opposite has been practised for industry and transportation—a purely paternalistic price-fixing system. Is it surprising that this partiality has driven the West into political rebellion? Is there to be one economic policy for *meum*, and another for *tuum*?

If the deflation had been permitted to proceed naturally and all prices and wages had declined equally, then the farming districts would not have felt they were being discriminated against. But the effect of these measures, which, to a great extent, restored or maintained the inflated costs and prices of industry and transportation, has been to crush agriculture between the upper and nether millstones. The farmer's costs of production and his costs of living, in so far as they consist of products of industry and service of transportation, have been artificially sustained, while the price of most of his products has been allowed to follow the simple law of supply and demand under unrestricted competition. He has not only been overlooked in the application of remedial legislation by his step-paternal government, but the assistance given to other groups has come largely out of his pocket. No wonder this one-sided

arrangement showed signs of breaking down through the loss of natural economic equilibrium, as it did during the first half of 1924.

Even when it is admitted that this injustice exists and that it is the principal cause of agricultural distress, it is customary to shrug the shoulders over the problem and to assume that Effective Protection for exported products is impossible. This scepticism arises from ignorance of economic history. As a matter of fact the tariff system which we adopted over a century ago was modelled upon the English Corn Laws. These Corn Laws, which were in operation for over four centuries, were, in their later stages, designed primarily to raise the domestic price on wheat while England still produced a surplus for export. And, for nearly one hundred and sixty years, they were quite effective in doing so.

To understand the method clearly it is necessary to isolate the intrinsic difficulty. Wherever a surplus for export exists in any single commodity, traded in as a unit on an open market, it is necessary that all the output be sold at the same price which the small part exported will bring from the overseas buyer. The identity or intent of the buyer is not disclosed and the foreigner is free to buy in the domestic market. A tariff on imports under these circumstances has no effect on the price since imports are not required and do not take place. Exactly the reverse is the case with any commodity of which domestic production does not meet the needs of domestic consumption and which is protected by a tariff on imports. Then, even if only a small portion of the domestic needs is imported, this imported quantity sets the price of the entire domestic production at the world price plus the duty. For, as in the first case, there can be no distinction between the lots, and no internal holder will sell at less than the last increment of the competitive supply will bring. If, on the other hand, the amount of the exportable surplus of any commodity, subject to a duty on imports, can be segregated and its weight removed from domestic markets by any means whatever, the tariff becomes effective. For the commodity then passes from the first class to the second, since a shortage is made to exist in the domestic supply and imports are necessitated. In

such an event the domestic price of that portion of domestic production which goes for domestic consumption rises to the general level of protected prices, while the segregated surplus must be sold abroad at the lower external price.

The classic method for securing this essential segregation is a very simple one and has been practiced at countless times in countless places. It is the bounty on exports. There need be no drain upon the public purse, for the cost of it may be raised by special taxation through an excise tax upon the producers benefited. The effect of such a combination of tariff, bounty on exports and excise tax is to offer an incentive to export dealers to buy in the domestic market until they must pay more than they can get from their private customers abroad plus the bounty which they will collect when they ship. The effect is immediate and prices fluctuate between the level at which exports are profitable and that at which imports begin. If the bounty be nearly equal to the tariff the fluctuation is small and domestic price ranges follow world prices, though at a higher level. The producers, who pay the bounty through the tax, secure, as a result, a high protected price for the large portion of their total output which is used internally and exactly what they receive now for the small exported surplus.

Another and equally effective method of securing the same result has been proposed. It is planned to organize a Farmers' Export Corporation under government auspices. This corporation would then enter the open market for such farm products as had a surplus for export, and buy until it had absorbed this surplus, created a slight shortage and thereby raised the price to the world price plus the tariff. It would then sell this accumulation to the exporters at the world price and recover the loss it took in the process by having levied for it precisely the same excise tax on production mentioned above.

Either of these plans would be entirely effective and workable. Some will prefer one, some the other. But by either means the problem of the surplus in wheat, corn, hogs and cattle can be solved, and the protective system be extended to cover the major products of the food producing districts of the West. And in no other way!

The President has appointed his Commission to deal with the agricultural problem. It remains to be seen whether this Commission can make a report before the passing of the Sixty-eighth Congress. It is very doubtful whether effective legislation can be prepared in so short a space of time, or, if it is prepared, whether it can be passed in the last days of the session. But if this opportunity is missed, the disappointment will be general. Then, later, if the Commission or the Administration refuses to meet this issue squarely, or fails to evolve an effective means of protection which is assured of general Republican support in the Sixty-ninth Congress, it will mean party suicide. The future of the Conservative coalition between East and West in the Republican Party hinges on this one issue. The West is watching, eagerly and impatiently, for the fulfilment of promises. The Farm Bloc must remain loyal to its constituents in spite of party ties. If its members do not they will go down to certain eventual defeat. If they do, the Nation's business must come to a standstill until this issue is settled. For it cannot be evaded and the attention of the agricultural voters cannot be diverted from it by proffers of sops or substitutes.

Under the surface the East and the West are fighting for control over the Republican Party. In fact this is the greatest of all political contests during this present period of flux and realignment. As long as there remains a chance of victory and power to either side they will remain bound together, engaged in the struggle. But if either is definitely and finally defeated over a crucial issue the separation will become permanent. If the Eastern wing believes that it can reëstablish its former undisputed control over the party and misses the present opportunity to heal the schism, it will eventually find itself abandoned when, in the next crisis, it can little afford to stand alone. A new sectionalism threatens. We have suffered for half a century the political alienation of an irredentist South. Shall we now create another such problem for ourselves by stupidly, blunderingly compelling in self defense the establishment of a party of the West? Those who do not live in the West, or who do not read clearly the signs of the times, find it hard to believe that the present outlook is for a new political division—a party of the West, controlled by

the farm vote, and one of the East, controlled by the labor vote. Yet to such lengths the Business Bloc is driving. "After me the deluge."

Is it beyond the power or the vision of the quiet New Englander in Washington to foresee or prevent this catastrophe? Only a just compromise can effect the restoration of the Republican Party and assure the continuance of solidarity among the majority in this country who favor individualism, nationalism and the rights of private property. We are in process of industrialization and the labor vote will grow fast. Let us remember, moreover, that the United States includes the largest area and population ever brought together under one truly representative government in the history of the world. Its continued cohesion requires that all sections and interests should be ready to concede to each other equality, justice, and due consideration in their joint affairs. Without this spirit there can be no hope of permanent union.

C. Reinold Noyes.

THE RESTORATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

BY ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL

THE Democratic Party, a dazed and shattered army, has shrunk back from the impact of one of the worst defeats it has ever sustained. There is no general of recognized prestige and power to rally the broken battalions, to form a new alignment which would preserve the strength that remains or to reanimate the dispirited units with the ardor of a fighting force. Officers of minor rank scarcely dare raise their voices to give the word of command, or, if they do so, it falls upon heedless ears. On all sides are confusion, dismay and helplessness. An army which has won great battles and whose ranks, though now disorganized, embrace millions of American voters, becomes the prey of chance.

This is not a situation to be contemplated with equanimity even by the victors in the late conflict. Without concentrated opposition, their fiber must weaken and they must scatter in overconfidence as they proceed to appropriate the immense spoils. The natural impetuosity to cast aside the restraints of discipline, when those restraints seem less necessary than in the hour of battle, means, by a rule of politics as well as of war, vulnerability to new attacks from whatever quarter, with the danger of losing all that has been gained by so much stress and sacrifice.

Never has a defect in the party system in the United States been more glaringly disclosed than in the present plight of the Democrats. The situation brings into the open the difference between the Federal Government, the product of careful and systematic deliberation from 1787 to the present time by representatives chosen for their fitness to perform the task, and that super-government by party which is a thing of patches and shreds, the haphazard work of unskilled hands which have obtained, often by force and chicanery, the privilege of tampering with its fabric.

Political scientists, whose vision from the cloistered study is often more accurate than that of politicians from the forum, have been pointing out with increasing emphasis in the last forty years that two kinds of government exist side by side among us. One is a republic, grounded on pure democracy—the Federal system, the official system. The other is a duality of party oligarchies whose despotic will coerces the masses of citizens until, often in despair at the stifling of their own wishes, they are reduced to the necessity of voting to dethrone one or the other of them. This is the unofficial system, the arrogant master of the official system at election time and sometimes between elections.

In any emergency the Federal Government is not left without resources to execute its mission. It survives storms as well as calms because it has been provided, by due and orderly process, with instrumentalities for meeting both of them. In its main operations it is charted by the Constitution, a framework of prevision into which the founders wrote definite means for facing diverse contingencies and in which they made avowed allowances for the frailties of human nature. Foreign and domestic strife have hurled their frightful bulk against it, but it has stood staunch and sure amid vicissitudes which gave rise to the most ominous fears.

Contrasted to this method of political equipoise, which is a variation of that general form sanctioned by the wisdom and experience of democracies the world over, is the insecure balance of the party system as it prevails in the United States. A victorious party, to be sure, has a firm base which prevents it temporarily from toppling over, because its elected officials are leaders for the time being and can enforce at least a semblance of stability through their authority derived from the Federal system. The President can give commands from his eminence and they will always be treated with respect, even though they do not always secure obedience. In their respective posts, leaders of the two Houses of Congress and occasionally Cabinet officers can exercise a degree of authority which is usually—but not always—sufficient to prevent disintegration.

Such is the case with the Republican Party at present. Its strength as an organization is enhanced by the fact that the pres-

ent officers of the Government, as well as those who will hold power in the next few years, are members of it.

But what of the Democrats? Are they in a position to function as an opposition party ought to function? Can they go to Congress, and before the country, with an acceptable rôle to carry out in restraining the dominant Republicans where restraint may seem judicious, and in keeping the majority party generally on its best behavior?

In order to perform this function, so obviously in the interest of the country at large, and therefore in the interest of both political parties—for experience has taught that neither of them can long defy the popular will with impunity—the Democrats must have a programme and leaders to carry out that programme. Where is the programme and where are the leaders?

The platform adopted at the New York Convention cannot be considered a chart for the future in any proper sense of the word. It has been repudiated by the country, and a fight in Congress for the reassertion of a discredited plan will scarcely be in accord with sound judgment. Like all American political platforms, it was conceived and adopted for the most part in indecent haste, with ill-considered compromises and concessions inserted. The one exception was the plank aimed at the Ku Klux Klan, but from which the name of the Klan was omitted. While this reached the floor of the convention for debate and mature decision, it was passed by a majority so scant as to leave the convention virtually divided evenly. There is no prospect of having a popular referendum on the League of Nations, as proposed in the New York platform, or of passing a tariff bill materially lowering duties. It is impossible that the subjects of railroad legislation, farm relief and labor amelioration will be dealt with in Congress on the basis of the platform upon which Davis and Bryan were nominated.

What, then, is the prospect? There must be a new programme for the Democrats in Congress to follow, for it will develop by the inertia of events, if nothing else. But who is to formulate it, who is to lead in attempting to carry it out? In all conceivable circumstances, the voters of the party will be voiceless in determining these things. They may like or dislike the programme

when it is developed, but they will not be consulted about it beforehand.

A few leaders of the minority in the Senate and the House will constitute the oligarchy which will exercise party sway. There will be caucuses in both houses, as usual, and the main lines of action on all proposals for which the backing of the party vote is expected will be laid before them, but in practice a small group of men, as heretofore, will have the *de facto* power of saying Yea or Nay to everything.

Even if there should be an organized attempt to revive caucus rule of party, with the safeguards which surrounded it in the early days of the country, the members of the Democratic caucus would be so preponderantly from the South at the next session that the body could not be considered fairly representative of the Democrats of the whole country. Broadly patriotic though they might be, this obstacle would be insuperable if the confidence of the country were to be gained.

The situation is all the more deplorable because the effect of the verdict at the polls in November is to strengthen the two-party system, and the only effective opposition in Congress must come from the Democrats. In the House there will be 183 Democrats to act as a restraining influence upon the 247 Republicans elected. Despite the energy of the campaign waged in behalf of La Follette, there will be only fifteen insurgent Republicans, with three Farmer-Laborites and perhaps the two Socialist members to vote with them.

In the Senate the alignment will be 40 Democrats against 55 Republicans, with one Farmer-Laborite. Allowing for the insurgents among the Republicans in that body, the dominant party group will have a probable majority of only four over all opposition, and in that opposition the forty votes of Democrats will be a power that must be reckoned with in all circumstances. In assenting to or obstructing legislation which runs the gamut of the bicameral plan, the influence of the Democrats, if effectively used, is evident. The control of an oligarchy, as yet nebulous, over this potential unit of great help or harm to the country in the next two years is, therefore, calculated to cause patriotic citizens to think seriously of the system under which it can exist.

An expedient is available in the storehouse of our national precedents which may be invoked to save the situation. When the American people after the close of the Revolution found themselves enmeshed in a makeshift system of government which was the product of preëxistent conditions and which needed to be revised courageously, their leaders set about doing it in a way which commanded the admiration of the world. In the Constitutional Convention of 1787, all the units of the body politic were represented and there was a general disposition to choose the best men for the undertaking at hand. The small States were there, with their jealousies, and the large States with their grievances. There were those who favored a stricter Federal control, and those for whom the control exercised under the Articles of Confederation was strict enough. Men who wished the adjustment of the national debt and the institution of a financial system on principles as sound as Great Britain's sat side by side with men who wished to temporize with both questions in order to protect the pockets of their constituents.

In the end, with much striving and straining, a plan was adopted which was a rallying point for the forces of progress. America, in 1786, stood for a multitude of things, few of which commanded general assent among all the States. In 1789 it stood for one definite system, the Federal Constitution, and it has stood thus until the present day.

Cannot the Democratic Party rally from confusion and disorganization as the whole country rallied from those same destructive forces in 1787? The party must be reorganized, in some way, and that soon. It is not enough to say that its principles are unchanged and that it will go on fighting for those principles as before. That was true of the American States in 1786. All of them stood for full independence from foreign control, for government by officials elected by themselves and for the exercise of a large measure of individual liberty by their citizens. The all important thing was the application of these principles to the conditions of the time, and only by consulting the general will and giving expression to it by forms of orderly procedure could the desired ends be attained.

This is the problem for the Democratic Party now. Expedi-

ency cannot be divorced from rational consideration of its future. To stand for principles is one thing; to exhibit judgment in choosing methods of advancing those principles is another thing.

There is no machinery by which the mass of voters of the party can make a new start in the direction in which they wish to go in the light of the lessons to be drawn from the Presidential election. Four years must elapse in the ordinary course of events before there will be another election of the same kind. In the elections two years hence, the voters can express only scattering verdicts in primaries for the nomination of candidates for Congress or for State officers, and those verdicts must be upon decisions made in the meantime by a Congressional oligarchy without consulting them. The party's National Committee is discredited by defeat.

If a national convention, with an outlook on the party's future corresponding to the outlook of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 on the nation's future, could be held within the next few years, there would be a clearing of the air. It would be necessary to assume that the party in this sense means all the voters and not merely the leaders or bosses. There would be no need to resort to the primary system, perverted as it is by boss control in many localities, in the selection of delegates. A truly representative body of high character might be obtained, and probably would be obtained, by having the delegates appointed by the Governors of States which have Democratic Governors, and by the Democratic candidates for Governor in the last election in States which have non-Democratic Governors. These Governors, or recent candidates for the Governorship, ought to be *ex-officio* delegates.

The number of delegates should be equal to the number of Senators and Representatives in Congress from each State, in order that the body would not be so large as to be unwieldy. There should be a limited group of special members possessing full status, including the candidates of the party for President and Vice President in the last two Presidential elections, the chairmen of the national party committees in those campaigns, and a group of the Democratic leaders in the two Houses of Congress. The call for the convention might well come from the Democratic members of the Senate and House assembled in caucus.

As a place of assembly for such a gathering, Washington would have obvious advantages. A meeting in the national capital of the "Convention on the Organization of the Democratic Party" —such it might be appropriately called—would give to the deliberations that aspect of patriotic service which they ought to possess. A hasty procedure for the convention, with the usual jockeying by the leaders and a lack of due decorum, would impair and perhaps virtually nullify the value of anything which it might do. Such a body ought to gather in the spirit of deliberation and dignity which the Fathers exemplified in 1787. A fitting start of its proceedings would be an expression of homage to the President of the United States and an affirmation of faith in the destiny of the people. A good sequence to this would be the imposition of an effective ban on prolixity and buncombe in the speeches and on all forms of convention hysteria, including unduly prolonged applause or "demonstrations".

If the sessions should be confined to their proper purpose, they might well continue for more than a month—perhaps several months. The first national legislative body upon which an effect exerted by such a convention might be likely to be noticeable would be the new Congress recently chosen. According to the political portents, that body will probably not assemble until its regular meeting in December, 1925. This would dispense with all excuse for precipitate action by the "Convention on the Organization of the Democratic Party".

The agenda for the convention might include the following:

A basic declaration of general principles of a definite character, as distinguished from the meaningless generalities common in political platforms, to guide the Democratic Party in the future.

The formulation in outline of a programme for the Democrats in the new Congress, without attempting an infraction of their individual responsibilities as elected representatives of the people.

A charter of permanent organization for the party, which would set up an executive body, preserve it in continuous existence and provide it with funds. This organization ought to be inclusive of all the party voters, with opportunities for expressing themselves, perhaps in units of the organization. Control by oligarchies unresponsive to the will of the voters ought to be abolished forthwith.

Provision for biennial meetings of the convention.

The core of the entire plan is responsibility by and to the voters, with the power actually lodged in them to alter the party machinery whenever they see fit. The lack of this power is the gravest defect of all political parties in this country and one which will be cured sooner or later, for its permanency would be intolerable.

The process of a political party undergoing a searching of heart is all the more necessary because the policy of opportunism followed by American party organizations in recent years has led to an absurd situation in which men in one party find themselves in virtual agreement on questions of legislation more with the other party than their own. These men cling tenaciously to the party name which has commanded their allegiance in the past, perhaps because they have no confidence in the earnestness or consistency of the group to which their adherence on questions of principle would naturally belong. The inevitable harvest of this sowing is beginning to appear in the formation of blocs under one name or another, which include men nominally but not actually cherishing the creeds which they profess. In effect, the bloc system is an advance messenger to serve warning on the old parties that if they do not mend their ways they must confront the imminent prospect of open secession by large units of their strength. A new alignment upon issues, chiefly economic, is taking shape among the masses of the voters for which neither of the leading parties is prepared and which bids fair to persist despite the customary devices of opportunist politicians exerted in an effort to check the movement.

A deplorable effect of disunity within the parties is their impotence in some conspicuous instances to enact legislation to which they are committed. A rather remote illustration was the inability of the Democratic party in the second Cleveland Administration to pass the bill materially lowering tariff duties which was insistently demanded in 1892 by the verdict of the voters. Near in point of time was the collapse at the session of the expiring Congress of the Republican effort to enact the Mellon tax bill. There are, on questions which ought to be decided by a clear division based upon party conviction and principle, such as the League of Nations and the proposed ship subsidy, Democratic-

Republicans and Republican-Democrats, with a turn toward Radicalism here and there which is a sharp reminder of the creeping into our politics of the "Right" and "Left" grouping common in European parliamentary chambers.

These facts indicate the opportunity for a "Convention on the Organization of the Democratic Party". It might well make a start at grappling with the herculean task of driving cowardice and sham out of American political practices. These vices, if persisted in, will bring, in all probability, a drastic recasting of the lines of political organizations. The party leaders, frenzied with the desire for power, have gone so far as to negative in the unofficial government some of the strongest virtues of the official Government. Unless the traits which they impute to the electorate in the glamor of political campaigns are non-existent, they must alter their course or prepare for an awakening in the roar of a storm of popular wrath.

ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL.

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION

BY ELIOT JONES

THE Esch-Cummins Act of 1920 embodies a new legislative policy with regard to railroad combinations. Prior to the passage of this act restraints upon railroad competition had been frowned upon as likely to lead to the exaction of extortionate charges. Thus, the original Act to Regulate Commerce of 1887 forbade the pooling of freight or earnings. Three years later the Sherman Anti-Trust Act forbade every contract or combination in restraint of interstate or foreign commerce, and every monopoly or attempt to monopolize. Notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Sherman Act, numerous far-reaching railroad combinations were organized, but they met with judicial displeasure in certain outstanding cases, and many of them were subsequently dissolved. The legislative policy was thus opposed to combinations of competing railroads, whether effected through lease, stock ownership, or consolidation (merger).

The Esch-Cummins Act introduces a new policy. This act (and earlier legislation) placed railroad charges so completely under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission that there was no longer any particular occasion for alarm over the effect of railroad pools and combinations upon rates and fares. Accordingly the Esch-Cummins Act authorizes the Commission to sanction pools if in its opinion they will improve service, promote economy of operation, and not restrain competition unduly. It also empowers the Commission to permit one railroad to acquire control over another either under a lease or by the purchase of stock or in any other manner not involving their consolidation into a single system, if in the opinion of the Commission such acquisition is in the public interest. And, finally, it provides in some detail for the consolidation of railroads into single systems in accordance with a plan to be adopted by the Commission. It is with consolidations that this article deals.

The Esch-Cummins Act directs the Commission to prepare, as soon as practicable, a plan for the consolidation of the railway properties of the United States into a limited number of systems. Under the plan competition is to be preserved as fully as possible, and wherever practicable the existing routes and channels of trade are to be maintained. The plan prepared by the Commission is to be regarded as tentative, and ample opportunity is to be afforded to everyone to present objections thereto. Subsequently the Commission is to adopt a complete plan, and no consolidations are to be authorized that are not in harmony therewith.

Railroads desiring to consolidate are to make application to the Commission for the necessary permission. If, after a hearing, the Commission finds that the public interest will be promoted by the consolidation, and enters an order authorizing it, the consolidation may thereupon be effected, "the law of any State or the decision or order of any State authority to the contrary notwithstanding". Any corporation organized to effect a consolidation approved by the Commission is thereby relieved from the operation of the anti-trust laws and of all other prohibitions, State or Federal, in so far as may be necessary to enable it to do anything authorized by the order of the Commission. However, no consolidated corporation may have a capitalization exceeding the value of the consolidated properties as determined by the Commission.

What is the purpose of these consolidation provisions, which constitute such a sharp break with the past? The primary purpose, without a doubt, is to promote the successful operation of the rule of rate making. This rule, incorporated in the Esch-Cummins Act, provides that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall initiate and establish rates so that the railroads as a whole (or as a whole in such rate groups as the Commission may designate) will, under honest and economical management and reasonable expenditures for maintenance, earn, as nearly as may be, a fair return on the aggregate value of their property. The satisfactory administration of this rule could hardly be anticipated, however, if there continued to be numerous railroads of widely varying strength. This is because a level of rates that is adequate for the stronger roads will be quite inadequate for the

weaker ones; and a level of rates that is adequate for the weaker ones will enable the stronger ones to make extortionate profits. Accordingly, Congress authorized the consolidation of the railroads in accordance with the plan of the Commission. The intention of Congress was that the weak roads should be consolidated with the strong in such manner that there would be created in each rate group a limited number of large systems of approximately equal strength, and able under uniform rates upon competitive traffic to earn substantially the same rate of return upon the value of their properties. Thereby the task of rate regulation in accordance with the rule of rate making would be facilitated. Moreover, there would be attained a more evenly balanced competition among the railroads, and consequently a higher grade of transportation service. The Esch-Cummins Act contains other provisions designed to promote the operation of the rule of rate making—for example, the recapture clause and the division of joint rates among the parties thereto—but they are less important than the consolidation provisions.

The consolidation programme as a device for meeting the problem presented by the weak roads has been criticized in several respects. It has been urged that our objective should not be the elimination of the weak roads, but the elimination of *weakness*. Some roads are weak because of inefficient management, and while consolidation might lead to better management, such a drastic remedy is not required to remove the cause of weakness. Some roads are weak because of an ill-balanced financial structure, an excessively large proportion of the earnings being absorbed by the fixed charges, such as interest on bonds; but the remedy here is a readjustment of the capital structure, and not consolidation. Some roads are weak because their main source of traffic (mineral products, for example) has become exhausted; but the best policy in such cases is the abandonment of the road, and not its consolidation with another system, upon which the weak line might be expected to feed, like a parasite.

The desirability of eliminating weakness is conceded, and also the possibility of eliminating some weakness without resort to consolidation. None the less the consolidation programme can still be justified as a device for evening up earning power, and thus

promoting the operation of the rule of rate making. There are other causes of weakness than poor management, unwieldy capital structure, and exhaustion of traffic. Some roads are weak because they lack access to the points of traffic origination or interchange, or because they run at right angles to the normal currents of trade, or because they serve regions of relatively sparse traffic, or because they encounter active water competition. Such roads are likely to remain weak, yet they may be indispensable to the communities that they serve. These roads can best be placed in a position to perform satisfactorily their common carrier obligations by being linked up with a stronger system. The consolidation may or may not eliminate the weakness, but it will eliminate the weak road by uniting it with a system able to maintain the proper service standards.

The consolidation programme is further criticized on the ground that even though we succeed in building up large systems of comparatively equal strength it will be only a matter of time before the systems are again of quite unequal strength. The New Haven was once a very strong road, and may become so again, but it certainly can not be regarded as such at this time. The Pennsylvania and the Chicago and Northwestern are not nearly so strong today as they once were. On the other hand, the Southern Railway has greatly improved its condition, and may soon be regarded as a strong road. So long as population and trade continue to expand, and expand unevenly, so long may we expect shifts in the strength of roads and the emergence here and there of weakness. This is particularly true in view of the fact that the process of consolidation involves at the outset the saddling of the weak roads upon the strong. There are numerous examples in railroad history of prosperous roads that have failed because of an unduly far-reaching combination or an overload of unprofitable extensions or branches. And may not the same prove to be the outcome if the Government, through the exercise of persuasion or pressure, brings about the consolidation of roads against the best judgment of their managers? There is always the danger, of course, that some of the systems thus created may prove to be too large for the most effective

operation, unless the management is unusually capable; and here again an inequality of strength may subsequently appear. The requirements of the rule of rate making apparently make it necessary for us to run these risks, but in assuming them we should not close our eyes to the possible dangers.

Though the primary purpose of consolidation is to build up systems of more uniform strength, and thus promote the administration of the rule of rate making, there are those who believe that through consolidation numerous economies could be realized, and thereby the level of rates reduced or the quality of service improved. That certain economies could be achieved, there can be no doubt. It is agreed on all sides that consolidation would permit a saving through the reduction of intercompany accounting. For example, under present arrangements a person making a trip from New York City to San Francisco via the New York Central, Chicago and Northwestern, Union Pacific, and Central Pacific would normally buy a through ticket from the New York Central; and this road would settle with the other three roads for their portion of the haul. Essentially the same arrangement is followed as to freight; one railroad (the originating road or the delivering road) collects the entire charge, and apportions it among the roads that participated in the haul. Under consolidation, however, there would be less of this intercompany accounting, and the more far-reaching the consolidation, the greater the saving.

Consolidation would also effect a saving through the reduction of car interchange. Whereas locomotives seldom leave the home tracks, freight cars travel freely over the entire country; indeed they may be off the line of the owning road for months at a time. Though this same arrangement would be followed under consolidation, the reduction in the number of systems would bring it about that a larger proportion of a railroad's cars remained "at home". The diminution in the amount of car interchange would cut down the volume of intercompany accounting and facilitate the making of repairs. As regards the former, if one railroad holds or uses the cars of another it must make payment therefor, the present charge being one dollar a day. In view of the fact that there are more than 2,400,000 freight cars, a considerable proportion of which are off the line of the owning road, it is clear that

much labor is involved in keeping the necessary accounts. Consolidation would not eliminate this expense, but it would greatly diminish it. As regards repairs, if a "foreign" car is in need of repair, the tendency is for the using road to patch it up, and to let the owning road make the major repairs that are necessary. The postponement of the necessary repairs, however, may shorten the life of the car. Therefore, the larger the proportion of a railroad's cars that is at home, the greater the likelihood of prompt and effective repair, and the lower the cost of car maintenance and replacement.

Consolidation would admit of still further economies, as, for example, the more direct routing of freight, the joint use of facilities, and the standardization of materials and equipment. Additional savings suggested by advocates of consolidation are: the purchase of materials and supplies in larger quantities; the repair of locomotives and cars in fewer and larger shops; the reduction of traffic solicitation (with the abolition of certain off-line agencies); the greater use of solid trainloads; the elimination of some switching; the discontinuance of duplicate train service; the diminution in the number of tariffs; the consolidation of car inspection forces; and the reduction in the number of general officers.

Upon a superficial examination this list may seem imposing, and to some convincing. Upon closer examination, however, legitimate doubt arises as to the importance of these economies. The largest single item of railway expense is the wage bill, which accounts for approximately half of the total expenditures. This item would hardly be greatly affected by consolidation. Second in amount is the cost of materials and supplies, and this would be lowered but a fraction, if at all. Taxes would certainly be no less. Rentals of leased lines would be less, but this would be merely a matter of accounting, as the owners of the leased line, if it became a part of a consolidated system, would have to be recompensed adequately, as before. Interest payments on outstanding indebtedness would be the same, though if the effect of the rule of rate making (combined with consolidation) were to improve railroad credit, new funds could be secured from time to time on more favorable terms, and the amount of revenue required by the rail-

roads to perform satisfactorily their transportation service and to remunerate adequately their security owners would be reduced. While, therefore, there might be some saving in interest, the amount at first would be slight. And once we have deducted from the aggregate railroad expenditures the items of wages, materials and supplies, taxes, rentals, and interest, there is very little left. And if there is little left, there is obviously no opportunity for large savings through a limited programme of consolidation. This is the view of such an experienced railroad official as Judge R. S. Lovett, the head of the Union Pacific. In testimony before a Congressional Committee he expressed the conviction that except for city terminals, which should be taken in hand by the Government in any event, the savings that could be effected through consolidation were relatively slight. This is also the view of *The Railway Age*, which favors consolidation, but which maintains that there is "little or no evidence that large economies would result from consolidating all the railways into a few large systems".

Moreover, the consolidation of all the railways into a limited number of systems would present to the management problems of organization and administration of the first magnitude. Thus, to consolidate the railroads into nineteen companies, as was proposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, would create systems averaging over 13,000 miles of line, and receiving earnings of approximately $300,000,000 per annum. To operate properties of this size with effectiveness would require administrators of a very high order; and it would remain to be seen whether they could (and would) be secured. If not, such economies as were actually realized might easily be more than offset by the wastes of an unwieldy administration. Upon this point the views of Sir Henry W. Thornton, president of the Canadian National Railways, are of interest. Speaking at Chicago in October, 1924, he said: "Personally I question, from an administrative point of view, the wisdom of enlarging any of the great railway systems of the United States, such as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, because I doubt the ability of any railway president efficiently and effectively to administer any larger mileage than that of the railways I have mentioned, having in mind

their density of traffic." As Sir Thornton has had a varied experience in this country, England, and Canada, in railroad positions of high responsibility, his views upon this matter are clearly entitled to great respect.

So much for the purposes of consolidation. Let us now consider what progress the Commission has made with its plan, and what the prospects are of its acceptance. The tentative plan of the Commission was agreed upon in August, 1921. It provided for nineteen systems, as follows: five trunk lines from New York City to Chicago (and St. Louis); one regional system for New England, or, as an alternative, the consolidation of particular New England railroads with certain of the trunk lines; one line in the Michigan peninsula; two bituminous coal lines from the Great Lakes to Chesapeake Bay; three Southeastern lines; two Southwestern lines; and five transcontinental lines from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. As the law requires, the Commission preserved, whenever possible, the competition of rival routes, not at all with the idea of maintaining competition in rates, but with the idea of promoting competition in service. Notwithstanding the fact that it is government regulation, and not competition, that is now relied upon to ensure reasonable rates, reliance is still placed upon competition to secure satisfactory and efficient service. This explains why the consolidations are not by regions, as in England, but by systems more or less parallel to one another. The deadening effect of regional monopolies under private ownership is thus avoided.

Hearings upon the tentative plan of the Commission were begun in April, 1922, and continued for more than a year and a half, being concluded in December, 1923. The last day for the filing of briefs by interested parties was set at February 9, 1924. Since that date the Commission has been engaged in the preparation of a definitive plan—one that will meet the valid objections raised to the tentative plan. To be sure, a number of railroad combinations have been authorized by the Commission during the past year. The Commission approved, during June to December, 1924, the acquisition by the Louisville and Nashville and the Atlantic Coast Line of joint control of the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio through lease; the purchase by the Missouri

Pacific from the Western Pacific of one-half of the stock of the Denver and Rio Grande Western, the other half being retained by the Western Pacific; the purchase by the New Orleans, Texas and Mexico of the capital stock of the International-Great Northern; the acquisition by the Missouri Pacific of a majority of the capital stock of the New Orleans, Texas and Mexico; and the control by the Southern Pacific of the El Paso and Southwestern through stockownership and lease. Though these combinations were, for the most part, in harmony with the Commission's tentative plan, not one of them was in fact a consolidation, as that term is used in the Esch-Cummins Act.

The most far-reaching proposal, however, is that of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis, popularly known as the Nickel Plate. This road long formed a part of the New York Central system, but in 1916 it was acquired by the Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland. At that time the Nickel Plate extended only from Buffalo to Chicago. In 1922 the Nickel Plate acquired control of the Lake Erie and Western, and of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western. This gave it a line from Buffalo through Cleveland to three mid-western gateways—Chicago, Peoria, and St. Louis—with lines extending also to Detroit, Toledo, Sandusky, and Indianapolis. This combination, which was a relatively minor one, was in accordance with the Commission's tentative plan. But the Van Sweringen brothers, with their powerful financial backers, now propose a much more ambitious project, and one that is not in harmony with the tentative plan. They propose that a new Nickel Plate company shall be formed to combine, through stockownership and lease, the old Nickel Plate, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Hocking Valley, the Erie, and the Père Marquette. This plan has been approved by the boards of directors of the five companies, and presumably, by this time, by the stockholders also. This arrangement is commonly spoken of as a consolidation, and it is true that the proposed leases provide for the consolidation of the properties of the several companies into one corporation, when authorization therefor has been secured from the Interstate Commerce Commission. Inasmuch, however, as the Commission has not yet

given its approval, it is incorrect to refer to this arrangement as for all practical purposes an accomplished fact, as so many newspaper writers have done. Progress in railway consolidation has thus been less than is popularly supposed.

Whether or not the Nickel Plate consolidation be eventually brought about, there is considerable doubt, in our opinion, whether all the railroads of the country will be consolidated into a limited number of systems in the near future, or indeed at all. There are several reasons for anticipating delay. In the first place, the Commission must adopt a complete plan for the entire country. This task having been finished, the railroads will then proceed to conduct negotiations with regard to the terms of consolidation, assuming, that is, that they decide to go ahead. But at once they encounter an obstacle. The Esch-Cummins Act provides that the capitalization of a consolidated company shall not exceed the value of the consolidated properties as determined by the Commission. To date, however, the final value of only a few properties has been ascertained, and it will be a matter of years presumably before this highly controversial matter is settled. Since the railroads will hardly care to enter a consolidation that has a capitalization below the value of the combined properties, they will probably wait until the value of their properties has been determined before deciding whether to consolidate. As the Commission is directed, upon the filing of an application for authority to consolidate, to proceed immediately to ascertain the value of the properties involved therein, individual consolidations will perhaps be effected from time to time, but the completion of the consolidation programme will unquestionably be delayed until the task of valuing the railway property of the country has been finished. Once this has been accomplished, the negotiations between the representatives of the roads that are to consolidate will consume many months, and thus there will be further delay.

Not only is delay to be anticipated, but even an actual refusal to consolidate in accordance with the Commission's plan. That this is a contingency was established by the hearings held upon the tentative plan. By this plan the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, which is now jointly owned by the Northern Pacific and

the Great Northern, was to be merged with the Northern Pacific; while the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul was to be merged with the Great Northern. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy is a very prosperous road, whereas the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul is not. The officials of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern argued that the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Northern Pacific, and the Great Northern should be consolidated; and promised that if the Commission would sanction this arrangement, the steps necessary to make it effective would straightway be taken. If, however, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern might not be merged, both roads wanted the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and neither would have the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. President Donnelly, of the Northern Pacific, and President Budd, of the Great Northern, made it quite clear to the Commission that they would refuse to go into any consolidation that involved parting with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy.

By the tentative plan the Illinois Central and the Seaboard Air Line were to be consolidated. President Markham of the Illinois Central testified that his road did not want the Seaboard Air Line, and that he could not conceive of any possible conditions under which the two roads might profitably be put together. With regard to the Tennessee Central, which was assigned to the Illinois Central, President Markham said that his road had once given some consideration to the purchase of the Tennessee Central, and had decided that it would not take it as a gift. President Rea of the Pennsylvania objected to the plan because it deprived his road of the Norfolk and Western, with which it had long been intimately allied. The representative of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton (Henry Ford's railroad) expressed opposition to consolidation with the Père Marquette. He pointed out the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton was endeavoring to solve some railroad problems along new lines, and that if this road were consolidated with the Père Marquette, these experiments would undoubtedly be abandoned. And a very acute controversy raged over the proposal of the Commission to assign the Philadelphia and Reading and the Central of New Jersey to the Baltimore and Ohio, the opposition being led by the New York Central.

It is clear from the foregoing illustrations that the consolidation programme may encounter effective opposition. The inducement to consolidate may prove inadequate, and resistance in certain cases be determined upon. The strong roads may decide not to take the weak, despite the clearly expressed intent of the Transportation Act of 1920. The recapture clause, to be sure, does provide an incentive when a road is particularly strong. Just why this is the case, is not always clearly seen, and therefore it may be advisable to give an illustration that will show concretely why a strong road might find it to its interest to consolidate with a weak one. Suppose railroad A has a capitalization of $100,000,000, property valued at $100,000,000, and a net operating income of $10,000,000. As, under the recapture clause, one-half of all income in excess of six per cent. upon the value of the property is recaptured by the Government, the road may retain only $8,000,000 of the $10,000,000 earned by it. Suppose now railroad A consolidates with railroad B, which also has a capitalization of $100,000,000, and property valued at $100,000,000, but a net income of only $2,000,000; and suppose, further, that by the terms of the consolidation three-fourths of the securities of the consolidated company (C) go to the former bondholders and stockholders of railroad A, and one-fourth to those of railroad B. By this arrangement nothing accrues to the Government under the recapture clause; for the consolidated company earns only six per cent. on the value of its property ($12,000,000 on $200,000,000). The former bondholders and stockholders of railroad A receive three-fourths of the income of railroad C, or $9,000,000. As this is $1,000,000 more than they were allowed to retain prior to the consolidation, they are better off (or at any rate the stockholders are, and the bondholders will be if the bonds of railroad C bear a somewhat higher rate of interest than those of railroad A). The former bondholders and stockholders of railroad B receive one-fourth of the income of railroad C, or $3,000,000. As this is $1,000,000 more than they earned prior to the consolidation they also are better off. As both parties gain, there is an inducement to consolidate.

Notwithstanding the fact that there is sometimes an inducement to consolidate to prevent the recapture of excess earnings,

the inducement will not always be adequate. In the foregoing illustration we assumed that the weak road, of inferior earning capacity, had a high property value; in fact as high a property value as that of the strong road of large earning power. When this is the case the strong road, unwilling to share one-half of its excess earnings with the Government, may consent to take over the weak road, since thereby it reduces the ratio of its earnings to the valuation. But if the low earnings of the weak road go hand in hand with a low valuation of its property (say $50,000,000 instead of $100,000,000 as in the illustration), the recapture clause may lose its force. Moreover, difficulty is likely to be experienced in agreeing upon terms acceptable both to the strong roads and the weak. The mere fact that there are spoils to divide will not ensure consolidation, for the parties may not be able to agree upon the division thereof. The matter is complicated, of course, by the fact that the several railroads to be consolidated will have outstanding various kinds of securities, and it will be hard to reach an agreement upon the order of priority of these numerous claims. Then there is the natural desire of the officials and certain stockholders to maintain the independence of their properties; the opposition of certain communities to the merging of a local road with a larger system having a lesser interest in that particular locality; and the necessity in some cases of cutting down the volume of securities.

To promote the consolidation programme it has been suggested, notably by Secretary Hoover, that the Government take active steps to expedite it. Secretary Hoover recommends that two years be allowed for voluntary consolidations in accordance with the plan finally adopted by the Commission; and that at the end of that time the Commission appoint an organization committee for each group not consolidated. These committees are to determine the value of the outstanding securities of the component roads, valuing each class or issue separately, provided that the total value fixed for the securities of any road does not exceed the value of that road as determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Each committee is to have the right to create a federal corporation which will offer to exchange its securities for those of the component roads upon the basis of the values fixed

by the committee. If a majority of the stockholders of a component road make the exchange, the committee shall have the right at law to acquire the non-consenting minority stock at its fair value; if a majority fail to make the exchange, the committee shall have the right, if the approving roads agree to finance the transaction, to acquire the dissenting roads under powers of eminent domain. It is well to note the inclusion of the proviso that the committee shall proceed with condemnation only if the approving roads agree to take the condemned roads off the committee's hands. Under our present laws the Government can force a railroad to dispose of its property, but it can not compel another railroad or group of railroads to buy it. If, therefore, the approving roads are unwilling to acquire the condemned road at the cost of condemnation the matter rests there, and the consolidation programme goes uncompleted.

A bill embodying substantially the recommendations of Secretary Hoover was introduced by Senator Cummins, but despite the fact that it had the approval of President Coolidge it failed of passage.

In conclusion, it may be noted that our ideas with regard to consolidation seem to be changing very rapidly. In 1912 the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination was dissolved, and as recently as 1922 the Supreme Court found the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific combination to be violative of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Now, however, the railroads are being warned that if they do not consolidate with reasonable promptness we may invoke compulsion. This is truly a remarkable reversal of governmental policy; and we may well wonder whether five or ten years hence this policy will command the support of public opinion.

ELIOT JONES.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

In 1913 the British Empire was the most powerful political and economic organization in the world. In 1924 it had retained its outward form and had even gained considerably in territorial extent, but it had lost to a marked degree its erstwhile position of absolute dominance in international affairs. This loss came about through political changes from within, the rise to wealth and power of other countries, and the crippling effects of the great war and its reactions upon the direct and indirect sources of British wealth and influence. In the decade preceding 1924 the outlying portions of the Empire failed to keep pace with a rate of growth in population and wealth which was a common indicator to that of the world as a whole, and Great Britain, the Mother Country of the Empire, gave of her strength to the cause of the Allies with such liberality as not only to check any natural increase but to bring about a certain degree of exhaustion.

During the five years following the war considerable progress was made towards regaining lost wealth and power, and had the international political situation, as it was in 1913, resumed its sway and the trade of the world again offered as great opportunities as it did in that year, the British Empire might possibly have reconquered its great pre-war prestige ere now. This was not to be, however, for the war and post-war periods produced certain phenomena which now offer what are probably insuperable obstacles to a resumption by the British Empire of the supreme part it played in the world's affairs for many years before the beginning in 1914 of the cataclysmic struggle of nations.

In the political field the past ten years have been notable for the changes which have taken place within the structure of the British Empire. Certain of the Dominions have proclaimed their independence in respect to foreign affairs, and have taken

to themselves a practically complete form of self government. Other Dominions have developed dangerous antagonisms to British rule and have created Imperial problems difficult of solution. An integral part of the former United Kingdom, Ireland, has assumed the status of an overseas possession, and some of the territory over which the British Government acquired "mandates" as a result of the war has proved to be a source of expense and trouble rather than profit and aggrandisement.

In almost direct ratio to the increasing difficulties of Imperial Government has the character of the British Government changed in such a way as to decrease its power of administration. The traditional imperialism of England has been best served in the past through the ascendency in public affairs of the so-called governing class. This class produced in each generation the necessary number of highly educated, intensely trained office holders and administrators, hereditary or otherwise. The education and training of these men and their natural proclivities resulted in a state of mind which, with certain variations, made them imperialists and in favor of a "close corporation" form of government necessary to a continuity of British policy. The break in this form of government came with the rising power of the mass of the people, more general educational facilities, and the extension of the franchise. Men appeared in the Government who were in antagonism to the old order. The erstwhile governing class lost its complete control of public affairs and entered upon a struggle for political existence which is still in progress but which will end inevitably in the extinction of that class as a concrete force in public life. With each political convulsion the waves of mass control wash higher and higher over the breakwaters erected by privilege, and while at times they are swept back and recede in apparent defeat it is but to come again with a more formidable advance later on. There is no question but that the more successful form of government for a political organization such as the British Empire, is that such as was in effect at the very beginning of the twentieth century. There is equally no question but that such a form of government has become impossible under the social and political conditions characteristic of the present time, for there has come about within the last few years an almost

startling change in the relations of the mass of the people of a nation towards the conduct of government and the determinations of home and foreign policies.

Canada has taken the lead in asserting her political and economic independence of control by the British Government, and all the other English speaking Dominions have followed closely in her wake. The Nationalist movement in India, Egypt and other places under the control of the British Government has grown to such dimensions as to cause grave doubts as to British security in those directions. This decreasing solidarity of the Empire has come about largely from two causes: one, the increasing individuality of the various populations brought about by the spread of education and consequent increase of the Nationalist spirit; the other being a decided weakening in the practical Imperialism which was the guiding principle of a government of the Empire by a privileged class in the United Kingdom. Liberalism and Socialism, under one guise or another, originating with the intelligentsia and supported by an enfranchised proletariat, have honeycombed the British governing power. The natural sympathies of these forces with independence, self determination, non-militarism and internationalism have so softened the sterner outlines of British policy as to rob it of much of its driving force and have destroyed its former apparent immutability. Reason, argument and theory have taken the place of a single purpose to be carried forward at all hazards, by all means available, in any way possible and with a certain degree of disregard as to methods employed.

These conditions now prevail in practically every country more or less, but they are peculiarly interesting as they may affect the British Empire of today and the near future, for Imperialism does not thrive upon them, and Imperialism is the web upon which has been woven the pattern of British policy at home, within the Empire and in its relations to alien nations. The British Empire affords the greatest example of what can be accomplished by a relentless purpose in government that the world has ever seen since the Roman Empire fell to pieces through its own weight and in some ways for reasons not dissimilar to those which are now at work eating into the tie beams of this great imperial and more

modern structure. In some respects the British Empire is now stronger, richer and more beneficent in character than it ever has been, but its character has changed. By a process of evolution it has been working towards the status of a Federation of States. If this process is allowed to complete itself, it is not impossible that the result may be even more notable and of much finer quality than the original conception of the imperial minded founders of the British Empire.

One of the most notable changes which have taken place in recent years is that in relation to the trade of the world. But a short time ago the British Government held itself aloof from commerce as such. Its axiom was that trade followed the flag. The business of the Government was therefore to push the flag or its influence in every direction which offered some return for the effort. It was left to those who conducted the commerce of the Empire to follow up any advance made by the symbol of British power. Immediately following the Great War the British Government concerned itself with the actual business of increasing the sales of British goods abroad and of securing territory or influence in parts of the earth from which needed raw materials might be secured.

With the advent of a Labor or so-called Socialist Government came a new phase, and that was concern as to the condition of alien peoples, especially the working class. Both of these moves, the one in which the Government itself became a trader and the manifestation of international sympathies as to the condition of labor, are remote from any purpose or intention of the older and more imperialistic form of Government. Since the time when the privileged and hereditary governing class met its first reverse at the hands of those who believed in a wider distribution of political power, there have been crises in which the nation gave signs of a reactionary tendency, but these movements which promised a return to the old order have made no progress beyond the first impulse; they have not been progressive in the direction desired by the extremely conservative. The fact of the matter is that the older governing class of modern times received its death blow as the dominant political power about 1910 or 1911. Those of its members who have endeavored to adapt themselves to the new

order are still in the arena. Others, more obstinate or less comprehending, have been forced into retirement, full of concern as to the impending fate of their country, not a little sorry for themselves and anxious concerning the possible fate of their vested rights.

With the war of 1914 came the death of personal liberty and the control of the nation by a military aristocracy closely allied to that of the land by ties of blood and sympathetic beliefs. With the end of the war this joint dictatorship was loath to restore liberty to the individual, and the power acquired through the confidence and bewilderment of a nation in agony was retained, or so much of it as could be retained, and was used to assist the forces of reaction in an effort to regain an older status. It was not to be, however, for it was found that although "safe and sane" influences were once more in control, they were not quite the same; for while before the war the governing class had been free from industrial control, it was now practically at the mercy of what was proudly referred to as "a business Government". This was not what the ultra-Conservative forces had bargained for or wanted, for this was not the kind of Government which had nursed the British Empire into existence and brought it to the height of its glory.

A "business Government" could not last for long; it seldom does either in republics or monarchies; and again the vast body of the now enfranchised beat at the doors of Parliament and its representatives gained entrance in increased numbers. The tide of reaction will set in again from time to time, but with ever decreasing force; for in Great Britain as in every other country the inevitable alignment of the voters will be to the Right and to the Left, and even those of the Right will bear close resemblance to those who in years gone by were looked upon as dangerously Radical in their beliefs. The older type of ultra-Conservative is dying out. By the time another generation has come to maturity, it will be referred to in much the same terms as are now applied to what is called Early Victorian.

There is one product of this older civilization, however, the passing of which may well be deplored. That is the highly educated and able aristocrat, far removed from the ordinary sordid cares of life by his wealth and position, who gave of his services in

times of peace as well as in war to the cause of "King and country". No other environment has produced his like. His faith in the political and social system under which he lived was simple and sincere. His honesty was above question; his loyalty to the death unquestioned; his belief in the present and future greatness and the enduring qualities of the British Empire a matter of course. With all his courtesy, his culture, and his admirable instincts, he looked upon himself and his fellows as men set apart by an all-wise Providence to direct the affairs of other men. This is what has brought about his downfall and is leading to the extinction of the type, for to have continued as he was it was necessary that education should have been denied to the masses of the people. To think for the people, to decide what was best for them, was his self appointed task.

When the people began to think for themselves and took to themselves sufficient power to have a say as to what laws should be passed, his day was done, for his very existence depended upon a fixed social and political state. The rising tide of Democracy engulfed him. There are a few of this type still to be found in the British system, but they are old, weary and confused, doubtful as to modern tendencies and pessimistic as to the future of Empire. They no longer have an important share in the events of the day. The work they did still stands, for they built the British Empire to what it is. It will take long to destroy it, but the last of the builders are living long enough to mark the signs of change and what from their point of view is a process of disintegration. Their pessimism must not be taken too seriously, however, for each cycle of time produces something of its own, and no man can say that what has been within his own experience surpasses anything which may come within the experience of others who are to follow him.

These matters are of great importance to any clear understanding as to the British Empire of yesterday and today. It is still the greatest force in world politics, and its interests are concerned with the affairs of every other country and nationality, owing to the far flung territory over which floats the British flag either as the flag of the country or over the British "Government House" to be found somewhere within the boundaries where it

stands as the potential "culture" of British interests. British trade still remains largely faithful to the British flag. The financial powers of London still set the pace in foreign investments. In the London markets are still made the prices for most of the varied products which enter into international trade, and British ships still carry the bulk of the merchandise which travels overseas.

The war brought into high relief the fact that even the British Empire could, however, no longer stand alone in the enforcement of arbitrary measures upon the international situation. Other countries had developed; other nations had become too large and too well organized. From almost unlimited financial resources the British Empire may be said to have financed the war; but when it came to a final question of mass power and the supply of materials, a point was reached in course of time when assistance was needed, and was secured. In the year 1913 Germany had become the greatest European rival of Great Britain and was gaining on that country in several directions, notably that of foreign trade. Behind this matter of trade supremacy was the ominous shadow of a fierce rivalry for dominance in other international affairs. The theory of a balance of power evolved from the British Foreign Office led inevitably to a grouping of Powers which in time promised to precipitate actual conflict. It was a race to secure allies, and when this field of endeavor had become practically exhausted the two groups rested uneasily upon their respective territories, watchful and jealous of each other, strengthening their material forces at every opportunity, each realizing that the day would come when there must be a trial of strength.

When the wreckage of the conflict was cleared away, Europe emerged battle scarred and exhausted but with a new orientation as to international relations. France went into the war weak in many respects and much in the position of a little brother to Great Britain, with all a little brother's dependence and jealousies. France emerged from the war with a purpose which was to be as relentlessly pursued as was the erstwhile determination to triumph over German designs. That purpose was to restore France to a political and economic position in keeping

with her traditions and commensurate with the ambitions of her people. From the making of the Versailles Treaty to the present time this purpose has never been lost sight of, and from the destruction, waste and horror of the greatest war in history has risen a new France, self contained economically and asking no odds politically of any one. France is no longer the little brother of Great Britain, for she has become the dominant power on the Continent of Europe, and in her industrial activities has become the rival of her neighbor across the Channel.

This position has been achieved by an absolute disregard of everything excepting her own immediate needs; a policy pursued with an almost cynical indifference to her obligations to or the needs of others. It is the most notable illustration in modern times of the principle that "charity begins at home" applied upon a gigantic scale. Great Britain, having assisted materially in bringing about this ascendency of France in the political and material affairs of Europe, sits brooding on the waters, wondering as to the future and realizing the newly acquired competitive power of her erstwhile weaker ally.

The British Foreign Office still keeps together with a notable continuity of purpose the bare bones of its pre-war policies, but they lack the flesh and blood of the days when no proletariat interfered with the councils of the heads of the State and no taint of Socialism intruded itself into the dealings of the British Government with other nations. The erstwhile strong and virile purpose is now weakened by the absence of the unrelenting directing power, unhampered by any doubts or hesitations, which was characteristic of the days when the electorate numbered only five million instead of the nearly twenty-two million of the present time.

The British Empire was brought to the height of its power under a free trade policy, with which the political Mandarins worked in sympathy and understanding. After the war, in a moment of weakness induced by depressed economic conditions and a feeling of hopelessness as to the future, the conservative element in the population of Great Britain suggested that perhaps a policy of protection to home industry and a scheme of Imperial preferential treatment would bring prosperity. This

brought about a defeat at the polls, for a majority sentiment is in favor of free trade. It is interesting to note that this free trade sentiment is now stronger among the wage earners than it is with the property owners. This is due to a fear that the cost of living will rise under protection, and possibly to an instinctive reluctance to abandon a policy under which British industry rose to its pinnacle of world power.

Conditions have changed in that the countries of depreciated currencies, notably France, are now keen competitors, and that all countries have placed added restrictions upon imports in the effort to encourage their own industries and to discourage the exportation of money. The truth of the matter is, however, that no country is in the same position as Great Britain, and the adoption of a protective policy would beyond a doubt forever prevent the foreign trade of that country regaining its once lucrative standing. England was the great broker or exchange merchant in the trade of the world. Under the stimulus of this position British industry was developed to a point where it produced four or five times the bulk of goods which could be absorbed by the people of the British Isles.

Protection is for a country the population of which is able to absorb a large output of mills and factories and which presents an opportunity for constant development in that direction. Great Britain is already super-saturated with home products of manufacture. The only hope for the people is to regain foreign markets lost through the war or its reactions. The home market is not large enough to encourage mass production. In the United States, France, Germany and other countries of large and productive areas, the home market presents opportunities for expansion which are not to be found in Great Britain. These countries produce their own food, or the larger part of it. Great Britain must export her manufactures and raw material to pay for what her people eat. Imperial preference is a fallacy for this reason, for it is necessary to impose a duty before it can be taken off or scaled. It is also a fact that while the Dominions have responded to the overtures made for Imperial preference, they have also shown the intention of so adjusting their economic arrangements as may best suit their own needs.

Whether British industry can live through to the time when it will not have to compete with wages paid in cheap money, and the purchasing power of the world's markets is restored to what was considered normal in 1913, is another question, but it is obvious that the adoption of a protective policy would be a confession of failure and would result in the permanent retirement of Great Britain from any claim in the future to a premiership in foreign trade. The entire economic and fiscal systems of the country would have to be revised, long established theory and practice cast aside, and the adjustment of a scheme of import duties would open up a Pandora's box out of which would issue the evils of monopoly, political corruption and special privilege.

It will be noted that in all countries where a protective policy has been more or less successful and export trade has likewise increased, no matter now great the figures of the latter may be the sales in the home market are the biggest end of the business. Protection countries which export do this on a surplus basis, and this enables them better to serve the home market. The plan as it is proposed for Great Britain would in theory reverse this position. It would be the surplus it is proposed to sell in the home market, the bulk of the goods going overseas to be sold in competition with the goods of other countries.

It is such things as these which give rise to the suggestion that possibly the Mother Country of the British Empire has seen her greatest days of industrial activity; that while her merchants will continue to cater largely for the needs of people in all other countries, thus maintaining her position as an international clearing house, her own exports of home produced manufactures will never again reach that point in volume which they touched before the Great War cast its blight upon the world.

According to the figures of values all is well with the trade of the world, but when the tonnage figures are ascertained it is realized that the export trade of Great Britain alone is still about twenty-five per cent. below what it was in 1913. With every effort possible being made by other countries to prevent an increase, and economic conditions everywhere unfavorable to such increase, it is difficult to believe but that it will be some time before British industry is able to get back to even the volume of output recorded

of 1913, and it is not difficult to realize that it is highly improbable that Great Britain will ever be able to regain her lead among the nations as the greatest foreign trader of them all. Since 1913 the population has increased and the needs of the nation expanded. The normal increase of foreign trade before the war was about five per cent. each year, and in this respect and to the degree stated this vital feature of British life lags behind what it should be to fulfil properly its many functions in serving the welfare of the population.

British industry and finance maintain a brave and confident attitude, however, for the faith of those who have been served in the past is unshakable. The eyes of the nation are fixed on the future, and any expedient which will tide over what is believed to be but a temporary interval is considered justifiable, so long as no damage is done to the foundations of the British commercial system which is based upon good credit and national and industrial solvency. It was in this spirit and with this idea that a settlement of the debt to the United States was made, even at dire cost to the taxpayers of the present generation.

One of these expedients is the support of the unemployed out of the public funds, an enormous tax in itself and in the end one of doubtful value; in fact there are many reasons for believing it to be a dangerous method of maintaining social peace and of relieving distress, for by 1924 it had been in operation so long a time as to have a distinctly lowering effect upon public morality and to have weakened the character and stamina of a large and important element in the population. This may perhaps be counted as one of the evil effects of the war, temporary as time runs, and from which the nation may recover later on. To support in idleness for four or five years an average of a million and a quarter people accustomed to work for their living is, however, no light undertaking for any community, and the evils which may arise out of such a condition of affairs can readily be inferred.

Expediency and opportunism have been the key notes of the government policies of all the countries of Europe since the war, for the simple reason that the problems presented have been too overwhelming to be squarely faced. Some way around them has had to be found, and with amazing ingenuity this has been done

in all instances. Crisis after crisis has made its appearance and has passed by without bringing disaster, but in no case has the solution possessed the character of permanence. It has always been adopted with the proviso that when times got better some other way would be found. The fact that the social systems of all the countries of Western Europe have not gone into the melting pot at some time or other during the past five years is significant of the innate respect of humanity for law and order and the universal desire of mankind for peace and prosperity.

The amount of actual material damage done to Great Britain during the course of the war was large, for it was that country which supplied most of the ships which were lost at sea, and in Great Britain itself the damage done by the military occupation, air raids and other destructive features amounted to a considerable sum. The British people through their Government have made good the larger part of these losses to the individual or the small community, but the sum total of all these losses is as nothing compared to the indirect damage done to British property and interests by the war and its after effects. No one of the Allies, not excepting France, has suffered more in respect to material loss as a result of the conflict, and the nation gave up long ago any expectations it may have had that German reparations would be secured in compensation. The British people have settled down to the conviction that they must foot the bill incurred for their share of the war, to say nothing of the vast contributions made to help out other countries, and they are meeting all of their obligations as fast as they come due with a grim determination to win out in the end. It is also to be remarked that they are paying their debts without waiting for good times to come again, and during a period when deep depression characterizes the special business interests upon which the prosperity of the people has long been founded and upon which it is dependent in the future.

In October, 1924, the Conservative party came back into political power through the self-abnegation of the Liberals after nine months of a Labor or Socialist Government. There was no issue in the election other than the defeat of the Socialists, and the latter were shouted down rather than defeated by argument. This election apparently clears the ground for the coming struggle be-

tween the forces of the Right and Left. The Conservatives coming into power gave no promise of any constructive legislation, and it is apparently but a question of time when they will be ousted in turn, for the industries of Great Britain cannot be legislated into prosperity, and the unemployment problem is insoluble by other means than a natural revival of trade which will absorb the now surplus workers into active industrial life.

The foreign policy of the British Government will continue to be one of isolation until the European situation takes on a more definite shape. The tendency towards coöperation with other Governments, given considerable expression by the Labor Government of 1924, has received a check, for the Conservative element is more cautious of foreign entanglements and less ready to surrender any freedom of will or action for the British Government which would necessarily be involved in any general international agreement made for the purpose of enforcing a particular point of view. Having made a hesitating step towards internationalism under the impulse given as a result of a Labor Government being in power, the British Government will in all probability again retreat to what it considers firmer and safer ground. These advances and retreats are however but an indication as to changing public opinion, for in the days when the Government was more or less of a close corporation there were no such hesitations. There is one alliance into which the British Government would enter with the approval of all sections of opinion at home and throughout the Dominions, and that is one with the United States. As the foreign policy of the United States apparently forbids such an alliance, it cannot come to pass, or at least cannot progress beyond the status of a close *entente.*

An alliance between England and the new Germany finds many advocates and in most unexpected quarters, and one of the strongest arguments in favor of this move is advanced by the foreign trading interests. Before the war Germany controlled a great preponderance of the import trade of Russia, but it was the sale to Russia by Germany of British and American goods which gave Germany this ascendency. The British exporters are farsighted and practical. They realize that no country can

compete with Germany in the trade of Russia for geographical and other reasons, and they deem it the part of wisdom to establish good relations with Germany so that as the German exporters regain their hold upon the Russian market it will be British goods which they will handle in supplying the needs of Russia rather than those of some other country.

The direct trade of the United States with Russia was never large, but the indirect trade through German hands was very large, and in certain lines, such as raw cotton, this trade must in time come back; but what the British exporters are most anxious to do is to increase the sale of British manufactured goods, and in some lines the Germans will find it more to their profit to exploit these goods than to push their own, this fact having been effectively demonstrated before the war even when Germany was at the height of her productive power.

Two paths now open before the Government of the British Empire. One leads to the bolder policy of a return to first principles, freedom of trade and a possible return to pre-war conditions after much travail. The other leads to a more quiet and peaceful haven through the adoption of a protective policy and a consequent relinquishment of all claims to vigorous and self-assertive leadership in international affairs. The most interesting question in connection with the future of the British Empire at the moment is therefore as to whether this veteran of many international bouts will continue in the ring or will be content to retire upon a competence already earned, surround the home with restrictive safeguards, and leave the more strenuous work of the international arena to younger rivals.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

NOTES ON HUNGARY

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

BUDAPEST is still a gorgeous city. Worn by the war, in turmoil during the Bolshevik revolution, and suffering yet from the hard period of economic and social reconstruction, its inherent characteristics nevertheless give to it the dignity and beauty which belong to one of the great cities of Europe. The two cities Buda and Pest which are divided by the Danube but which are linked by numerous bridges offer the mere tourist a contrast which grows less significant as the tourist lingers on and tries to absorb the live forces which are now at work in this dual capital.

On the left bank of the Danube rise sharply the hills of Buda and beyond them from Mount Svab and Mount Janos a magnificent panorama stretches at your feet. Buda is the Government quarter. At the southern end the citadel which is built on the site of an ancient Turkish fortress stands as a sentinel high above the entire city. Directly opposite the main parts of Pest there rise sharply the royal castle and the executive offices of the Government. To the north opens in less rugged fashion a system of beautiful parkways, while in the middle of the river below there lies the lovely little wooded island of Margit.

Pest, on the right bank, is dead flat, stretching out well beyond the railway stations to the park of the City Grove. As you drive from the railway station through one of the wide avenues you are curiously reminded of Paris. There are the cafés of the Boulevards with glimpses of gardens and tree-tops down the side streets. It is difficult to believe that you are in a town which for nearly a century and a half was the westernmost land fortress of the Turks. Here in Pest are the chief banks, the Bourse, the shops, and the new Houses of Parliament. Here, too, lives the bulk of the population—nearly a million—of whom almost seventy per cent. are Magyar or Hungarian. Outside of Budapest, where the percentage of Jews is naturally lower, the total of Magyars is now about ninety per cent.

Budapest, however, is not Hungary. Before the Treaty of Trianon Hungary was "one of the most compact countries of Europe, rimmed by mountains and traversed by a master river." The Danube turns sharply to the south near Budapest and thus emphasizes its significant rôle as a great stream whose middle reaches are of such international importance. The rest of present-day Hungary is for the most part a great central plain stretching from the foothills of the Carpathians on the north to points in the low basins of the Danube and the Tisza in the south. Large sections, the most fertile portions, of this southern plain are now included in Yugoslavia. The eastern and mountainous part of pre-war Hungary, Transylvania, is now annexed to Rumania; the northern part which is also rough country is now included in Slovakia and is thus under Czech rule; while along the western frontier Austria has been assigned certain districts. To the southwest the mountainous tract which formerly gave Hungary its only outlet to the Adriatic Sea is today in the hands of either Yugoslavia or Italy.

Thus Hungary has been partitioned in such fashion as to deprive the state of important regions which have long been integral parts of the ancient Kingdom. In this way Hungary has suffered proportionally much more than Germany. These tracts were, furthermore, of great economic importance. This is not the place, however, to argue the justice or injustice of the Trianon Treaty. Certainly it has not smoothed the path to a real peace. Signed in June, 1920, it was negotiated at a time when American influence was scant in its moderating power. The state was just recovering from its experiment in Bolshevism, and business and economic conditions were at their nadir. Furthermore the shock to a proud nationality was profound and, psychologically, its effect was enormous.

The political and social background of Hungary thus deserves brief notice if we are to measure the effects of these changes and observe the results of the treaty which now seem to be emerging. In the earliest stages of Hungarian history the value of the Carpathians to the north and east as a real geographical barrier was great. Such a frontier gave opportunity for the development in the central plain of a settled civilization which, under King Ste-

phen, definitely linked itself both by religious and cultural bonds with Western Europe. Thus Hungary was not one of the Balkan States but became the easternmost of western countries. Later the further development of national institutions did not sweep away local and domestic units of administration. These were to serve in the long struggle against the Turks and later against the Austrians.

The services which Hungary thus performed were of profound value to Europe at large. As Count Teleki well says:

> With sound political reserve it kept its independence free from both the German and Byzantine Empires and from mighty temporary nomad Powers. Hungary's fame made the Mongols concentrate their main attack on her and she imposed respect and caution on the advancing Turk for more than a century and a half. She saved the flourishing but politically divided Italy of the Renaissance, the pride of our civilization, and perhaps we could even say that there would have been no room for theological discussions in Switzerland or Germany if the Turkish avalanche had not been stopped.

Then came the great attack from the southeast. The Turks, who were coming to the climax of their power, finally inflicted on Hungary a tremendous defeat at Mohács in 1526. The way was now open to Budapest which became a Turkish fortress. The central plain of Hungary was Ottomanized with such effect that the vestiges of this Turkish occupation still remain with serious results to this day. To the east Transylvania continued a precarious existence as an independent region, while on the west and north the Hapsburgs began to lay hands. These three parts of historic Hungary thus continued till the final defeat of the Turks. The peace of Karlowitz in 1699 largely freed Hungary from Turkish rule. At the same time it introduced in effective fashion the growing power of the Hapsburgs.

The national spirit of Hungary had not been extinguished by Turkish oppression, though culturally and economically the country had suffered severely. The result was the acceptance of Hapsburg rule subject to limitations. The ruler of Austrian territories was also to be the King of Hungary, but his abdication or removal from the throne at Vienna would at once restore the elective monarchy in Hungary. The right to reject legislation was repeatedly exercised by the Hungarian Parliament which in its

jealousy of Austrian influence chose to refuse many beneficent reforms. Modern racial problems received great stimulus during the eighteenth century when the population of Hungary increased by well over two hundred per cent., largely by immigration of foreign elements. Gradually the administration of Hungary was centralized at Vienna, thus furnishing reason for the abortive rising of 1848. Nineteen years later a compromise was arranged that lasted till 1918. Foreign affairs and defense were still left to Vienna, but self-government of a sort was now in Hungarian hands.

With the period of the World War Hungary was swept into the attack on Serbia and later to resist the threat of Russian invasion. As the collapse came the nation was eager for peace and quickly accepted a temporary republic under Count Karolyi, a great landowner and a pronounced Liberal. His government was, however, a failure and through its feebleness cleared the way for the audacious *coup* which set up a Hungarian Soviet in March, 1919. This was marked by hideous atrocities and by economic chaos. Its chief was Bela Kun, a Jewish labor official, who was soon acting under orders from Bolshevik Moscow. I venture here to quote from my *Foreign Policies of Soviet Russia:* "The direct incitement to change came from the treatment accorded to Hungary by the Allies. The lack of spirit which permitted Communists to seize power was due to Hungarian despair and to the weakness of Karolyi himself." Karolyi, who had sent for Bela Kun, did not actually sign the resignation which was published over his alleged signature. "But he got out; and the world went on without him." Thus he and his party showed themselves to be failures. At present they are indulging in the art of propaganda to stir up Radical opinion in their own behalf.

With the end of the Bolshevik revolt in August, 1919, there came a period of reaction and revenge which some have called a "White Terror". The excesses of these months were natural but regrettable. Their extent and duration have been much exaggerated. Naturally also the *émigrés* have fomented press attacks against the present stable government of Hungary. Most of these attacks are under the date line of London, New York or Vienna. Quite generally I disregard such propaganda as appears in some

of our metropolitan dailies and magazines. It is the product of a lost cause and it is for the most part false.

From this hasty review of Hungarian political development it is apparent that the Turkish wars and occupation inflicted a marked and definite loss on Hungary. The stupidity of many Magyar leaders in the eighteenth century placed Hungary in leading strings to Austria till in the World War the direction of policy was at Vienna and not at Budapest. The vain endeavors of the late Emperor Karl to restore his royal fortunes by an appeal to Hungary were destined to fail. Even the leading Hungarian magnates begged him to withdraw from his mad enterprise. The constitutional right of any Hapsburg to sit as King of Hungary is vitiated because he no longer rules at Vienna. The result is that though he may be elected monarch in Hungary, such an event would not be due to any pre-war constitutional right. The Hungarian throne is now vacant; and it may be filled only by the elective choice of Hungarian representatives. Here, however, we tread on controversial ground.

This Hungarian Government which was set up during the latter part of 1919 and the first part of 1920 has now certain strong qualities which recommend it, and also certain faults. In the first place it exercises real power—"The first business of a government is to govern." The chief of state acting as Regent is Admiral Horthy, who with all of his decorations and in quarterdeck style acts at least as the figure-head about whom have rallied the forces of law and order. In the second place the fact that Count Bethlen continues as Premier is a source of strength. He is a man of rare ability who combines with a capacity to compose difficulties and differences a fine degree of energy and a lack of nerves. The Cabinet has recently been reorganized but is on the whole of the same type as before. It is roughly Right Center, though Count Bethlen may be deemed of the Center.

The third element of strength lies in the vigor with which the prosecution of reactionary conspirators has finally been undertaken. The "Awakening Magyars", a noisy but uninfluential party, included at first many respectable people. Latterly its propaganda and its actions have been guided by an extremist group. Naturally much has been made of its activities which

lend themselves to headlines and extravagant despatches. During my stay in Hungary I was unable to discover that the organization exercised any appreciable influence. All men of sense, of whatever political party, warned me that the "Awakening Magyars" was a group of no political power.

If we turn to criticize we must first of all strip ourselves of any hard and fast prejudice in favor of republicanism or democracy. They may be slowly in the making in Hungary. But the prejudice and the power of centuries are against them. There is no substantial middle class with Liberal feelings exercising an influence in political affairs. Outside of the cities there is no secret ballot and consequently the influence of the landed aristocracy is considerable. The policy of these magnates has not been always for the best, though some notable reforms during the last hundred years have been carried through by their efforts. Some of the gentry and aristocracy are not great land owners but many of them have the prejudices of their class. Thus the proposed redistribution of land has dragged; but it is through such measures that the stability and progress of the Government must develop.

Socially the ruling class is probably the most charming in Europe. Even the common peasant is a likable person. Nowhere can you find greater courtesy and kindness than in Hungary. I recall what was to me a unique experience. I found a porter at the station in Budapest who had helped me with my tickets and baggage but who refused to take a tip. He said (in German): "You are an American and I don't want anything from you, because it was the Americans who saved our children." Later I persuaded him, much against his will, to accept a small amount. Thus the work of the Red Cross later bears fruit in a genuine friendliness to wandering Americans. Withal the stolidity and obstinacy of the Magyar race stands out. It has taken the hard pressure of necessity gradually to wear down the bellicose hatred with which they faced the harsh terms of the Treaty of Trianon. Those terms are not as yet willingly accepted but men no longer watch hopefully for the opportunities which the "next war" might offer. Instead they are getting to work and are casting about for the introduction of foreign capital to promote the de-

velopment of industry. This is at present the main necessity for Hungary—that and rigid economy as to public finance.

However, the reactionary desire to compel the restoration of lost territories and a natural sympathy with the fate of national minorities now under alien rule continues. I recall the first night I spent on Hungarian soil in a railway carriage at Satoräljaüjhely, a small frontier station on the borders of Slovakia. There in the station-master's garden is a crude device. The garden is very primly planted with old fashioned flowers; in its center is a rough sort of grotto surmounted by the double cross of Hungary. Below is the inscription in Magyar—"*No! No! Never!*" This mark of defiant protest to the terms of the Treaty of Trianon was set up only a few years ago. So you also find on post cards and maps the outlines of old Hungary enclosing the frontiers of present day Hungary. Always are the words—"*No! No! Never!*" Thus there are incitements to an older national pride and to the ultimate recovery of lost territories and peoples perhaps with the restoration of monarchy. Who knows!—But the main facts now are the revival of industry and the development of sound finance. In these economic questions the international aspect of Hungarian problems becomes at once apparent.

The first steps in the rehabilitation of Hungary were taken in 1923. Then, in view of the apparent success of the scheme to assist Austria, it was proposed that a similar plan should be launched for Hungary, under the direction of the League of Nations. I have before me the essential documents, many of them containing information of an extremely technical sort. At this time, however, it will be possible only to touch on certain particular aspects of the plan and chiefly by way of comparison to indicate the interesting progress that has been made.

To quote from one of these documents:

> The new Austria is essentially a financial and industrial country. More than three-quarters of its population derive their living from finance, trade, and industry; less than a quarter from agriculture. The greater part of both her food supplies and her raw materials requires to be imported from abroad. The effects, therefore, of the loss of the external purchasing power of her currency were particularly rapid and disastrous. In Hungary the proportions of those engaged in finance, trade, and industry on the one hand and agriculture on the other are reversed. The great majority of her people live on the land, and in

the prime necessities of life she is more than self-supporting. This fundamental difference, combined with other causes, retarded the fall of the Hungarian crown. In September, 1922, when the fall of the Austrian crown was arrested, the Hungarian crown possessed 32 times its value. For a long time it was hoped that Hungary could recover by her own efforts. But the wastage and disorganization caused by the war and the revolution, the liability to an unassessed reparation debt, the weight of other external obligations, the political and economic relations with her neighbors, and the continuance of an administration formed in more prosperous days, drove her inevitably down the same slope on which Austria had fallen more rapidly. Her receipts from taxation became less and less adequate for her expenses; her crown lost in value.

Furthermore "an improvement in the political situation was an essential preliminary of combined international action". People must get rid of the notion that Hungary is a perpetual "menace." They must understand that under careful supervision corruption is now the exception in Hungarian life. Such ideas are, I know, prevalent among prejudiced minds both in the United States and in England. The energy and honesty needed to assist the financial reconstruction of Hungary are now fortunately combined in the charming personality of Mr. Jeremiah Smith of Boston, Mass., who with an ever ready smile has grappled with his difficulties as Commissioner-General of the League of Nations for Hungary.

As a promise of the effective coöperation of the League it was possible to employ the services of Rumania, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, and furthermore to enlist to serve as a committee a group of the most distinguished European international financiers. As the result of prolonged negotiations a report was adopted whose principles may be summarized as follows:

I. The stoppage of inflation with a view to the *stabilization* of the Hungarian crown, this being assisted by:

II. An independent *Bank of Issue* enjoying the monopoly of note issue;

III. The *balance of the budget* by June 30, 1926, so that thereafter current expenses will be met by taxation without recourse to either inflation or loans;

IV. A *reconstruction loan*, secured by specific Hungarian revenues, to cover the deficit till June, 1926, so that inflation may be stopped without waiting till the budget is balanced, which could probably never be achieved while inflation was still in progress;

V. A control through a Commissioner-General appointed by, and solely responsible to, the Council of the League, for the purpose of ensuring the due execution of the whole programme.

The success of the scheme so outlined requires:

VI. Satisfactory *political relations* between Hungary and her neighbors;
VII. Suitable arrangements with regard to her *external obligations*, particularly relief credits and treaty charges.
And to be ultimately successful, the scheme requires to be supplemented by
VIII. *Economic restoration and development* and all the measures required to assist it; in particular, commercial agreements with neighboring countries.

To this end a loan was needed which was estimated at two hundred and fifty million gold crowns. This would meet the deficits during the two and a half years ending June 30, 1926. Under the circumstances Hungary signed on March 14, 1924, a protocol providing that she would loyally fulfil the obligations of the Treaty of Trianon.

The Bank of Issue was established by law and the capital of thirty million gold crowns was paid in. The National City Bank of New York deposited over six and a half million gold crowns while other foreign banks subscribed smaller amounts. Thus it was necessary for the Hungarian Government to underwrite only 11,850,000 gold crowns, of which considerable portions have already been sold. The pledged revenues of the State which included Customs, Tobacco Monopoly, Sugar Tax and Salt Monopoly, have risen between May 30 and November 30 from 188,403,000,000 paper crowns to 350,747,000,000 paper crowns. The results, by the reports available in January, are that the total foreign trade of Hungary during the first ten months of 1924 amounted to 1,002 millions of gold crowns (550.4 imports; 451.6 exports), as compared for the same period in 1923 of 611.5 millions (353.6 imports; 257.9 exports). Altogether this represents an increase of 63.8 per cent. in the total volume of foreign trade, of which the increase in exports reaches 75.1 per cent.

Prices still continue high, however, and are over the average for France, Austria, and Italy. They are lower than those in Switzerland, Great Britain and the United States; and the costs of living in Budapest are considerably less than those in Washington, D. C. As for the budget, which is now to be given every six months, from the figures available the estimates for July showed net expenses as 30,559,386 gold crowns and net receipts as 18,689,110 gold crowns, leaving a deficit of 11,870,276 gold crowns which of course had to be defrayed from the international loan

which was floated about that time. The estimates for December showed a marked difference, however, for instead of a deficit there is a surplus of 4,126,605 million gold crowns. This has been made possible only by the cordial coöperation which exists between the Hungarian Government and Mr. Smith.

He very wisely has until lately deferred dealing with the thorny problem of the pensions accorded to State employees and with the over-staffing of certain branches of Government service. On this point in his report for June, 1924, Mr. Smith says:

> The question of the State employees is a difficult one and likely to remain so. Its importance is shown by the fact that, out of a total annual expenditure of 351.6 millions of gold crowns provided for in the first stage of the reconstruction budget, 210.8 millions of gold crowns, or substantially 60 per cent. of the total expenditure, is for pay of personnel and pensions, and this does not include the pay of the personnel in the State undertakings. In spite of the expenditure of these amounts, the State employees are not well paid on account of their excessive number, which is due partly to tradition and partly to the necessity of taking care of those State employees in territory lost by Hungary under the Treaty of Trianon, who preferred to return to Hungary rather than to become nationals of another country.

A start has been made, however, in the attempt to improve the plans by which the railways are managed; this branch of administration has been very costly and considerable reduction in the number of departments and simplification of administration is possible. Perhaps one of the most important administrative reforms has been the rigid separation between receipts and expenditures of government moneys established with the assistance of the Hungarian National Bank. This is described in Mr. Smith's report for June:

> All receipts are collected through the Postal Savings Banks (*Postsparkasse*); they cannot be drawn upon for expenditures of the Government but are remitted daily to the National Bank for account of the State, thus furnishing an exact daily record of the Government receipts. Each month the Ministry of Finance instructs the National Bank to open a special account for each of the different Ministries with the Postal Savings Banks and each Ministry is credited with its monthly appropriation provided for in the budget and draws on this account for its payments. While the decree necessarily contains many provisions relating to details, the fundamental principles are those just stated. By this method there is a complete separation of the receipts from the expenses of the Government, and the books of the Hungarian National Bank, which is independent of the Government, contain a daily record of all receipts.

Underlying all these reforms there is the practical appreciation that national psychology plays an important part. Thus the May report to the League of Nations concludes with the sentence: "There is no reason apparent why the execution of the Reconstruction plan should not produce the expected results and instill in the Hungarian people that spirit of confidence and hope for the future which is one of the essential features of the plan". How seriously the expression of that psychology was affecting the development of Hungarian commerce can also be seen in Mr. Smith's report for September. He concludes with justice:

> Before the war Hungarian industry and commerce had a free market within the borders of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, where there was a population of over 50 millions with no internal tariffs or any system of prohibitions, restrictions or licenses. Today, the Hungarian home market is limited to a population of 8 million people inhabiting about one-seventh of the territory of the old monarchy. In addition to the loss of free markets, Hungary, like other countries, has suffered from artificial obstructions to trade and commerce, such as absolute prohibition of imports and exports, retaliatory tariffs, regulations requiring import and export licenses (frequently issued only for limited quantities), and restrictions on dealings in exchange, some or all of which have been adopted since the war by many different countries, including Hungary herself, in the belief that they would protect the currency or improve economic conditions. It is evident that if industrial and commercial establishments, designed for a much larger country, are to regain anything resembling their former trade, they must secure larger markets than they now enjoy. The system of "prohibitions, restrictions and licenses" is now largely abolished, so far as Hungary is concerned. The prohibitions on export have been almost entirely removed, and the requirement of import licenses for the introduction of goods into Hungary, and their issue for only limited quantities, has also been very largely abolished. This is the result of a series of steps taken by the Hungarian Government during the last few months, the scope of which was largely extended in September and the early part of October.
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> Though goods may now be imported without obtaining import licenses in most instances, they are subject, as a rule, to the duties of the new tariff law. But notwithstanding this, the abolition of the greater part of the post-war system of prohibitions, restrictions and licenses is an important step in advance. Negotiations for commercial treaties are progressing, and the conclusion of these will mark another step in the direction of establishing wider markets and freeing trade and industry from some of the economic effects of the war.

These commercial negotiations can only be summarized. An agreement was first signed with Austria in 1922. This, how-

ever, is to be revised in view of the new Austrian tariff. It is quite understood that these negotiations will take some time, for the rates in the Austrian tariff have been put high for bargaining purposes. The general basis will, however, be the exchange of foodstuffs from Hungary for manufactured goods and machinery from Austria. Trade with Yugoslavia has also been satisfactorily promoted by an exchange of notes giving most favored nation treatment to the importation of goods by both nations. An agreement was signed with Rumania in April, 1924, on the same basis. As regards Czechoslovakia a temporary arrangement as to tariffs was signed in March, 1923, but this is now subject to revision as the negotiation of a new commercial treaty has been undertaken. The exchange of foodstuffs from Hungary for textiles and timber from Czechoslovakia will be the chief gain, though there are Hungarians who favor delay in these arrangements as they think they foresee an industrial crisis in Czechoslovakia due to over production. This they imagine may secure better terms for them.

Such negotiations, however, require also the greatest possible production on the part of Hungary. The map of the new Hungary, therefore, must be studied to see what new policies are possible for her and also to discover in what ways her future economic development depends in part upon the international coöperation of her neighbors. To measure the losses which Hungary endured by the Treaty of Trianon I quote from Count Teleki's lectures at Williamstown in 1921. Count Teleki was formerly Prime Minister of Hungary; his chief claim to fame rests, however, on his practical studies of economic geography. These have recently won for him a place on the Commission to settle the boundary dispute as to the northern frontier between Iraq and Turkey. In compact fashion he says:

Maimed Hungary retained in 32.2 per cent. of her territory 41 per cent. of her former population. It retained an excess (in comparison with population) of: arable land, 42.9 per cent.; vineyards, 68.7 per cent.; wheat, 45.7 per cent.; rye, 62.9 per cent.; barley, 47.3 per cent.; swine, 51.7 per cent.; horses, 46.7 per cent.; industrial factories, 47.8 per cent.; and 54 per cent. of her swamps. It is short in the following, having retained only: meadows, 25.1 per cent.; gardens, 25 per cent.; pastures, 30.5 per cent.; woods, 14.3 per cent. (oak, 32.2 per cent.; beech, 13.7 per cent.; pine, 2.6 per cent.); oats, 32.2 per cent.;

corn, 35 per cent.; potatoes, 39.1 per cent.; cattle, 34.7 per cent.; sheep, 27.6 per cent.; coal, 40.6 per cent.; iron, 6.5 per cent.; salt, bauxite, gold, silver, copper, antimony, pirite, manganese, 0 per cent.

Such figures indicate clearly the need of increased crops both for domestic consumption and for export. Intensive agriculture and the further development of coöperative farming are important. For this irrigation is essential and particularly the regulation of water power. The larger rivers which flow across the central plain of Hungary now all have their sources in foreign countries. Disastrous floods can be prevented only by the coöperation of these foreign Governments. In belated fashion an international commission has been set up to deal with such problems; but much remains to be done. The development of canals and waterways is also an important element in the general programme.

This regulation of water power turns also on the rapidity with which deforestation is carried on by these other neighboring countries. For since these streams are not fed by melting snow or by glaciers the regulation of water supply can only be provided by storage dams and by careful and scientific forestry which will preserve standing such timber as is necessary. Furthermore the lack of fuel in present day Hungary, the acquisition by foreign States of coal and iron mines, and the seizure of huge railway stocks, chiefly by Rumania, at the time of the Bolshevik revolution, have all combined to render the problem even more difficult.

However, Mr. Smith's energy is a real asset for Hungary. No less important is the spirit with which the Hungarian Government under the wise direction of Count Bethlen has faced its task. I quote from Baron Korányi, till recently Minister of Finance, who has now resumed his post as Hungarian Minister at Paris. He said at the end of June, 1924:

C'est avec un jeune élan que la Hongrie se met a l'oeuvre de sa renaissance. Une nouvelle Hongrie surgit. Les bases viennent d'en être jetées.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

THE CALL TO PATRIOTISM

BY BISHOP WILLIAM F. ANDERSON

AMERICAN democracy is at the cross-roads. Is our government to meet its Waterloo in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution? If certain influential classes of our citizens continue to make war upon the Constitution no man knows what may happen. Lawlessness is the acknowledged peril of democracy. If the disregard of a law affected one statute only, the consequences would not be so serious, but when the Constitution of the United States is brought into wide contempt it is time for the lovers of law and order to sound the alarm. It is perfectly apparent that the American people do not at all appreciate the seriousness of the situation. If the prediction had been made ten years ago that we would have national prohibition at the time when it came, there would have been a feeling of general incredulity; but it has now been written into the Constitution by legal process and is as much a part of the Constitution as any other article of that sacred document. So that the issue as we now face it is not merely that of temperance or prohibition. It is a much larger issue. It is the question of the maintenance of the law and the support of the Government. The real question is whether a free people, having secured an enactment touching a moral issue, can enforce the law which they have enacted. If they cannot, then popular government breaks down. No utterance upon this subject has been more heartening or more to the point than that of Chief Justice Taft. During the years of its development the proposed prohibition amendment did not command his wholehearted support for reasons which he held conscientiously. But when it was written into the Constitution he declared that to be the end of the argument for all law-abiding citizens. This position is as sound and as inescapable as any principle of law can possibly be. There are those who regard the matter very lightly, and from many quarters of acknowledged influence there has been

an effort to laugh it out of court by ridicule. There are many others who look upon it as a purely domestic affair pertaining only to our own country. The fact is that here is an issue with a world-wide setting of tremendous significance. This will become easily apparent as the following propositions are considered:

First, during the last fifty years or more there has been a world-wide movement in all civilized lands looking toward freer government. It is one of the notable features among the countries of Europe since the outbreak of the War, where more than a score of kingdoms have fallen. In every instance, there has been an insistence upon a larger participation in government affairs by the rank and file of the people. This has been equally true of the nations of the Orient. China has been feeling after it, inconclusively to be sure, and yet very persistently, for a number of years. So, too, is India. And the papers have been commenting recently upon such a movement even in Turkey and countries of the Near East. It is not too much to say that it is a world-wide movement.

Second, the movement is traceable to the example of the United States more than to any other single influence. It is pathetic, how people in all parts of the world look toward America as God's Country. Our own nation has furnished the example of the largest experiment the world has ever seen in popular government. Travelers in the Orient tell us that Abraham Lincoln is the patron saint of the growing generations of those countries as truly as he is the patron saint of the growing generations of our own country.

Third, in the eyes of other nations American democracy is on trial, and the test which other nations are making of the efficiency of our Government focalizes upon the Eighteenth Amendment. If by any possibility America were to fail in this forward movement, the verdict all over the world would be that American democracy had failed. Discriminating men in various parts of the world consider that our achievement in government is still in the experimental stage. It is for the United States to answer the charge by demonstrating the efficiency of our government. If we were to fail it would mean the turning back of the wheels of progress as regards government of the people, by the people and for the people, for hundreds of years in all parts of the world. The

destinies of many peoples are wrapped up with the integrity of the enforcement of this Amendment to the Constitution. No enactment of our National Congress has attracted such wide attention and elicited so much world interest since the Emancipation Proclamation.

Two or three classes of people among us are especially blameworthy. I have in mind, first of all, those who are entrusted with the enforcement of the law. For such men to make a fiasco of law enforcement is a crime against all federal authority and all good government. Happily, there are indications that many leaders are becoming aware of the situation. It was especially refreshing to read this sentence from the inaugural address of Governor Fuller, of Massachusetts:

> Violation of the prohibition amendment constitutes one of the gravest problems of the present day. As chief executive, it is my purpose to have the laws of Massachusetts enforced regardless of every consideration save that of justice.

Every law-abiding citizen of the Commonwealth should rally to this call of its chief executive. The people of this country are growing quite impatient of the alarming lawlessness which is rampant in so many places. There are unmistakable indications that the time is near at hand when the demand will be insistent for leaders of moral backbone who will require the "enforcement of the law regardless of every consideration save that of justice", in the language of Governor Fuller. It is noteworthy that Governor Smith called upon the people of New York to make Sunday, January 25, a day of prayer in their homes and churches in behalf of law and order. It is worth while to observe the exact wording of his proclamation. The picture of the Governor of the Empire State calling the people to prayer in the interests of the better enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment is one of the most unique and interesting scenes which American politics has furnished in this generation.

There is a widespread feeling that the Federal Government should take this matter very seriously. The destiny of the nation is in it. The Amendment was adopted by Constitutional process and every step must be taken to secure its conscientious enforcement. Anything less than this will make us the laughing stock of

the world and democracy will speedily become a byword among the nations.

I have been amazed that so many sources of publicity have been so lacking in the appreciation of the vital interests of this perilous situation. There are, of course, exceptions. All honor to them! I mean to include in this group of offenders only those who have been at fault. I do not classify them. They classify themselves by their known attitude toward the law. We do not like to think about it, but one cannot help asking the question, "How largely is the press of this country still under the domination of the interests of the old liquor traffic?" I have sometimes found in the public press sentiments positively seditious. More than once I have put aside the morning paper with a feeling of disappointment and sometimes of disgust that no man was found in its management who would speak a brave word for his country's honor and safety. If we continue to sow to the wind we are sure in due time to reap from the whirlwind a revolution which will imperil the very foundations upon which our Government and its institutions are builded.

There is a class of would-be respectable citizens who treat this whole matter contemptuously as though it were a joke. Some of them belong to the so-called higher social classes. Their practices are vicious in a degree which it is difficult to characterize. By this course they are creating a class hatred which is detrimental to every interest of good government and good order. By these practices they have made many of the laboring classes feel that there is a discrimination in the law in the interests of those who have sufficient social standing to defy the law. The situation calls for courageous and heroic treatment. Such men are breeders of bitterness. They are sowers of sedition: they court the fires of a thousand hells upon our beloved America. They are our most undesirable and our most dangerous citizens.

The Eighteenth Amendment of course is not 100 per cent efficient. What law is? Take the law against murder. One man in every 12,000 in the United States dies by the hand of a murderer—in Great Britain, one man in every 456,000. But that the law is making remarkable progress is the testimony of such expert economists as Mr. Babson and those who know the facts in the

case. In view of the situation, what are we to say about the bootlegger and those men who connive with him for the defeat of the law? There is but one answer. The bootlegger is a traitor to the United States Government and to popular government of every form in all parts of the world. The same is true of the newspaper management which apologizes for him and the man who aids and abets his nefarious business. Our Government upon occasion when the case has required it has treated in a very straightforward manner those who have been traitorous in spirit and practice. It would be a very wholesome thing if the public were to see the situation in its right light and were to deal in peremptory fashion with those who undertake to overthrow the Constitution.

I believe the time is not far distant when there will be a sentiment among the law abiding citizens of this country to see this matter in its true light and to deal with it accordingly.

I am not speaking now primarily as a prophet or as a reformer. I am speaking as a patriot, as a man who loves his country and who believes that its Constitution should be maintained and the majesty of its laws held sacred by all who enjoy its protection. I prize our heritage as American citizens next to the Christian revelation. This condition holds a unique opportunity for the moral forces of the Republic. Our country was founded in a period of high moral idealism unsurpassed in the history of the world. Its Constitution was the crystallization of the best thought and aspiration of the age which gave it birth. From that day until this day in every hour of crisis and peril the churches have proven the backbone of the nation. It is now time for the people who believe in law and order to rally to the nation's need in an hour of lawlessness and peril. True patriotism takes root and comes to fruitage in earnest moral conviction. It was this which gave solace to the burdened soul of the immortal Lincoln, who thanked God for all the churches. More than once this nation has been adjudged a Christian nation by high legal authority. As it is so in theory, let the moral conviction of all the churches heartily unite to make it so in fact.

WILLIAM F. ANDERSON.

MORE LIGHT ON LORD MORLEY

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN

THE personality of Lord Morley, the last but one of the great Victorians, seems to exercise an extraordinarily captivating effect on a generation to most of whom he can be little more than a name. He being dead yet speaketh and every word of the oracle appears to be treasured as though it were a pearl of great price, as indeed it is. In a recent book I have partially lifted the veil which enshrouded the personality of this, one of the most retiring men of his time, inaccessible to all but his most intimate friends and, in some wayward moods, not always accessible even to them, with the result that many of the reviewers have suggested that I should go further, one of them, indeed, in *The Scotsman*, suggesting that it is "incumbent" on me to write yet another book on the same lofty theme.

I have no intention of responding to the invitation. Material, indeed, I possess in abundance, but it is biographical material and, so far as I am concerned, Lord Morley's ban on a biography is decisive. But to that book, which was an appreciation suffused with personal reminiscences, I can add a chapter of recollections, the harvest of a further quest in my records, and here it is.

I have emphasized elsewhere that Lord Morley was what he has said of Mr. Gladstone, "at heart a solitary man". He had one intimate companion of his own age and generation, and with the death of that companion he never had another who occupied quite the same position. That companion was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

The friendship with "Mr. G.", as he always called Mr. Gladstone, was of much later date; indeed it was extraordinary how suddenly, like some political afterthought, it developed. The link which forged it was, of course, Home Rule and Gladstone's conversion thereto, though I suspect that a common interest in ecclesiastical history did something to weld it. Men, unlike women, are not, as a rule, jealous of one another's friendships, but Mr. Gladstone, an overwhelming personality if ever there was

one, questioned, if he did not resent, his new lieutenant's long-standing friendship with his—Gladstone's—great political antagonist. "He never could understand," Lord Morley remarked to me, "my friendship with Joe, and he used to say so." It was a subject on which Gladstone and Morley had to agree to differ. Chamberlain's long and tragic illness, ending in death, was an irreparable blow and deprived Lord Morley of the companion of most of his pleasures and all his Continental holidays. Henceforth he travelled alone—a kind of transient embarrassed phantom in the capitals of Europe—Paris, Berlin, Rome—a solitary visitor brooding wistfully over the monuments of the past. Only a year or two before the War he visited Berlin and visited it so quietly that the public, so interested in the almost pompous mystery of Lord Haldane's celebrated "holiday", never even knew that the most eminent of his colleagues had been there. "I saw no one," he told me afterward, "except the correspondent of *The Times*." "I went to Rome," he said on another occasion, "but I soon came away—there were only two people I wanted to see: the Pope and the Vicar-General of the Jesuits, and I saw neither"—a curious and significant illumination of that obverse side of his character which lured the great Agnostic, by an inexorable attraction, to communion with princes of the Church. The attraction was often felt and always resisted, although its influence is apparent enough in all those passages in his writings where he deals with Ignatius Loyola, with Calvin, and with the great pontiffs of the Middle Ages.

To a very eminent Scottish divine, Dr. Whyte, who, strongly counter-attracted by Morley's personality, once ventured to pay a call on him at his house in Chelsea, he said: "You are the first of your cloth to cross this threshold." Those were, indeed, days when the name of John Morley was anathema to most of the clergy and to a great many of the Whigs. "Atheist" and "Jacobin" were the terms which the more timid and intolerant of them applied to him. "There goes St. Just," said Lord Thring on one occasion, pointing after him; "he would cut all our heads off." Mr. Chamberlain in his Radical days was not more abused.

All that, of course, he lived down by his trenchant honesty of conviction, until the day came when, on his elevation to the

House of Lords, he was received by the Peers as one of themselves, many of whom, indeed, on both sides of the House, notably Lord Curzon and Lord Rosebery, had long been numbered among his intimate friends. He was not insensible, in his dryly humorous way, to the charm of the translation. "What on earth do you want to go there for?" Mr. Asquith[1] asked him when, with increasing deafness and physical languor, he found the task of attendance in the House of Commons too arduous and raised the question of his translation to "another place". But in his old age the austere dignity of the House of Lords had an undeniable attraction for him.

"I've been keeping good company of late," he remarked to me with a smile just after his elevation to the Peerage, "I think my fellow Peers welcome me *since they have discovered I can govern India*"—a characteristic estimate of himself as a powerful autocrat. He loved to wield the sceptre. Never, indeed, did he enjoy himself more than when, with the patents already made out for the creation of hundreds of Peers, in the constitutional crisis of 1911, he got up as spokesman of the Government and, in magisterial tones, put the Lords to their election: whether they would agree with their adversary quickly and pass the Parliament Bill into law, or submit to the inexorable exercise of the prerogative.

Once, when as Secretary of State for India he had to go down to the House and announce a fateful decision as to whether a punitive expedition should be undertaken against the Zakka Khels, he was asked by Mr. Austen Chamberlain how the responsibilities of high office compared with the attractions of a literary life. His reply was, not for untold publishers' royalties would he exchange the satisfaction of saying "Yea" or "Nay" in great affairs of State for the solitude, the nervous exhaustion, the introspection of the life of letters.

His judgments of men, as I have recorded them, have been acclaimed, and rightly, by reviewers as proving that he was, in these matters, a shrewd and penetrating observer. But he was not infallible. I think he underestimated Lord Kitchener, of whom he once said, "A stupid face". Still more questionable was his esti-

[1] Since the above was written, Mr. Asquith has followed his old friend into the House of Lords, and is to be known as Earl of Oxford and Asquith.—EDITORS.

mate of Dilke. On someone praising him in my presence, he said: "Industrious, I grant you, but a shallow-minded man if ever there was one." And his judgment of Lord Grey's intellect was certainly unduly colored by his dissent from his policy. On the other hand, he could as a rule rise above a momentary personal annoyance. When Mrs. Asquith published his letter of resignation, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, he was greatly annoyed, but his annoyance was completely subjugated by a visit from the enterprising authoress. "After all," he said, "she is what Meredith said she was—a *bon camarade.*"

Morley's tenderness of heart was one of his most engaging characteristics, but this great apostle of Pity—and it was for his divine compassion that he almost idolized Victor Hugo—could be an inflexible minister of Justice. I recall a conversation on the subject of capital punishment which began with the almost intolerable tragedy of the last chapter of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* "When Matthews was Home Secretary," he remarked, "he used to be positively ill for hours when he had to consider the advisability, or otherwise, of a reprieve. Now when I was Chief Secretary for Ireland I had four such cases to deal with and they did not cost me a sleepless night." They were, however, clear cases of guilt. And Morley was no sentimentalist. He had none of that morbid tenderness for the criminal which forgets the crime.

I have said elsewhere that his three great heroes among nineteenth century statesmen were three great "realists": Disraeli, Cavour and Bismarck. But, in spite of a continual bias towards Disraeli—one of his literary ambitions was to write his biography, he had other and competing preferences—witness the following:

LORD MORLEY: Do you agree with the view now generally expressed that Peel was a mediocrity?

J. H. M.: No.

LORD MORLEY: You are right. The three great statesmen of the nineteenth century were Peel, Cobden and Mr. G.

And for "Mr. G." he had an open and confessed "adoration"—I use his own expression—not untempered by criticism. There never was a Chancellor of the Exchequer more passionate for economy than Gladstone, even in the smallest things, and Morley used to relate with approval many instances of his vigilance. If

the Foreign Office weekly bill for telegrams showed ten shillings above the average, Mr. Gladstone used to send a note across to ask if anyone had been sending private telegrams at the public expense.

When he was Lord President of the Council, Lord Morley once showed me at the Privy Council Office a handsome pair of silver snuffboxes of the time of Queen Anne and a pair of silver snuffers of the period of Charles II, adding: "But for Mr. G. those would be my perquisites when I quit this office. Every Lord President used to claim them as souvenirs, but Mr. G. came to hear of it, and put a stop to a practice consecrated by centuries of usage. Where public economy was concerned nothing was too small for him."

Morley was, indeed, himself a careful economist in his own affairs, for he had known what it was to live by the sweat of his brow. He had no private means and the fortune he left—some £60,000—was the harvest of his own earnings, prudently invested by the advice of a certain great City magnate who was one of his personal friends.

Although a most hospitable man and a very good judge of wine, he lived with a certain austere simplicity; his establishment though comfortable was not large and he never maintained a car or kept a butler. His elevation to the Peerage made no difference in this respect: "We middle-class people disguised as Peers" was how he once classified himself, and he lived like a member of the upper middle-classes whose household is distinguished by good taste, choice engravings, a good library (it was the one palatial feature of his house), a very small retinue of woman servants, and a chaste simplicity. He was the recipient in his old age of some testamentary benefactions which did as much honor to the donors, Lord Armitstead and Mr. Carnegie, as to the donee, but the bulk of his fortune was the result of his literary work and, considering that he never was a "popular" writer in the sense of a "best seller", he was, financially speaking, remarkably successful. Yet the only book of his (with the possible exception of the *Recollections*) which had a really large sale was his *Life of Gladstone*.

The success of that biography was, indeed, instantaneous and

phenomenal, and he once told me that its sale had reached 160,000 copies, adding modestly: "I suppose it is the only book of mine that will live." Modestly, and quite wrongly. His little book on Burke is, and will remain, a classic, and the same is probably true of the famous Essay on *Compromise*. The fate of the others is more doubtful, but so long as there are people who love a style which is "a pure well of English undefiled", they will surely always be read by the elect.

Many writers of late have commented on what they call Lord Morley's "vanity". Vain he certainly was about small things, such as precedence of place on ceremonial occasions; no man, even the greatest, is without weaknesses. But that vanity certainly did not extend to his own literary work; there never was a writer more modest in his estimate of his writings. When he heard that I had been invited by the Editor of *The Nineteenth Century* to write an appreciation of the *Recollections* he wrote:

> I am downright glad that you care to have my book and care enough about it to think it worth an "estimate" or "appreciation". There is no man whose estimate will interest me more, for I know no other man whose competence and range of knowledge are so wide and well-practised. Perhaps this very thing makes me *quake* a little, but then I recall your great indulgence to me on many a past occasion and then I quake no more but possess my soul in patience till January.
>
> I wish we could renew our old talks and hope very confidently that we shall. But just now the winds the other day caught me by the larynx and I must cultivate silence for a short season. (28th Nov., 1917).

I have said that he was a realist in politics, which is only another way of saying that he had little faith in an idealist interpretation of history. Towards the end of his life, indeed, he had little faith in Progress itself and still less in the working of a moral order in the world. During the War I spoke on one occasion of a "Nemesis" in history. "Is there one?" he replied, to which I answered "I mean a moral judgment in history." "I know it's unfashionable among my friends to say it," he retorted, "but I doubt if there is one. And, more often than not, it's a vicarious punishment, if there's punishment at all. It's not the sinner who is punished but his innocent offspring, whether you're dealing with nations or with men. One generation sins, another generation suffers for the sin."

On one occasion the conversation diverged to the Jews:

LORD MORLEY: Are you an anti-Semite?

J. H. M.: No. But I always feel they are different. There's something inscrutable about them.

LORD MORLEY: Ah yes. After all, they are Orientals. Minto said to me the other day "The—(naming a high Oriental potentate) is charming, supple, distinguished: But I feel I never know what he really thinks."

He was, as I have remarked elsewhere, shrewdly critical of Mr. Lloyd-George but, characteristically enough, he did not subscribe to the common criticism that he was too autocratic a Prime Minister in his ignoring of his colleagues in great affairs of State. Morley himself, indeed, when Secretary of State for India, was extremely averse to taking his Council into his confidence—one of them told me that no Secretary of State had ever consulted his Council less and that he had a habit of acting first and asking their opinion afterwards. The following is thus entirely consistent with his own course of action as a Minister:

LORD MORLEY: Curzon doesn't seem to carry weight. Why?

J. H. M.: Because Lloyd-George ignores him. The Prime Minister has usurped the functions of the Secretary of State. The Foreign Office is kept in the dark.

LORD MORLEY: But in a crisis no Cabinet as a whole is ever consulted. I never knew one that was. After all, at such moments as these, LL-G. is right in keeping all the threads in his own hands.

(30th July, 1920).

None the less Lord Morley, with a very human inconsistency, took an entirely different view when it had been his turn to be ignored, and nothing moved him to such wrath as the secret diplomacy, as he called it, of the three Ministers, Haldane, Grey and Asquith, whom he regarded as partly responsible for the sequence of causes which led to the outbreak of the War. As is perhaps pretty well-known, Lord Haldane wrote during the War and circulated privately among his friends a kind of political autobiography, some portion of which, but by no means all, has since been published under the title of *Before the War*. Lord Haldane circulated it to me, after having previously shown it to Morley, and, when I had read it, the latter asked my opinion of it. My opinion does not matter; the interesting thing is Morley's own. "The severest thing I can say about it," he commented, "is that it's

new to me. Why wasn't I told these things before as a colleague?"

Morley, whose acquaintance with French literature and French politics was peculiarly intimate, had known Clemenceau well, and of many stories of the most combatant of French politicians here is one which exhibits him in his most "tigerish" mood:

Clemenceau is a man who can hate. He hated Gambetta. I was dining with him at the Café de Paris on the night the news of Gambetta's death was being cried on the Boulevards. When he arrived—late—I said to him "Have you heard?" "Ah," he said nonchalantly, "I suppose you mean the death of Gambetta. It is not an event; it's only a piece of news."

One night in the appropriate *milieu* of the Senior (United Service) Club, of which he was an honorary member, we had a long talk about Napoleon and Wellington. It was an evening not easily to be forgotten, for it was barely a year before his death and, helping him into his coat (with characteristic kindliness he had first insisted on helping, with trembling fingers, me into mine), I was struck with a pang of apprehension at his emaciated arms, the emaciation of extreme old age, and at the frailty of his figure —in startling contrast to the brilliance of his talk at the table only a few minutes earlier. It was as though the mind, like an imprisoned spirit, was already poising for its flight from the fragile tenement of clay.

LORD MORLEY: I have been reading up Napoleonic literature. Do you remember Joseph Bonaparte's melancholy description of Napoleon: "My brother is not a great but a good man"? Surely a momument of fatuity of judgment! Napoleon is as great as he ever was. But Joseph's remark would not have been so foolish if he had limited it to Napoleon's work as a *statesman*. It was not creative. I should call it "good but not great." And Wellington spoke truly when he said Napoleon was not a gentleman. Tell me, Does Wellington's military reputation still stand high?

J. H. M.: Surely yes.

LORD MORLEY: Ah, I'm glad. Of him as a soldier I cannot speak, but I like his magnanimity. He knew how to be moderate in the hour of victory.

That evening, with its foreboding of deepening shadows, was the last time I saw him, although we corresponded almost to the end. I was rarely in England and, owing to my serving abroad, never except on leave and short leave at that. A few months before the end I wrote to him telling him I was home on leave, and

received in reply a letter the handwriting of which was graceful and flowing, as his handwriting had always been, but the tracery bore painful marks of extreme effort:

It has been a true pleasure to me to hear from you. I wondered if I had been at fault for our long intervals of silence. If so, my only excuse is that I have [been] physically languid and even my plainest duties fall back. Now when shall we meet? Where? Would Friday here at 7 be possible? Or Saturday evening? If not, then propose something, S. V. P. I should never forgive either you or myself if we did not meet—Yours always, M."

But the gods had willed otherwise. A critical situation suddenly called me back to Berlin. I never saw him again.

JOHN H. MORGAN.

London.

EMILY BRONTË: THE PROBLEM OF PERSONALITY

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

EMILY BRONTË is among the great ones whom it is said that we do not know, and the curiosity that seeks to know more of a writer than his works reveal has been condemned as unworthy. We are told that since he has expressed his mind, and so given his best to the world, we should not hunt after mere personal details. That this objection sounds more plausible than it is, and the modern instinct to make biography intimate is not a mistaken one, is the task here set before us to prove.

Let us realize in the beginning that art is a social virtue, that the ultimate reward of all success is social success, and that man is incomplete till he has expressed not only his mind but his personality. The supreme fact of life is personality, and its expression can be attained only by contact with men and women. To win battles, sway senates, discover new lands, write immortal verse: beyond all these, beyond even the mind's satisfaction in exercising its powers, is the approval of such as have done like things, is admission sought and won into the Paradise of this world—the kind glances of fair women and brave men. Disraeli's social success pleased him as much as his political, and there have been great men without personal magnetism, such as the American General Grant, or Jenner of vaccination fame. An aristocracy of pure intellect will never possess the earth, and the unkempt man of genius no longer excites admiring wonder. While man inhabits the earth he consists of body as well as mind; the ascetic ideal that despises the body as a clog to the spirit is rejected; and the modern culture of the body implies that it is a means of expressing the soul. Did not Leonardo da Vinci say that one of the two most wonderful sights in the world was the smiling of women?

Plato commended the spoken above the written word, because

its meaning is strengthened by change of voice, glance of eye, movement of hand; and we need only revolve in our thoughts a few homely instances to be assured how vain it is to dispart mind and body. A letter cannot compensate for an absent friend, and a bore is a person whose utterances may be foretold. A twice-told tale will weary, and words that passed almost unnoticed may return and rankle in solitude, and again dissolve like a dream when the speaker is beheld once more in the flesh. A child prefers a story told rather than read from a book, and the very word "lecture" is evilly associated. Gloom envelops a company when a person adopts the lecturer's tone, speaking in a manner once removed from the personalities of his hearers, solving the problem by the help of ready made wisdom instead of that generated by the immediate contact of minds. A great orator creates the illusion in each member of his audience that he is spoken to directly; and a letter writer of genius never loses contact with his correspondent, whether his theme be objective or subjective; whether it be Cowper analyzing his religious melancholy, or Horace Walpole describing the Gordon riots.

The conclusion is that mind and body express each other, and we do not know our fellow creatures by one alone. Because of the few surviving details of his life we do not know Shakespeare, though through the mouths of his characters we have his thoughts on every subject in the world and beyond. Much of the cloud of darkness surrounding Chatham has been dispelled by the discovery of his latest biographer, Mr. Basil Williams, that he was exceptionally grateful for acts of personal kindness. Modern critics like Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. J. Middleton Murry affirm that every mental process has its equivalent in the world of sense; indeed Mr. Eliot says that *Hamlet* remains obscure because Shakespeare failed to find something in the outer world corresponding to the hero's disgust at his mother's conduct. It pleases us to think that the essence of the immortal biography is contained in Dr. Johnson's stentorian call to his servant Frank for a clean shirt, when Boswell had pleaded successfully with Mrs. Williams and the road to the Wilkes dinner party lay open.

The lack of objective correlatives places Emily Brontë among the unknown. Yet the task must not be abandoned, even if we

make only the slight advance of realizing more fully the difficulties that beset us. If personality is the force proceeding from united soul and body made objective by the difficulties which stay it or which it overcomes, we can learn something by inquiring into the nature of the difficulties. We think of Cowper succumbing in his struggle with the wish to believe; FitzGerald self-banished from a world he found too hard; Swift finally baffled in his desire for power and place and retiring to die like a poisoned rat in a hole—to use his own phrase; Charlotte Brontë vainly seeking love as a refuge from hypochondria: and in consequence we know much of all these. Then we turn to Gibbon or Wordsworth, both of whom realized their personalities objectively—the one in his history, the other in contemplating nature and giving to his thoughts enduring form. Again, we have a middle class such as Byron and Carlyle, who achieved great fame but remained miserable—the one because of his lost social reputation, the other through imperfect faith and despair at the condition of the world.

With Emily Brontë there is a break between the operations of her mind as her books reveal it and the few biographical facts that have come down to us. We know that she was the least accessible of the three sisters of genius in the remote Haworth parsonage. She refused all acquaintance beyond her family, and yet was passionately interested in the fortunes of the people about her. As Charlotte says: "She knew their ways, their language, their family histories; she could hear of them with interest, and talk of them with detail, minute, graphic, and accurate; but *with* them she rarely enchanged a word." At school in Brussels she spoke to no one, and although, with Charlotte, she spent her weekly holiday at the house of an English family, she remained throughout impenetrable to friendly advances. Heger remarked upon her capacity for argument, unusual in a man and rare indeed in a woman; adding that hers was a stubborn tenacity of will which rendered her obtuse to all reasoning where her own wishes or her own sense of right were concerned. Mrs. Gaskell described her as reserved in the least favorable sense of the word; that is, indifferent if she pleased or not. When she went as pupil to Roe Head and teacher to a school near Halifax, she succumbed to homesickness, and her year's absence in Brussels was nearly

cut short for the same reason. She loved liberty, she enjoyed passionately the lonely moors, and she loved wild animals because they were wild. Even in the small home circle she had a preference, and we doubt if she responded fully to the affection Charlotte lavished upon her. Charlotte described her as intractable, and observed that to advocate one side of a cause would ensure her adoption of the opposite. She began to write poetry without confiding in Charlotte, and was not pleased by Charlotte's chance discovery of her manuscripts. Perhaps her sister Anne, with a lesser mind, had a more receptive nature, and made a better companion to a woman of genius. To the end of Emily's short life the two played the game of make-believe which they called the *Gondal Chronicles*. No summary of facts should omit such harrowing details of her death scene as the silence she opposed to questions as to her state, and her refusal until too late to allow a "poisoning doctor" to come near her.

With every wish to estimate Emily favorably, it is hard to do so with the foregoing facts in mind. Exclusive family affection is not a commending trait, and one who persistently declines friendly advances is apt to forfeit human sympathy. In her last illness, had she no thought for the moral sufferings of her sisters when she refused to answer questions or see a doctor? And yet it is only fair to recall Charlotte's saying that she was full of ruth for others though without pity on herself. If we turn from Charlotte's direct sayings to her fictitious and therefore suggestive ones, we are equally baffled. Shirley Keeldar was supposed to represent Emily in happier circumstances, and yet, while external things such as the rich dresses she wore are much dwelt upon, we are not helped in the ultimate object of our search—a human soul made more beautiful on earth by the body.

There is enough to stimulate but not satisfy the imagination. We can picture the pleased expression on her face in solitude when anticipating her sisters' home-coming, the smile with which she greeted them, the especial look she reserved for Anne when they found themselves alone. On the reverse side we can picture the despair in her eyes when one after another came the harsh reviews of *Wuthering Heights*. But still we lack the actual collision of soul and sense with the outer world to make the vision real.

Life is greater than art, the artist's mind surpasses his work, and the crowd of men, indifferent to art, never desist to seek God in their fellow creatures, though they may know it not. The example of Emily Brontë suggests two problems especially prominent at the present day: personality and hero-worship. Carlyle taught us that hero-worship is the adamant below which unbelief cannot fall; and that if you convince a man he is in the presence of a higher soul his knees are automatically loosened in reverence. Lately Marcel Proust remarked that some people think of society as an Indian caste in which you take your place as you are born, but in reality all is due to personality: the humblest can become the friend of princes, and there are many princes whose acquaintance no one desires.

Carlyle preached the doctrine of work; he predicted a commonwealth of workers, and advised the man who had no work to hide himself; yet he privately admitted true good breeding to be one of the finest things in the world, and remarked the care of well-bred persons to avoid all unpleasant topics in conversation. The two are contradictory, for the effect of strenuous work—other than artistic—is to materialize, and good breeding can only thrive in the soil of leisure. The kind of character developed by the Victorian professional and business man is an answer to those who plead the dignity of work; and the modern desire for education in late life is an attempt to restore the balance of the mind which every profession inevitably disturbs. The duty of work is to overcome difficulties; the powers which it develops are the combative or competitive; whereas the right use of leisure is to promote the growth of the soul—and the greatest soul is that which has the greatest power to love. Good breeding implies that the material struggle has been concluded generations back, that there is no need to compete with others for means of living and so acquire the habit of preferring things to persons. That a leisured class by attaining a certain mental outlook becomes the symbol of a more perfect life, alone justifies its existence in our distracted modern world, and makes the sight of luxury side by side with poverty at all bearable; and the toiling millions still feel an instinctive respect for those who dress finely and bear themselves graciously and do no work, despite the Communist orator.

That leisure and accumulated wealth are daily put to the worst uses is a truth we will not stay to consider in our search for the conditions in which personality may develop. Something has been said of good breeding, but as the highest beauty lies in expression, and the world soon tires of perfect features that lack it, so the long-solved material struggle does but prepare the ground by eliminating gross desires. We return to Proust's saying, and also remember that Becky Sharp climbed the social ladder to be ultimately bored. The soul uses the refined body to suggest a higher beauty; for man seeks God in his fellow creatures, and it was a doctrine of the neo-Platonists that a beautiful person could not be wicked. Hence are those stories eternally fascinating which tell how gods or angels have come down to live with men.

Thus the world labors to produce a race intermediate between God and man: the body on which generations of leisure have worked as with a chisel, the feelings—when not blasted by pride—responding to the sorrows of the lowest, the mind touched by those arts and philosophies which add thought to beauty. And to become a member of this race is the crown of all earthly effort, including art. Keats and Shelley were two of the most intense lyricists of all time, yet each laid aside his art before the close of his troubled life because the world would not listen. Surely this tribute of art to life proves that man's deepest desire is to be approved by man. And what exists scattered in the mass of men is brought to a focus in this selected intermediary race. Each carries with him the memory of a human friend transfigured, and all moral codes and material considerations shrink to nothing by contrast with the immediate presence of man. He may be thought insincere, for he neither argues nor contradicts, never speaks a distasteful truth, promises what he cannot perform, and will discard a friend for an unlucky word. Yet through this over-value of mankind we see dimly on the outer edge of society something of heaven on earth, of the reign of love. But always the law holds good that heaven reveals itself through the earthly beauty of line and color: and so we end where we began with Leonardo's saying of the smiling of women.

To the opinions of Carlyle and Proust which have been the

props of this argument we now add a third. Professor Bradley described the tragic hero as intense rather than extraordinary—as one who thought and acted in a manner little removed from the average person but more energetically. We admire Antony and Cleopatra, for instance, and contemn the politic Octavius and his impeccable sister. The modern craving for personality has displaced the balance too far from mere good breeding to the region of despotic will and tempestuous passion. Never has the lot of undistinguished people been harder, nor the bore more severely let alone. In old days the human race was united by the subconscious thought of the brotherhood of man; but now, in our eagerness to see the vision before the coming of night, we apply widely the mordant remark of Charles Maurras against literary egoists, that not everybody has a soul.

Having rejected the theory that an author's work is his best biography, but convinced that the writer of a great book has a great soul, and that to learn how this soul moved among us in its earthly vestments is to learn something of heaven, we pass on to glean what we can from Emily's books. And they also strike us, as did her life, by other-worldliness, by excess of soul over body. She has been called primitive, a descendent of giants and Titans, and so on, but this is not the emotion that *Wuthering Heights* conveys; she is on the hither side of civilization, not before it begins but where it ends, and what Carlyle called the dim waste that lies beyond creation appears. The wild scenery of Wuthering Heights, the lonely moors impassable in winter, the stony track that leads off the main road to the deserted farm, where the slant of the stunted firs and thorns shows the force of the north wind, the rude furniture of the dwelling, the hard manners of its inmates—all point to something far withdrawn from the world we know. We are on the pinnacles of the moral world, with its restraints and conventions out of sight; the scene is laid in a spot that has not changed since creation, and that symbolizes the end of civilization; and there is nothing primitive in the souls of those who act out their destinies in these abandoned tracts.

As we approach the stern tale, something of at least the outlying parts of Emily's mind will be revealed. As common traits of the characters we may cite intellectual vigor and sarcas-

tic speech, such as we might expect to find in the Yorkshire farmer or land-worker, out of whom Heathcliff was idealized: the effect of a keen brain and little education, solitude, hard weather, rough work. When old Mr. Earnshaw dies late at night, the messenger dispatched for the doctor and parson returns with the doctor and says the parson will come in the morning. Heathcliff says sneeringly that Isabella Linton married him thinking he was a hero of romance, and at first none of his brutalities disgusted her. "I suppose we shall have plenty of lamentations now!" exclaims Catherine when Edgar at last realizes the mortal nature of her illness. Catherine again is under no illusions as regards her lover; she warns the infatuated Isabella that Heathcliff is a pitiless, wolfish man, not the kind who conceals depths of benevolence beneath a stern exterior. The above saying of Heathcliff leads to a further common trait of Emily's characters: their self-consciousness. Catherine speaks of turning her fits of frenzy to account; Linton Heathcliff admits he has a bad nature and cannot be scorned enough, and is too mean for the younger Catherine's anger; and many other instances spring to the mind. It is the trait which makes Shakespeare's characters psychologically real and individual: from Richard III, where it shows rather crudely, to the most consummate examples of his genius: Hamlet, Iago, Falstaff.

Like Shakespeare, Scott, Jane Austen, like all the most creative artists, Emily's characters become objective and self-moved; the one point of contact with her personal nature is sarcasm. But it is a sarcasm bound up with intellectual vigor: the power to foresee clearly, while others, blinded by mere wishes, are dimly groping after truth. Keen untutored brains struggling with hard conditions might foster its growth in her models, but with Emily the cause was excess of spirit reacting on her own powerful mind, making this earth too small a point to see realized the thoughts she drew from the infinite. The note of Charlotte's writings is regret; Charlotte would have been happy in a full family life, in society, in contact with any persons who treated her kindly. The tragedy of her life was enforced solitude; whereas Emily, if she ever had worldly desires—and we gather from her poems that she had —conquered them once and for all. No doubt she grieved deeply

at the immediate failure of *Wuthering Heights*, and she resigned further literary work, yet the fact remains that the balance is shifted too heavily on the side of soul for us to see her as a glorious earthly figure.

Charlotte describes nature as one who loves the joys of this world; the beauty of her landscapes in dawn or sunset is heightened by the suggestion from her own mind that another day has passed, and her hopes are unrealized, and death will come. Also, the love that she describes, though transcending time and space, is not entirely strange to earth. Most of us when first reading *Jane Eyre* in childhood knew that we were falsely told in the concluding chapter that Jane married Rochester; we felt instinctively that the inner truth of the story was thereby violated, that the poor human institution of marriage was a small thing to two such souls wandering in eternity. And yet for a short spell they might have been happy on earth: Jane Eyre and Rochester at Thornhill, Lucy Snowe and Paul Emanuel in the schoolrooms of Villette. It is otherwise with Catherine and Heathcliff who, as children on the moors, had just a foothold in time, but cannot be imagined living together as man and wife even in the extra-conventional world of the story. But if their love is not of earth still less is it of heaven, and we must search for the true region where their souls have scope.

Many writers have attempted to depict a world beyond this, and none have succeeded like Emily. Haeckel, in the midst of foolish generalizations, did arrest our thought when he asked if we realized what we meant by eternity, and pointed to the profound legend of the Wandering Jew. Yet the desire to persist at least beyond this world is ineradicable, and Emily speaks in accents that convince us a further sphere exists. It comes to us in Mr. Lockwood's dream, and not Clarence's dream in *Richard III*, not the witches in *Macbeth*, not the raising of Samuel by the Witch of Endor, have so true a ring of an actual experience of the soul. The keynote of the dream is subtly struck when sour old Joseph tells the younger Catherine that she will never mend her ways but go right to the devil like her mother before her. It is followed by the discovery of the writing in the old book which affects us strangely because we know that the writer has passed behind the

veil. Then comes the dream: the tapping of the branch on the lattice; the ice-cold hand which seizes the dreamer's; the sobbing voice, "Let me in . . . I'm come home. I'd lost my way on the moor;" the child's face looking through the window; the reiterated cry, "It is twenty years . . . I've been a wait for twenty years;" the effect on Heathcliff of sliding back the panels. . . .

What are the symbols that Emily uses so skilfully as to make us believe that this once-removed world exists? In the first place we have the rude setting of the story, the point in life where all joyful social intercourse has ceased, and human relations are just preserved. It is neither primitive nor return to barbarism, but the end of a world, the dropping one by one of the refinements of life till the soul is naked. The austere moors, the bare dwellings typify it; the coming of a stranger brings it home to us, like one of Shakespeare's underplots which reflect the main action and add a meaning. Such was Hindley Earnshaw's wife who came from no one knew where, without name or fortune, the "rush of a lass" far advanced in consumption, but who was so delighted with the old farm house that she would have nothing changed for her comfort, whose gay heart never failed her till within a week of her death. Catherine said well that she had no more right to marry Edgar Linton than to go to heaven, and her dream taught her how miserable she would have been in heaven. The Linton family does seem an alien presence on the moors, and the interior of Thrushcross Grange, into which Catherine and Heathcliff gaze spell-bound, with its crimson carpet and crimson-covered chairs and white and gold ceiling, so remote as almost to be unreal. Here again we see Emily's soul stronger than that of Charlotte, who described such things with a tinge of regret that she too did not live in splendid places and wear rich fabrics. Heathcliff's brutality is neither that of the savage, the boor, nor the over-civilized man driven mad. When he strikes the younger Catherine he does the easiest thing to gain his object, because nothing else is worth while in a perishing world. The manner of his death typifies this world from which life is visibly receding.

But if the soul is thus stripped naked, all the more urgent is its craving for love. It has attained the extreme point of earth, it reaches forward into the abyss beyond, it even exchanges mes-

sages with those whom the abyss has swallowed, and always it cries for love. Because of this we feel that the new world, a corner of which is mysteriously revealed, is more good than evil. That much evil remains—above all the sense of sin for earthly deeds—we do not dispute, but that love continues and will eventually triumph over sin, is the last conviction. Catherine's unrestrained childhood, the passionate dispositions of the Earnshaw family, Heathcliff's rough caresses which bruise the arm of his dying love—all these are symbols of the ultimate recovery of the spirit. Edgar Linton finds comfort in books after his wife's death, Hindley Earnshaw, in the same condition, becomes a gambler and raving drunkard. Because the soul is a real thing its conflict with gross matter is terrible: such was Hindley's unreasoning persecution of Heathcliff as a boy. While on earth it may appear worsted in its conflict with evil, but Emily has power to convince that the decision is elsewhere. The device of the Greek chorus has been a favorite one with playwright or novelist; it here finds an unparalleled exponent in the character of Nelly Dean. Catherine confides her spiritual affinity with Heathcliff to be met with the retort: "If I can make any sense of your nonsense, Miss——." As with Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, or Apemantus in *Timon*, her very blindness to the wonderland of Catherine's soul must flash something of its glory upon the dullest reader.

Turning from her novel to ask whether her poems will supply the image of an earthly-heavenly creature, again the answer is negative. The balance may be shifted a stage back towards earth, but is still not equal. One cannot but hear the cry of the heart in *Remembrance*, but there is no means of knowing the proportion of real and ideal. Let us however recall a few of her best pieces and brood over their distinctive charm. Such are *The Linnet*, *The Prisoner*, *The Lady to Her Guitar*, *How Clear She Shines*, *Often Rebuked*, *The Outcast Mother*, *The Old Stoic*, and the poem already mentioned. Take the last stanza of *The Linnet:*

> Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound,
> And murmur, summer streams—
> There is no need of other sound
> To soothe my lady's dreams.

And this from *The Lady to Her Guitar:*

> It is as if the glassy brook
> Should image still its willows fair,
> Though years ago the woodman's stroke
> Laid low in dust their Dryad-hair.

And place beside them these lines from Wordsworth's *Highland Reaper:*

> A voice more thrilling ne'er was heard
> In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the furthest Hebrides.

And this stanza of Mr. De La Mare's, the effect of snow on fields at break of day:

> It hangs the frozen bough
> With flowers on which the night
> Wheeling her darkness through
> Scatters a starry light.

Differ as may the poet of fairy-land from the poet who, beginning with the beauty of nature, thereafter includes man, and so rises to believe in a divinely ordered universe, they are one in this: their vision of beauty has brought them peace on earth. It is not so with Emily who, though rivalling them in beauty, is at peace only with nature and not with man. The greatest poets carry with them an ideal world which is proof against intruders: thus William Blake, greater of course as mystic than poet, met and saluted the Apostle Paul in the Strand. Emily falls short of supreme greatness in that she is muted by a trespasser in her imaginative Eden. The earth must be delivered from man's presence before she can recognize it as Godlike; she is inspired by night,—especially winter nights, when human activity is suspended for many long hours, or starry nights which suggest remote worlds where perhaps sin is not,—by the barest tracts of the moors where no house can resist the wind, by snow which muffles human footsteps and masks human traces, by time and death which defeat man, and make his mightiest happenings—his battles and empires, his material progress, the voices of orators, even the cry of sufferers—a momentary break in the eternal silence.

In this shrinking from her fellow creatures, in their power to shatter her bright world by their mere presence, lay Emily's

weakness. Yet she is stronger than Charlotte, who depended utterly on others, and whose consistent regret for lost happiness sounds in her every page. Had we biographical means to know whether this trait was inborn or developed by circumstances, much of the mystery of her personality would be solved. She confesses in her poems to a fleeting desire for fame, and such a stanza as this from *Remembrance* has an authentic ring:

> But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
> And even despair was powerless to destroy,
> Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
> Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

But so have many of Shakespeare's sonnets, over which the battle between evenly-matched commentators has swayed backward and forward for generations. Suffice it that if from the internal evidence of her novel and poems we have realized more clearly what she was not, some slight advance has been made toward conceiving an image of her personality despite a forcedly agnostic conclusion.

AUGUSTUS RALLI.

AMY LOWELL AND THE ART OF POETRY

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

One, perhaps the most useful, function of criticism is not unlike that of the little ribbed wheel set between the barrels of a pair of artillery binoculars: to hold in focus an object which, due to its own or the observer's motion, tends to slide into the blur at one end or the other of the visual field. Interpretation is almost always vain. We can never, for example, know anything worth knowing about the *Chanson de Roland.* But we can at least get it into the circle in which alone our eyes are capable of seeing. We can endow it with the apparent vivacity of our own recognition. We can save it from becoming an acknowledged historical fact in the haze back of the last horseman. And the same thing is true in a measure of the work of living writers. Time moves for the living at a much more rapid rate than ever it moves for the dead, and the mainspring of modern chronometry is notoriously apt to unwind itself overnight putting decades between us and work which yesterday we saw without effort, clouding with the authority of tradition books which a moment ago we could see and value for themselves.

Something of this sort has happened to Miss Lowell in the three or four years since *Legends,* her best book and one of the great books of American poetry, was published. In 1921 her work was immediately under our eyes. In 1924, although the importance of her work had not diminished—on the contrary its reputation had greatly increased—her poetry had begun to slip out of the visual field. The binoculars no longer caught it with precision. A new generation had intervened.

A literary generation—in Anglo-Saxon countries at least: in France they occur by the calendar and subscribe to their own reviews—is neither a cyclical phenomenon nor one which the census need trouble to record. It is usually nothing more than two or three young men who don't know each other and don't want to,

whose writing is marked by no formal common characteristic, whose artistic methods may be as different as those of the authors of the *Lyrical Ballads*, but who possess in common a certain way of looking at their own shadows, which way of looking at their own shadows is not that of their immediate predecessors but rapidly becomes, at least so far as the cast of the eye is concerned, that of their immediate followers. The new generation in English and American poetry is Mr. Eliot and perhaps Mr. Cummings, but first and foremost Mr. Eliot. It is an introspective, self-conscious, sensitive, doubtful, deeply stirred generation, a deflected generation compelled to difficult utterance, a passionate generation afflicted with that *maladie du siècle*—"*ne pas vouloir être dupe.*" It is a generation which, forsaken by God, has discovered in the void itself. It is a generation provenly capable of poetry. But it is not Miss Lowell's generation.

This new inclination of the mind observes things sidewise from across the street or obliquely from some angle of remote time. Its world has the distortion of an object suddenly and intelligently seen after long contemplation. And its penetration of that world is in lines and curves and surfaces which do not, and never were intended to, declare—there is nothing to declare—but which by displacing however slightly the horizontals and perpendiculars of ordinary experience achieve an overwhelming significance. Miss Lowell on the other hand comes at things full face. She walks around them and looks at them. She recognizes them. She knows their names. They belong in her world and she in theirs, and it is a sane, balanced, homogeneous world in which success is desirable and failure undesirable. I do not mean to suggest that Miss Lowell is always sane or ever merely sane. She has on occasion jangled her world as completely as the most zealous practitioners of the disassociationist manner and produced poetry into the bargain.

> Gluttonous hands tear at apron strings,
> Reach at the red side of an apple,
> Slide under ice-floes,
> And waltz clear through to the tropics
> To sit among cocoanuts
> And caress bulbous negresses with loquats in their hair.

But these interludes are "Gargoyles" or "Grotesques". They exist in the ordinary air against familiar backgrounds. And they *are* interludes. The real occupation of the poet is with the relations of people to each other and to themselves on a planet which a convention of the Republican Party would have no difficulty in calling by name. She does very convincingly live "within a daylight world lit by the sun". And the persons, including herself, of her poems resemble much more the mortal figures of classical poetry than the back drops of Léger or the curtains of Picasso with which Mr. Cummings's persons have sometimes much in common.

It is not surprising therefore that a point of focus catching *The Waste Land* of Mr. Eliot no longer precisely caught Miss Lowell's *Pictures of the Floating World.* Readers of poetry, their attention fixed upon something new and very different (Mr. Eliot's *Ara Vus Prec* did not have its full effect in America until *The Waste Land* appeared), were inclined to make of Miss Lowell a reputation, worse still a great reputation, and to think of her poetry as a mere function of her name. Her poems were no longer the most important things about her books, nor her books the most important things about Miss Lowell. She was accepted, admitted with Mr. Robinson into the distant counties of fame, and then taken almost altogether upon credit. And so far as Miss Lowell was concerned this was as unfair a proceeding as could have been devised. It was not an unnatural proceeding. Miss Lowell is one of the great personalities of our time and one of the great aristocrats of literature. No one who has heard her talk will ever forget it. But it was an unfair proceeding nevertheless. For Miss Lowell's great achievement as a poet lies precisely in the fact that her poems are the most important things about her. She has succeeded in creating poems which owe her nothing but their creation, poems which are not the publications of her heart nor the revelations of her philosophy, but finalities, entities, existences. Her distinction is that she has practised poetry as an art. And it is the recognition of that fact which should keep her work in a living perspective, and in all times and seasons safe from mummifying fame.

The difficulty is to secure the recognition. It is not that Miss

Lowell's poetry is thought undeserving of the term, but that the term is thought undeserving of poetry. When you say that poetry is an art you are supposed to speak a bit pedantically and in a metaphoric sense. When you insist you are thought to be mad. For all the world—or rather all heirs of the English tradition—know that poetry is not an art at all. On the contrary it is a sort of oratorical utterance more or less allegorical which falls into the rhythmic speech of ecstasy, of exaltation, because its import is too awful for ordinary language. And poets are not artists but prophets or seers whose "messages" are the only circumstances of importance about them. So Shakespeare is great for his knowledge of the human heart, and "the quality that has preserved the tragic glory of the *Iliad*", according to no less an authority than Mr. John Jay Chapman, "is the huge enveloping piety behind it." Or if one prefers a slightly more sophisticated statement, it is explained that poetry is a means of communicating or exciting emotion, and that the best poem is the poem that stirs up the most emotion in the reader. Both statements are wrong and both are fatuous, for both are instances of the apologizing and extenuating zeal which wrote the *De Continentia Virgiliana* and which can no more endure today than it could in the Middle Ages the conception of art as an end, as a goal, in itself. But while the first justification of poetry, being put forth with all the cold-blooded ardor of Puritanism, is the more obstinate, the second offers a more convenient yard stick to the professional reviewer and is thus more often met with. Few poets whose work is clean and sure—Mr. Wallace Stevens is an excellent case in point—have escaped the impeachment of some sedulously sensitive reviewer who, not having been made to feel the emotion which he has been accustomed to associate with the subject, has at once concluded that the poem failed.

Emotion has its place in poetry as it has in painting. But its place is not that which the sensationalists give it. So far is it from being true that the test of a poem is its power to excite emotion that the exact contrary is the case. The test of a poem is its power to withstand emotion. The bad poem is the poem which has not crystallized, which remains raw emotion exciting emotion in the reader by its own excitement. The good poem is the poem

which, whatever its origin, its raw material, may have been, has undergone the inexplicable metamorphosis, has *become*, has taken sensuous form, has turned into something as tangible as the Venus de Milo herself at the end of her long corridor in the Louvre. Perhaps the material of poetry is emotion, perhaps it is personal and not æsthetic emotion. But if that is so the part played by emotion is that of the black cat in the fairy tale which, killed, turned into the fairy prince. To make anything out of the beast you must first get rid of it. The poem which results, if it is a poem, will not declare the emotions out of which it was made. Nor will it *stand for* them. Instead it will be a new thing which was perhaps originally an attempt to express them but which is now a poem. And that poem is all that concerns the reader.

The point is so vital to an appreciation of Miss Lowell's poetry that I feel justified in insisting upon it, frequently and forcibly as others have insisted upon it in the recent past. The difficulty is obviously to make people understand that a poem is, in no mystical manner of speaking, a sensuous object, as real, as sensible as the bronze inkwell there on the desk. So many authoritative names are connected with the misuse of poetry for mere communication, mere expression, so many elderly Wordsworths exhibit their moral excellence in the anthologies, that it is all but impossible to come at the question at all. And the question is obviously one of form. So long as people talk about form in poetry as though it were a matter solely of metre, or metre and rhythm, or metre and rhythm and rhyme,—as though, for instance, a sonnet were a "form",—just so long form and content in poetry will be different and separate things, and poems will be discussed as though they were means of communicating elevated thoughts, and earnest young men will get perennially excited over the possibility of writing a first rate poem in free verse, a question of no importance to anyone but the technicians, and, at this date, of little enough importance to them.

But it is easier to say what form in poetry is not than to say with any hope of inclusive accuracy what it is. Poetry is an art existing in time but not in time only. Its structure is the line of a succession—something like the musician's melodic line—but the units of the succession are three dimensional. Its form, in other

words, is no such metaphysical anatomy as the pattern of a thought. Anything but that. There is a substantiation of thought in sense. The very words of poetry are so used that the words as sounds, as shapes, absorb and contain their meanings as symbols, tend to *become* their meanings, to such an extent that untranslatableness into other words even of the same language is one of the classic tests of poetic style. And the form of the poem as a whole results from the relation to each other in time—rhythm here being what proportion is in the visual arts—of words or groups of words which have undergone such a metamorphosis, of thought which has precipitated, crystallized, of images perceptible to the sense—by which is meant perceptible to the whole body as an instrument of sense and not to the eyes alone. But those who can feel the sensuous reality, the finality, the all but tangible existence of a great poem, have no need of definition. And the rest of the world will go on in spite of reproof or remonstrance peering and peeping through the words of poetry at the emotional experience of the poet, or his message, or his understanding of their emotional experiences, as though they had before them the verbal knot-holes of prose; they will go on denying that poetry is an art—or rather that a poem is a work of art, for in art there are no rules but only instances—and they will end with the moral edification or the titillation of the emotions which is the vulgarian's complete reward. For those who try to see through a poem usually succeed. But the poem remains as blank to them as glass.

And the poetry of Miss Lowell will be glass, colored glass but glass nevertheless, to those who merely read it, who are incapable of seeing it, touching it, sensing it. While to those who are capable of experience it will give the intense experience of great art. It is throughout, in its failures as well as in its successes, the work of a conscious and controlled intelligence. ("Those," says Croce, "who claim unconsciousness as the chief quality of the artistic genius, hurl him from an eminence far above humanity to a position far below it.") And its heights are those which only the artist and never the philosopher in verse or the peddler of emotion can achieve.

This quality of artistic intention, this passion to make, to per-

fect, is evidenced as much in Miss Lowell's experiments with rhythm as anywhere else. In so far as these experiments raise questions of technique they do not concern us here. It is neither in spite of nor because of *vers libre* that Miss Lowell is a poet. But as illustrative of her attitude toward her medium they are of the first importance. They indicate in a way nothing else can her sense of words and combinations of words as material out of which an imagined form may be created. In her failures, as in the failures of artists in other media, this sense takes the shape of a desire for "effects". So in *A Waltz by Bartok* she reproduces a waltz rhythm at the expense of writing a poem. In her successes she subdues herself to what she works in, maintaining from the inside as it were an artistic purpose and a perfect control over her material which gives her patterns, old or new, conviction and firmness and a kind of necessary rightness for which there is no adequate term. There is nothing labored, nothing calculated, nothing interlineated or overwritten. One would say, as undoubtedly Miss Lowell would say herself, that the impulse had brought its own form. And yet there is an intensity and a perfection which only the refining and controlling intelligence of the artist can give. One of her early lyrics, one which, but for a hundred others, would seem her most beautiful, will illustrate the point:

White and Green

Hey! My daffodil-crowned,
Slim and without sandals!
As the sudden spurt of flame upon darkness
So my eyeballs are startled with you,
Supple-limbed youth among the fruit-trees,
Light runner through tasselled orchards.
You are an almond flower unsheathed
Leaping and flickering between the budded branches.

The experimenting, essaying, testing concern with the possibilities of her art is the characteristic which will most impress anyone who will read Miss Lowell's books in the order in which they were written. You are as far as possible here from the poet who publishes his collections one after the other much in the manner of a small boy rubbing match after match on the window pane in the

vague hope that somehow or other one of them may catch fire. On the contrary you are examining the successive periods of the work of an artist who is attempting with one combination of forms and then with another to compel her material to an expression which she cannot foresee but which nevertheless she feels to exist and which, achieved, will constitute her statement of the world.

Miss Lowell's first book, *A Dome of Many Colored Glass*, which appeared in 1912 when she was thirty-eight, was in no sense of the word a remarkable book. It was not the kind of first book to lend support to the theory, so characteristic of the general attitude toward poetry, that a poet is at his best in his youth and that time can only take away. But there are glimpses of a purpose, of an intention, even here. "The Road To Avigon" is more than the germ of Miss Lowell's dramatic method: clean sharp images in rapid sequence suggesting with the movement of a hand or the fall of a leaf a significance which is all the more telling because it remains implicit in the action of the piece. The poem on Huysmans has the same quality. And there are flashes of the Imagist technique: "a butterfly still upon a flower winking with its painted wings", snow fields "white, stained with long, cool, blue shadows", and a few attempts to present color combinations by the naming of shades of color without edge or outline, which are interesting both because of her later brilliant successes in this regard and because success so long eluded her. Even in her second book we find

> Carmine. Madder. Blues
> Tinging dark browns to purple. Silvers flushed
> To amethyst and tinct with gold—

a wash of colors which, applied to no precise body, no outline, succeeds only in confusing the eye.

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed appeared two years later. It is the fashion among Miss Lowell's critics to say that with this book she arrived. Nothing could be farther from the truth. With this book she went a long way forward but she did not arrive. She was in revolt—perhaps more consciously than actually—and what she was in revolt against was her own earlier book objectified in the influences which had played upon it. And poets in revolt against their own work have not yet arrived. But there are

grand beginnings. For one thing she has learned, if indeed she had not always known it, the use of detail in the realization of a person or a scene. A name, a characterization, and the thing has come to life. There is something mysterious about the rightness of the stroke. One recalls the effect of a single name—Mont St. Michel, Dol—in the *Lais* of Marie de France. One remembers, however far beyond, the miracles, the

sì che il piè fermo sempre era il più basso

of Dante.

Again she has carried farther her use of suggestion, her power to make the images of the poem signify, to compel the matter itself to speak. It is the quality which Occidentals most value in Chinese poetry, but whether Miss Lowell owed it to her knowledge of Chinese poetry which must then have been forming, or whether she came to it independently, is a question which Miss Lowell herself would probably find it difficult to answer. "A London Thoroughfare, 2 A.M." shows it under almost perfect control, and for that reason among others I should be inclined to hit on that poem as the first identification of Miss Lowell's genius. For the rest, the book contains three examples of Miss Lowell's power to subject dramatic action to the discipline of poetry without failing either in her poetry or in her story, and two of the earliest successful applications of *vers libre* to the conversational idiom, a usage for which *vers libre* is ideally fitted and in the manipulation of which Miss Lowell is amazingly at ease.

In 1916 and 1918 appeared *Men, Women and Ghosts* and *Can Grande's Castle*, both volumes of dramatic pieces, the first narrative, the second more nearly scenic. Which is not to say that *Men, Women and Ghosts* is not also presentational, for Miss Lowell's feeling for the objective reality of words raises even her purely narrative pieces to the level of sensuous poetry. "Pickthorn Manor," perhaps the most successful poem in this book, will illustrate the point. The story turns upon a psychological aberration, a confusion of personalities due to emotional associations, which in prose would with difficulty convince. But here conviction is unnecessary. The background is so realized, the movements are so palpable, that you are charmed into that "neg-

ative faith which simply permits the images presented to work by their own force, without either denial or affirmation of their real existence by the judgment." It is not the reasonableness of the players but the reality of their world that takes you. And so powerfully has the poetic imagination worked upon their world that one almost feels a transference of the drama to earth and trees. The struggle seems to lie between the clear, breezy, blossomy loveliness of the spring orchard and the dark remindful Manor House with its draughty candles. And the river at the bottom of the garden "curdling, crinkling, and the snow purfled upon its wave-tops" bides the events.

It is ridiculous to leave the book at that. "Patterns," "The Cremona Violin" with its representation of music as perfect in its way as Proust's description of the "*petite phrase de la sonate de Vinteuil*", "The Cross-Roads", the brilliant solution of the problem of color in "The Fruit Shop", which is at the same time a recreation in two pictures of a complex society, "The Hammers", practically the whole book. But the folly is implicit in any attempt to compress Miss Lowell's books to a few pages of comment. They are too full of poetry. One has no choice but to snatch here and there and rush on.

But how rush through the four poems of *Can Grande's Castle*? The manner of these pieces is, so far as I am informed, peculiarly Miss Lowell's. I do not refer to the fact that they are written in polyphonic prose, although that construction adds to their present tenseness, to their presentation. Neither do I refer to their epic quality, to their objective creation of their own universe, a characteristic in which they resemble Hardy's *Dynasts* more nearly than any other modern poem (compare the overland trip in "Sea-Blue And Blood-Red" with Hardy's fleet maneuvers, and consider the power of the "Bronze horses," motionless in movement, running timelessly through time, to create as Hardy creates a world, a cosmos). Rather I have in mind a quality of ensemble, of pattern in movement. Take for instance the poem of the horses. What you have here is not a drama, nor a story, but a ballet in words, a ballet of the Fokine period, a ballet of armies and empires in which the décor is not only written in but becomes part of the action. Phrases of color, of line, repeat and

develop themselves as they would be repeated and developed by a great chorographer. Line and color are made significant, made to speak. So Rome is as angular as the marching movement of the Legionaries: Constantinople is curved, suave, circular as a dance of ungirt women. If, as seems possible, the ballet is the successor of defunct Grand Opera, this as yet unnamed method of Miss Lowell's succeeds to the narrative epic. It is her great achievement. And if it is not the greatest invention of an American, American art has pinnacles we have not suspected.

Legends does not come next in order of time (it was published in 1921), but since it is the further development of this method it may conveniently be considered here. I find it almost impossible to write of this book without dissolving into mere exclamation. "Memorandum Confided by a Yucca to a Passion Vine" is simply superb. It is complete utterance. There is nothing more that can be said. The rising of the moon at Cuzco is one of the unforgettable experiences of a life time. In a world of metal, of thin gold and clashing silver, of clear metallic sound, of suns rising "with one deep bell-note of a copper crashed gong", the figure of a dance unfolds. And the dance is beautiful and terrible as the *Sacre du Printemps* is beautiful and terrible, more colorful perhaps, perhaps less centripetal, but equally intent. Nothing else in the book seems to me as fine and yet almost all is fine. "A Legend Of Porcelain" has moments of greatness, "Many Swans" is deeply and inexplicably moving, "Witch-Woman" in its action equals the "Memorandum" but only in its action. And all these poems with the possible exceptions of "The Ring And The Castle" and "The Statue In The Garden" have the movement, the rhythm appealing to eye as well as to ear, of the ballet. And the best of them, the "Memorandum", is the expression toward which Miss Lowell's poetry has moved.

To return from *Legends* to *Pictures of the Floating World* (1919) is therefore to descend. This is a book of lyrics written since *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed.* And Miss Lowell's great success in her chorographic form has reduced her lyric verse to a second place. There is no poet in America or England who can equal her at her best in her own field. But there are poets in both countries whose lyrics must be preferred to hers. And yet

even here Miss Lowell's range forces a qualification of any such concession. A poet who can write the poem "Sunshine":

> The pool is edged with the blade-like leaves of irises.
> If I throw a stone into the placid water,
> It suddenly stiffens
> Into rings and rings
> Of sharp gold wire.

and the poem "William Blake":

> He said he saw the spangled wings of angels
> In a tree at Peckham Rye,
> And Elijah walking in the haying-fields;
> So they beat him for his lies,
> And 'prenticed him to an engraver.
> Now his books sell for broad, round, golden guineas.
> That's a bouncing turn of Fortune!
> But we have the guineas,
> Since our fathers were thrifty men
> And knew the value of gold,

and "Grotesque," and the naïve "Merchandise," and "the willow lights of the water" have lawful claims which even the author of the "Memorandum" cannot altogether suppress.

And the book is of the first importance for its bearing upon a problem of poetic theory with which Miss Lowell's name has been associated, the problem of Imagism. The manifesto of the original Imagists is well known and contains, as has been often remarked, nothing new nor unfamiliar. It was a shifting of emphasis based upon the recognition of the simple fact that a poem is a work of art and not an edited epigram. But some of the original Imagists and practically all their thousands of disciples have taken the name by which they distinguish themselves seriously and devoted themselves to picture making. With the result that they do not write poetry. Coleridge long ago observed "that images, however beautiful, though faithfully copied from nature, and as accurately represented in words, do not of themselves characterize the poet." The relation of words to objects in the external world is not mathematical, not necessary, not logical. It is emotional. A man cannot "know" a tree but

he may feel it in more senses than that of touch. And he feels it as a man. It has no significance to him in its own world but only in his. In a certain sense its significance to him is always symbolic. The attempt therefore of the contemporary Imagist group to present the external world in its own terms is naïve. The problem cannot be solved artistically and is not worth solving in any other way. The result will always be what it has always been, the still-life picture. In the sense of the word in which these people are Imagists Miss Lowell is not an Imagist and never was. Her power to transfer objects into words is merely a function of her power as a poet. She achieves the poetic statement. She never permits her verse the gesture of the exclamatory forefinger indicating nothing. And if the imitation of her technique has strewn the museum cases of minds incapable of poetry with the glass flowers of fraud, she is not to blame. To take her own version of the words of Li T'ai-po,

> From old days until now people who can really see with their eyes are few,
> Those who understand and speak of a clear river as being bright as silk.

There remain two books, *Fir-Flower Tablets* and the *Critical Fable*. The *Fable* contains some of the shrewdest critical strokes of recent years and at times attains the level of poetry, notably in the section on E. A. Robinson. But it is chiefly valuable for its illumination of Miss Lowell's conception of the poetic rôle and inversely of her own work. *Fir-Flower Tablets* on the other hand is easily one of the most important of her books. It is a volume of translations from the Chinese, principally from the Chinese of Li T'ai-po. But nowhere in the book does one come upon that spurious air of similitude which in portrait painting produces the impression, even upon those who do not know the original, that the picture is an excellent likeness. These translations are poems. They are as much Miss Lowell's as they are Li T'ai-po's.

Since 1921, if we except the *Critical Fable*, Miss Lowell has not published a book of poems. And 1921 was the year of *Legends* which might well constitute the pinnacle of the most ambitious poetic career. It is not remarkable, therefore, that the books promised by her publishers to follow her *Keats* should be awaited

with very considerable eagerness. Her energy, her productiveness are so amazing that no one seriously supposes she will glean over the old fields. But what can she do? She has carried her technique as near to perfection as it can be carried without vitrifying. What is left her but to go back? Nothing, it would seem, but to go forward in a different direction. The reviewing of unpublished books is of all vain occupations the vainest. But enough of her later verse has been seen to make it clear that she has found a new idiom, that she is working in technique toward a new directness, a simplicity of statement which, by stripping the phrase of its weight and detail, permits the poem as a whole to take more complicated form; and that in her own experience she has begun to substitute for sensation as an approach to reality the less immediate but more flexible means of speculation. And yet she has not sacrificed her power to present sensuously, which is to say that she has not sacrificed her power of poetry. Abstraction itself is opaque, substantial:

> I would have flung my kerchief to him to bind upon his helmet,
> But kerchiefs fall obliquely through backward centuries.

Any attempt at this time to "place" Miss Lowell, either in relation to the poetry of her own day or in relation to the tradition of English poetry, would be fantastic. The fertility and energy of her own creative faculty no less than the profound changes now taking place in the body of English poetry would very shortly demonstrate the inadequacy of the conclusion. But it is neither too early nor too late to point out the fundamental quality of her work and to insist upon it in the teeth of the devouring and omnivorous fame which, in a world of literary reviews, lies in wait for even the best of poets. It is a quality which appeared first in her first book, which is mature in her last, and which will leave her greatest work (work which we may or may not yet have seen) secure in that kernel of poetry which, because it is neither concerned with the communication of the symptoms of emotion nor with the revelation of contemporary truth, escapes for its handful of generations the familiarities of time. It is the quality of art.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

THE GREAT THEME

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

It came to her suddenly at the opera, at a performance of *Pelléas and Mélisande.* I could see that she was greatly moved. Even my slow perceptions took in the tension of her emotion. She was always so, a little creature of fire and feeling, seeing more than the rest of us, hearing more, of course, with her musician's ear—suffering more, too.

Her eyes were blazing as I put her cloak about her.

"Get me home, Uncle Bob! Quick! *Quick!*" she breathed.

On the way home her eyes, very wide and dark, stared straight before her.

"Poor little girl, you are worn out," I said.

"Don't speak! *Don't!*" she cried.

At the house, as soon as the door was open, she fled past me up the steps to the music room, and in a moment I heard the strains of her violin. I followed. I was troubled. It sometimes seemed to me that the mysterious overtones of the universe had chosen to meet in her, and she was so frail, so high strung.

At the door of the music room I paused. She was standing by a tall shaded lamp, the light pouring over her brilliant face, dark hair and eyes, over her bare neck, and her crimson frock—No! It was more as though an effulgence poured *out* of her, as though she herself were a focus of light. And her music—it was like nothing I had ever heard before. I seemed to see pictures as she played—a waterfall, waves of wind in a summer wheat field, tall white lilies; and then suddenly, miraculously, there before my very eyes I saw the surf breaking around old Thunder Head, with an angry sky above, as I have seen it a hundred times in a storm.

"Do you see it, Uncle Bob?" she cried across the music.

"Why, it makes me think of Thunder Head," I said uncertainly.

She laid her violin down, and caught her hands together laughing excitedly.

"It *is* Thunder Head! The melody of Thunder Head. I've found it! I've found it at last!"

A rush of excited tears overcame her.

"Try and tell me what it is, dear," I begged.

She drew a deep breath, struggling, I knew, to control herself, and coming over took my hand.

"Uncle Bob, darling, it is this," she said, speaking very simply as one tries to explain a difficult thing to a child: "Everything has its soul—*everything!* People of course, but everything else as well—birds and sunshine, wind, flowers, everything. And one thing about the soul is melody, of course there is more—ever so much more! But that is one thing, to a musician such a great thing. See!"

Like a flash of light, she turned to a vase of dark red roses, and taking one held it out to me.

"There! You can see it, of course, and you can feel it and smell it, and if you wanted to, you could taste it. And *now* I will give you its melody as well—listen!"

She caught her violin up again, and stepping back looked at the flower intently, her head a little turned to one side as though listening. Then her bow went feeling across the strings, weaving out a theme, it seemed to me compounded of perfume and sunshine, and the earth wet with summer rain. I do not know how, but I was sure that what she played was the flower made audible.

"There are colors beyond what we can see," she said, "and so there are sounds and harmonies beyond what we usually hear. I've known it for a long time—known that everything had its hidden music. In my dreams whenever I saw anything, I always heard its melody, too. But when I waked it was gone. But tonight, suddenly, the walls went down, I met my dreams face to face! And now I shall *never* lose them again!"

Her whole being seemed to me wrapt and glorified in a transcendent revelation.

"The melody of all the world!" she whispered. "One has only to think of things to hear them—*really* hear them! Sunsets, dawn, spring flowers, willows blowing in the wind—I hear them all! They are all mine—my sisters and brothers! When your

ears are once opened, you know that the whole world goes by to music."

I was frightened about her. She looked so strange, so removed. Was she slipping away from me into a world where I could not follow?

"It is late," I pleaded. "Try to get a little sleep now."

"Sleep!" she cried. "One does not sleep when one has had a gift from the gods!"

I shook my head. I am a plain man, and am afraid of gifts from the gods.

She was not down in the morning when I left for my office, but when I returned at twilight, the house was full of her strange music. I found her playing for old Léon Ribot, who had given her her first lessons when she was almost too little to hold her violin. The old man was quite frankly in tears.

"What is this, Monsieur?" I said. "What is this strange music?"

He did not answer me immediately, but rising, he went over, and taking her hand, kissed it very solemnly and reverently.

"I do not know what it is," he said. "It is not for a sinful man like me to know, but it is inexpressively beautiful, ah, beautiful! And the pictures—it may well be that it is what the little one thinks, the music of the souls of things, the harmony of all the world."

In the days that followed she was very serene and happy. All the overwrought excitement of her first knowledge had left her. She took the revelation like one returned home from a distant country.

"I always knew it was there," she said, "and now I have found it."

Once only, she cried out to me suddenly.

"But there are times when I am frightened—oh, frightened by it!"

"Why, little girl?" I asked.

She came over to me and drew my arm tight about her.

"I am afraid some day I shall hear the Great Theme," she whispered.

She shrank from publicity, but old Ribot brought his friends

to hear her, and the news of her wonderful music got abroad somehow. One day at the club, Pennell asked me about it. I could not well avoid explaining, so I did so as best I could, although I knew well enough that it was useless to expect him to give a moment's credence to her curious belief.

"Of course you know," he said, "that these fixed ideas are rather a bad sign. Have you had a doctor?"

I was startled, and confessed that I had not supposed it a case for medical advice.

"Well, perhaps not for the average man," he said; adding, "I should like very much to see her myself."

The idea of my little niece with her dreams and her visions, being subjected to his scientific scrutiny was distasteful to me, but I have a great respect for him as a psychologist, and he had alarmed me on the score of her health, so I consented to his coming. I also gave permission for him to bring one or two of his colleagues with him.

They came the next afternoon, Pennell himself, and his two friends, Professor Kuyper, and Foster Winslow. They were all of them very familiar with the freaks of the human brain. Pennell and Kuyper were typical men of science, but there was something different about Winslow. He seemed to me more imaginative. His hair was white, but his face, in spite of its thoughtfulness, was still young, and held a curious, wistful look. She was attracted to him at once.

"I think *you* will understand," she said.

She took up her violin. She was very young, almost like a beautiful child. Her face assumed that curious listening expression that it had caught of late, and after a moment she began to play. I knew at once that it was the autumn mountains, a medley of color, with the blue sky above, and swirls of feather clouds moving across it.

Winslow's face whitened suddenly. "The *sky!* Why it's the sky!" he cried out.

"Yes," she nodded back at him, her bow still weaving out the melody.

He watched her startled, fascinated. "October mountains," he whispered just above his breath. "Red maple trees, oaks,"

then more sharply, "hickories! Yellow hickory trees with the sun on them! Cloud shadows driving down the hills! Golden-rod!" He followed all her playing, naming the pictures like a man in a dream.

"But it's wonderful—*wonderful!*" he cried, when she ceased playing. "Don't you see them?" he demanded of the others. They shook their heads. "But you *must!*" he persisted. "It's not imagination, it's—why it's the actual things themselves!" He was very much excited.

"I knew you would see them," she told him. "People have their melodies too: shall I play yours?" she demanded suddenly.

There was an amused assent from the other two men. She regarded Winslow for a moment in silence. He returned the look half quizzically. I think his reserve and pride were fighting to subdue the startled emotion that her music had evoked.

She began to play. It was a cold theme that she wove, all question, no emotion, no spirit in it. When she ceased he laughed. It struck me there was a note of relief in his mirth.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose that critical attitude of mind is what the middle years bring to most of us."

"But that is not your *real* self!" she cried with sudden vehemence. "That is what you want the world to believe of you! Now I play what you really are."

He made a sharp gesture of protest, but she had plunged into tumultuous music. This was a soul in torment, imprisoned, yearning for freedom. The melody of a passionate quest, the groping of one searching madly for something which was lost. It was poignant, terrible, a spirit overtaken by the dark. Always that frantic quest, that sense of something lost, of bewilderment, and of hunting through the dark. It was terrible.

At first when she ceased I did not dare look at him. She had laid his soul before us in all its naked emotion. But at last I glanced toward him. His face had lost all color, but it was lifted above self-consciousness. He had risen, and his eyes burned into hers, fired by an overwhelming excitement.

"Oh, forgive me!" she faltered.

The other two looked on in bewilderment. It was all beyond them. Winslow took a step nearer to her.

"Play what I have lost, what I am looking for," he commanded hoarsely.

A white terror ran over her face. "What you have lost?" she stumbled.

"Yes, *God!*" he answered.

There was silence after the tremendous word. She stood clutching her violin fast, her eyes wide and frightened. He stretched his hands out to her imploringly.

"Ah, *give* it to me!" he cried. "I have searched and struggled to find Him! God! How I have searched—all my life long—for Him!"

She shrank back from his terrible pleading, fearful and trembling. But presently as she cowered there, a beautiful courage and power came over her. All her terror slipped away. She drew herself up, she was calm, and transfigured with a marvelous shining loveliness. I seemed to see light all about her. She smiled at him.

"I will try," she said simply.

She raised her violin, but paused suddenly, her eyes on me. With light steps she fled to my side, and kissed me. "Good-bye dear—*dear!*" she whispered. Ah, if I had only understood then! But I did not.

She stepped back to her place, and drew the bow across the strings.

How can I say what she played? It was the melody, the instinct, the yearning of every heart. It was the breath of the universe. It was the secret of one's soul gathered upon the breast of the Great Whole. It was life, it was power above anything we had ever dreamed of, joy beyond expression. Oh the love of it! The passion, the fear, the wild exultation—No, I cannot describe it.

With a muffled cry Winslow fell upon his knees.

She ceased; her violin slipped to the floor. She raised her arms high above her head. For one moment she stood very slim and tall, her face thrown back flooded with splendor, then she pitched over, dead; gone like a flame of light blown out.

The doctors said it was heart failure, but Foster Winslow, and old Ribot, and I, we do not say, but we *know* what It was.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE.

CONVALESCENT "CHILDREN'S LITERATURE"

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

WHEN I think of all that children's literature has had to suffer at the hands of educators, when I think of the fads and fancies that constitute its history in the past, I am rather proud of the persistent attitude of the nursery regarding its loyalties. For you may cram into the head of a child all the things that constitute education, but it is a difficult matter to cram into the child's heart all the things that constitute culture. It simply cannot be done. For the youngster is a ruthless critic: and the standard is a simple one: whether he is having a good time. E. V. Lucas was right when he claimed that this was the test of all juvenile literature. You may think he is having a good time over *Foxy Grandpa*, but it is *Mother Goose* that lives; you may think she loves the *Oz* books, but it is *Alice in Wonderland* that persists. Given the best things, the child will prefer the best things, and there is ample evidence of that fact in watching children's literature.

I wish our public instruction recognized it, would join the library in a more persistent crusade for the better book, would vivify all instruction by using the real book rather than the cut-and-dried text book. Our children are graduated into life without knowing their mythology, their Bible, their full heritage of poetry —all so eagerly offered in beautiful editions at the libraries; all so eagerly devoured by the child at moments when he feels he is not being instructed, but is being regarded as a human being. What a slashing and cutting and stooping to the child level has been going on in children's literature from early days! *The New England Primer* slapped us into piety, the *Moral Tale* shaped us in prim manners, the *Book of Etiquette* trained us in the code of courtesy. And then came a host of grown-ups who pruned our fairy tales, clipped our imaginations, petted the sensitive child,

and told everything in words of one syllable. Children's literature became lifeless.

But the good things persisted. The nursery would not allow them to die. The school might forget all about the ballads, but the youngsters did not; the teachers might drum *Excelsior* and *Evangeline* into fagged minds, but there were still anthologies of golden poetry beyond the dreams of school boards. A certain amount of mental priggishness pervaded education. If teachers accepted *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels* and *Pilgrim's Progress*, they did so snobbishly, because these were written by Defoe, Swift and Bunyan. I imagine they smiled condescendingly at certain nursery favorites until they were told that *Goody Two-Shoes* was written by Goldsmith and *The Three Bears* by Southey.

How amusing it is, the grown-up belief that there is something inferior in the creation of literature for the young. Did not Queen Victoria smile sneeringly when she learned that the famed mathematician, C. L. Dodgson, *alias* Lewis Carroll, had written *Alice in Wonderland?* Did not the French Academy try to keep out LaFontaine and Perrault because they wasted their time writing fables and immortal fairy tales? The form that is good enough for Thackeray to create *The Rose and the Ring* in, the form that attracted the critical judgment of Ruskin, when he came to write *The King of the Golden River*, is good enough for me.

We are just beginning to wake up to the fact that the glory which is children's literature trails through the centuries as crystal clear as any other strain in human creativeness. Our books of folklore are witness to this—so are our ballads, so are our nursery tales. When stories were told around the early campfire, the child was there; when the skald sang in ancient castle, the child was there; when the ballad-monger cried his wares along the byways, the child grasped his penny to purchase the chapbook. While history was being made, the popular songs which, many of them, found their way into *Mother Goose*, were chanted in the nursery. Through the clear crisp night of Christmas eve, the fresh voice of the child made live "God rest ye, merry gentlemen!" The *Arabian Nights* slipped into the nursery; the fables of the court found truest audience in the nursery. All things that were

virile and imaginative flourished as nursery passports, but all the mental tortures and atrophies remained—in the class-room.

There was a blessed time in the history of our ancestors when the child, considered the foreshortened man, and dressed as such, while tortured mentally and spiritually, was left alone in the library of his elders. Being taught Latin and Greek, he was interested in the Latins and Greeks, and hence devoured Plutarch; being brought up in fear of the Lord and the broomstick, he revelled in the stories of the Bible. Being of the Miltonic and the Bunyan tradition, he understood allusions without footnotes. He was more cultured though he knew fewer things. But his vocabulary was just as long. He might not have known the words, automobile and aeroplane, but he understood salvation and damnation.

Then came the democratization of our life, the doling out of education over a wide area, the levelling of mental requirements, the age of machinery and the newspaper—and economic law which dragged many children out of the nursery and made of them economic entities. Then came the emigrant with his imperfect English; then came material progress, and the growth of current events. The gold of the nursery was hid for a time.

But, thank heavens, excavations are taking place rapidly—to the honor of the American library—and something important is occurring. There was a time when Froebel seemed to say that children could not enter the Kingdom of Heaven until they had gone step by step through his many gifts, and when kindergarten books were enough to make the child run to cover. They were illustrated with wooden pictures, and teachers knew nothing of Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott, those monarchs of the pen and brush in the nursery. But suddenly they realized that Froebel's principles could just as well be illustrated by good pictures as bad, that there was a text higher than the statement that the hen laid an egg in a hat—which a hen never does. And so there is a general improvement in kindergarten literature. Education generally is awakening to the fact that the school curriculum must take cognizance of the best that has been and is being written for children. Education is becoming alarmed over the weakened condition of the imagination of the average school

child. Education is beginning to understand that the Bible is a source-book for the richest stories and the best poetry the world has ever known. So that I think it only a matter of a few years or days before in every school the child is taught that the joy of the story is what keeps literature alive, and enriches the life of mankind.

When the summing up is made of all the difficulties that children's literature has had to face, I would hate to be on the side of theory. I want to be on the side of the child himself. Remember that Maria Edgeworth once advised all parents to go through juvenile books and blot therefrom words and paragraphs improper for youth. Think of such literary inquisition! Only within very recent years, W. D. Howells, re-reading *Tom Brown's School Days*, suggested that there be deleted from its pages all references to beer drinking! What could have been in the mind of the dear old Archbishop of Dublin, who, pleading for the expurgation of *Mother Goose*, pointed to "Old Father Long-Legs wouldn't say his prayers" as introducing religious intolerance into the nursery, shook his benign head over the greediness of "Little Jack Horner", reproved the thievery of "Taffy was a Welshman", and raised his pious hands over the destructiveness of "A was an Archer"!

It is that attitude which has resulted in the flooding of our shelves with the "just as good" books, those which in the minds of educators are suitable for juvenile consumption. The children have given us no indication whatsoever that they wanted it. Did not a librarian confess that a boy came to her with a simplified *Robinson Crusoe*, and asked for a harder one? I entirely disagree with Mr. Howells, when he hoped that "the time would come when the beast-man will be so far subdued and tamed in us that the memory of him in literature will be left to perish". There is an educative value to "Fe, fo, fi, fum". You will recall that when Lamb wrote his *Ulysses*, Godwin objected to certain expressions in the manuscript, and asked Lamb to rectify them for the sake of the squeamish mothers of that time. And you will recall Lamb's fearless reply that there was only one correction he would make because it was disgusting; but that, as for the others, they were but lively images of shocking things. To him the terrible was rather fine.

The right of the child nature to free development has not yet been generally accepted. It has had a difficult time since the doctrines of Rousseau were formulated. The right of the child to something has been argued day in and day out through succeeding generations. Give him God, cried Cotton Mather:

> Children should not only know that the Chief End of Man is to Glorify God, and Enjoy Him for ever; they should be asked,
>
> "Whether they fix upon this, as Their Chief End?
>
> "Whether they desire the Help of God, that they may Glorify Him?
>
> "Whether they had rather Enjoy God, than have all the Enjoyments in this world?"

Give him Sunday-schools, cried Robert Raikes:

> The children were to come after ten in the morning and stay till twelve; they were then to go home and return at one; and after reading a lesson they were to be conducted to Church. After Church, they were to be employed in repeating the Catechism till after five, and then dismissed, with an injunction to go home without making a noise! (The exclamation point is mine.)

Give him books and tracts for the poor, pleaded Hannah More. We have not been able as yet entirely to escape the temptation to squeeze childhood into shape. But, left to themselves, I believe children practise what is inherent in them. The Puritan may have frowned upon dolls, but a stick of wood for some youthful Priscilla had the golden tresses of a princess; and I believe church-going for the Puritan boy—through the woods with Indians lurking nearby—was as much an adventure as a book by Tomlinson and Altsheler. I have talked with school children about their likes and dislikes in poetry; and, if the teacher has hammered hard, the replies have come a pale reflection of her stereotyped remarks. But a recent poll of certain grammar grades as to what books were liked best will show that when children are left to themselves, with the only criterion of judgment whether things interest them or not, their choice is not bad: *Little Women*, *Sara Crewe*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Black Beauty*, *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *An Old Fashioned Girl*, *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, Longfellow's *Evangeline* (the only title showing school influence), *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

This is not a trite selection; you will note that it does not contain one of the many series then published—series spun along in endless volumes. It contains the tried and the true in the nursery, those books which have persisted because of the loyalties that have descended from generation to generation. We speak of certain books as recent literature for the young, but they have stood their test, and now stand as ancients to the wireless telegrapher boy or the radio girl. *Little Women* (1868) is fifty-seven years old; *Alice in Wonderland* (1865) is sixty; James Otis's *Toby Tyler* (1880) is forty-five; Noah Brooks's *The Boy Emigrants* (1876) is forty-nine; and *Uncle Remus* (1880) is forty-five. Even among the younger tales, we must count *The Jungle Book* (1893) as thirty-two; *Sara Crewe* (1888) as thirty-seven; *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886) as thirty-nine, and *Huck Finn* (1884) as forty-one. Children are by no means fickle in their loves.

Within recent years our libraries have gone on the only principle that will eventually lead to victory. They are beginning to see results from their persistent campaign, which has stretched over many years of unflagging devotion to the *best* written for children in all ages. When they first began their crusade, there was an appalling indifference among parents as to what their children consumed. When they first began, the art of story-telling was dying out. When they first began, the schools did not believe in anything outside the prescribed rut of reading. When they first began, the publishers were on the highroad to the publication of the cheap and tawdry; the old time writer for the young was passing away with Frank Stockton, J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge and Noah Brooks, and the newer writer was approaching the field with a false idea of condescension and the economic necessity of writing quickly and from a formula. The libraries have changed all this, and I think they should be proud of their work. The publishers, through their encouragement, are issuing good books, and reissuing, in forms to ravish the eye and whet the imagination, *classics* of all kinds; the writers are heeding the warning cry, that children demand the best of the human spirit; while illustrators are revelling in the untrammelled freedom of the scene in children's books, and are vitalizing the classics in color.

Inferiority, therefore, will not go in the nursery: the best or nothing will live. You can make the veriest urchin in the street believe in King Arthur if you afford him the opportunity; you can glorify Queen Mab in the most practical world, and somehow make the young feel that she is not unrelated to wireless, X-ray and radio. The argosies of old can be yoked to Captain Scott and Stefannsson. I am not asking for literature that unrelates one to life. This age has been made practical preponderately because educational theory has made education preponderately practical.

My library is filled with the most inspiring editions of the best that has been written for children. I have not consciously gone forth to collect them. Being a reviewer, they have been sent me, and they represent the conscience of our American publishers. The material is at hand; the children are at hand and willing. What then is the lacking element? The educator.

He crops up everywhere. I noticed it only recently. *The Children's Bible* was sent to me for review. Two Biblical scholars had essayed to simplify the Old and New Testament "in the language of the child". Here were ridiculous changes, more complicated, less direct, less poetic in feeling than the Bible itself. It is always so with the retold story. Take any Shakespeare narrative—even Lamb—and you will find the thought more intricate and the language more verbose than the original, and the manner of telling the story less lucid. So with the Bible: in the language of the Bible or nothing, say I; unless the story is to be told by word of mouth, when you can suit the language to the audience. Have you ever tried to simplify the Lord's Prayer? This *Children's Bible* may be all right, but it is a conscious stooping to supposed child language. Can we accept this, and in the same breath agree that Hilda Conkling's spontaneous outpourings of poetry are in a language peculiar to the nursery? "I want to go to the moon," said my little son to me. "How?" I asked. "In an aeroplane." His smile showed the ease with which it could be done. "But I don't want you to leave me," I pleaded. "I won't," was the reply, "I'll take you along." "But why do you want to go to the moon?" I asked. "To be nearer the stars." That is poetry, and in God's language. Heaven truly lies about us in our infancy. And so, alas, do the mistaken notions of the

educator! I'll send my boy to the Bible stories told in Bible language.

You need only to have the schoolmaster say the ballads are necessary for the spirit of boyhood, to bring them into fashion again. You only have to take Alexander the Great and Pericles out of the school readers and make Plutarch a school reader instead, to have Plutarch read again. Imagine how little time needs to be spent to whet young appetites for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Don't tell me that the present-day spirit is more practical, for what was it sent our men across seas but the same spirit that haunted the waters of ancient Greece? Carl Sandburg, with his guitar, sings the ballad of Jesse James, the outlaw; the modern audience laps the melody from his hands. I think that Jesse James some day will go under cover with Robin Hood; we are adding to the accumulated heritage of the ages. But if Jesse James, why not *Chevy Chase* and *The Jew's Daughter?* Place before youth the Arthur Rackham edition of *Some British Ballads*, and afterwards turn him loose with *Percy's Reliques*.

But instead, what have I seen among the educators—retold ballads, with the omission of what was considered to be savage cruelty! Just as in the editing of the fairy tales, Little Red Riding Hood is no longer eaten by the wolf. And mind you, such educative gentleness in an age when the movies make us callous to danger, and tune us to an excitement that shatters youthful nerves. But I must say that publishers are not as keen to issue such pabulum as they once were. From 1844, when *The Quarterly Review* deplored "the way in which Froissart is cut into spoon-meat and Josephus put into swaddling clothes", until the time when the library undertook the rescue of children's literature, there was an influx of rewriting. *Don Quixote*, by Cervantes, was unknown, but *Don Quixote*, by X. Y. Z., was to be had at small cost to the pocket, but at large cost to the imagination. I should like to follow the influence of the screen picture of Robin Hood, championed by Douglas Fairbanks. I should like to see what Tony Sarg's marionettes are doing toward reinstating interest in Don Quixote. The more the merrier of this kind of propaganda. And I do not believe that the future merchants of our country will be any the worse for it.

Fashions change and manners change, and there is a long cry from the Fauntleroy curls to the Buster Brown haircut. But I do not believe the heart of childhood changes. The librarians do not seem to think so in their selection of stories for the story hour. It is all in the way of treatment, whether the hero be Alexander the Great or Richard Cœur de Lion or Joffre or Foch or Pershing. It is all in the art employed in the narration of the life of Joan of Arc or of the Angels of the Marne.

I am inclined to believe that, given the artists, there is as much material for poetry and ballads and fairy tales and legend and hero stories and sagas as there ever was. And the crusade of the American library has at last touched the writer, and made him enthusiastic and brought him nearer his juvenile audience. He speaks now, not according to rote, but as he would to that rare audience which always inspires the artist to finer work. He no longer believes that writing for children means clipping his wings; he is beginning to think that in appealing to children he is killing two birds with one stone, for he is appealing at the same time to a grown-up audience. The grown-up who fails to read Carl Sandburg's *Rootabaga Stories*, or Hugh Lofting's *Adventures of Doctor Dolittle*, is depriving himself of a wholesome treat. And merely because the title, *The Bird Nest Boarding-House*, sounds infantile is no reason why the satire of the text by Verbena Reed and the excellent wit of the Herford drawings, are not for older folk.

Titles are deceptive. Recall that a child once asked for Ibsen's *A Doll's House* on that score. It is my opinion that *Alice in Wonderland* is quoted almost as often as Dr. Johnson in the Parliaments of the World, and *he* is regarded as the most oft-quoted man in literature.

The grown person who has failed to read *The Jungle Book* and the *Just-So Stories* is to be pitied. The boy who has failed to read the story *007* is equally to be pitied. I emphasize these opposites, because there is such a slight line separating child interest from that of the grown-up world. Would there have been a sufficient audience in the theatre to keep alive *Peter Pan* for five years, if there had not been a larger following than the nursery? I am, therefore, almost tempted to say that, outside the question of sex, there is scarcely any differentiation to be made between

the book for children of certain ages and for the grown-up. The boy is a scientist and is interested in all things his father eagerly reads. In his books he demands an up-to-dateness his father requires in the morning paper. That is why boys' stories are reportorial. And among girls there are many stories their mothers eagerly devour: *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, The Lost Prince, An Old Fashioned Girl.* The differentiation of juvenile from adult literature, outside of the sex element, is one of complicated style alone: it has nothing to do with the content or the art. How little there is about Henri Fabre that is not suitable for young readers! How much there is in the "Life and Letters" of many people suitable for the nursery, if only properly culled—mind you, not changed, but merely selected and arranged. Was there any thought as to whether Roosevelt's *Letters to his Children* was a juvenile or an adult work? I think not. One of the handicaps to children's literature has been the stigma under which the young have labored for these many years: "You are a child," is said with the adult finger pointed deprecatingly, as though it were an additional deadly sin from which youth could only possibly recover after a series of educational treatments. In the words of David Blaize, I should like to say to all such, "You are not real, you are only grown-up!"

Blight art with that condescending pat that it is for childhood, and dead wood is the result. Unfortunately, the school has discovered that there is such a thing as educational dramatics. Everything is turned into dialogue for the spontaneous expression of juvenile actors. The market is flooded with innocuous dialogue. Only think what the dramatic instinct really means; what it is required of a dramatist to do in order to make spring to life a story, to make spring into action a situation, to make breathe alive a character. And then read some of the dialogues given us under the guise of children's plays! We are going through the slough here as we did years ago with kindergarten literature. Plays are written to illustrate a principle. "Let the children dramatize it themselves and cultivate self-expression." That is play and not drama. It is make-believe under direction, whereas I want the make-believe of the nursery, where there does not need to be any instruction. Some day, if we keep after the subject

long enough, writers will wake up to the fact that there are ideal theatre-goers in the nursery, who would love to see a drama well-written and well-acted. Then we shall have a Children's Theatre, largely filled with grown-ups, because plays for one will be suitable for the other. But now educational theory has the drama in tow and it is suffering.

It sounds as though I were disgruntled with the quality of children's literature now available. That is far from my mood. I think there has never been a time when we could face the problem more hopeful of results, with better material at hand, and in better form. All I want now is for the school to help and not hinder the progress toward a renaissance which will liven the imagination of the child, and give him more to cling to when practical necessities of life crowd in upon him.

So much I know: that there is a particular art to the child's book—an art high and noble and difficult of mastery. I am confident that the American publishers feel this, and the artists who illustrate. In consequence the writers are slowly catching the spirit too. But neither artist nor writer succeeds who condescends, who imitates. There is the fire of life in the paintings that N. C. Wyeth has been doing for children's classics these many years past, excellently maintained this season in his pictures for Bulfinch's *Legends of Charlemagne* and Stevenson's *David Balfour;* there is quaint, high imaginative stage art in Edmund Dulac's *Fairy Book.* Such work would be out of place in a child's book were not the best of juvenile literature capable of appealing to adult interest.

It thus seems to me futile to grade books for the young reader too rigidly, as they are being done by the educator. A story slips easily into the mind that stretches. I know a boy of five who delights in the delectable *Rumpty-Dudget's Tower* by Julian Hawthorne, which has been rescued from the rich past of *St. Nicholas* and put into covers for the first time. He vaults certain words too difficult for him—all words are not necessary for the sense—and sails away on the high current of his imagination. Weary-eyed, he palls over simple verse aimed at his golden head in such a typical example of condescension as Margaret Widdemer's *Little Girl and Boy Land,*—the very title casts its shadow on our souls,—so

totally unchildlike in content and sweep of imagery, so hollow in comparison with Christina Rossetti's *Sing Song*, in which one finds imagery and music from a pen that cannot help being joyful in the child sense.

The whole trouble is that most writers believe there is a particular stage set for the young. Yet read George Macdonald's *Double Story*—fortunately reprinted this year—and it will be seen that he has something to write about in which he believes intensely; he has something to tell which he must make so impelling that children needs must follow him. But there is no stooping. When John Masefield penned his *Jim Davis* and *Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger*, he had stories to tell so moving to himself that I doubt whether he ever gave a thought to his vocabulary or to the problem whether his psychology would prove a stumbling block to a boy's interest: he felt rightly that interest would be gathered up in the sweep of the narrative. So it was when Stevenson came to write *Treasure Island.*

And it is that story to tell, that situation to depict with pen or brush, which quickly reveals whether the writer or the artist has sounded the true depths of children's literature. Contemporary criticism can only hope to designate whether something contemporaneous has the true ring of gold about it. It does not determine what is classic. Only age can designate the agelessness of a book. But I am inclined to believe that it must be a certain age: shall we say below fourteen?

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

COMMUNION

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Sacred is the communion of man with man
Through speech: dearer than wine, dearer than bread
Is the low talk around the open fire
Or under the clear stars, whereby his heart
Is mingled with the heart of his own kind.
After the fret and turmoil of the day
The tired seamstress leans into the twilight
And in the alley with her neighbor shares
Grave nothings; while in billiard-room or bar
'Mid thunder of laughter the old joke goes 'round,
Or ribald story. Wherever two are met
There speech is, and the ancient fellowship,
Making us one, who are but wanderers
Upon a lonely way.

And therefore men,
That death itself may not divide them forever,
Have whispered to each other across the years,
In rune or rhyme, ballad, fable or myth,
Their passions and their sorrows; and a glory
Gathers about his memory who most
Has shared with us, out of his love, himself.
Blessed beyond all others are the heads
Upon whose front falls the immortal gleam—
In distant lands perhaps, beyond far seas,
From sun-washed islands or gray promontories
Lifted across the years to give us light—
Spirits at which our groping youth was fed,
The drowsy lips from which all dreams come down,
Makers of music, whisperers of secrets,
Though in the darkness of the centuries

Hidden away—the hands folded, the heart
Quiet—still musical, still murmuring,
In many a legend, many a rustling page,
Sad songs and dreams that drift about the world,
The old incorrigible ecstasy—
Despite all death, despite all doubt, all doom,
Still passionate, still intimate with us,
And full of a fierce love.
And sweet it is
To sit, echoing spirit and singing spirit,
As friend with friend, by the wayside of the years,
Above the dust of time and circumstance,
And hear, in the lone hour of delight,
The sacred things that man has said to man
For comfort of his sad and wondering heart,
News from a traveler on the common way—
How lies the land, whether the hills be steep
Or valleys fruitful, where the waters run,
Or March hides the first flower—ponderings,
Praise of the road, doubt for the journey's end
Or of the purpose of the pilgrimage,
If there *be* purpose in the pilgrimage?
Questions, questions and reassurances,
Words that the generations past have worn
Upon their lips for love's sake, that shall lie
Trembling upon the lips we may not reach:
The immortal Legend, the old tameless Song,
Wherein to us—who all too easily,
Too often, and too easily forget—
The splendor, the unimaginable splendor,
Holy and stern, of all reality
In happy moments is revealed anew,
Hints of a meaning, echoes of the high
Sorrowful music to which all things move,
With all their warring voices, to one end
Violently. Amen—so *shall* they move
Till Time's lone harp fall silent, till the years
Slumber, and all be as a tale long told.

SUN SONG

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

I love you, Desired, with the man-strength of sunlight:
Gleam, gleam, my song, on the heart of the Woman
Like noon on the lily-pool.
The blue lake's melody calls through my reed;
O song from Love's shadowless water
Flow to the heart of the Woman—
Drink, drink, Desired!

Down the river of stars, past the moon-cliffs abloom
With the birches of dream, I sought for the Woman:
At the day's flood-tide I have found you!
Why have you hid in the mist of the birches
Like a young wind awaiting the dawn?—
Noon's fire sparkes the pool;
O shine, shine, my song, on the heart of the Woman!
As blue sky to the water, as shimmering air to the lily,
Out from the mists of your waiting I claim you, Desired,
With clear eyes and a love sun-strong.

DARK WATER

BY JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

Come, lean over
With awe-white face;
This is the dark pool,
This is the place;
Leaves well-locked
In a close embrace.

Feel the pulse of the earth
Where the husk is thin,—
The undisturbed growth
Of the life within;
Life—resistless, purposeful,
Unconcerned with beauty or sin.

Summer lies slumberous
Pressing warm-bodied against the earth.
Thin lines on dark water
Mark the slow, cumberous
Floating of turtles,
Lumbering bulks with little slit-eyes;—
. . . gods of the East
Driven by new creeds
Through earth's center to a new birth
In this bed of wampee
And rank water-weeds?

This kingdom is walled
With thick, curled ferns,
Lily-pads cast shade on soft mud below,
On shadowy doors where the mind discerns
Siva's priests as they come and go.
Or are they the life force itself
Manifest . . .

Look! What is that unrest
In the big pads that stir,—
Tilting blank, green faces
To show disturbed, red throats,—
And lurch back to their places?

Sharp, briary vines
Maintain this seclusion;
Are these oak-oracles
With little twigs that titter
And jibbering leaves . . .
Is it illusion?
In dark water are housed the pale roots
Of misty iris that thread the farther shore
Like a strain of distant flutes,
Healing madness as heals the hellebore.

Come, lean and look!
Learn water divination,—
Listen with lifted head
To reticent trickles of silver;
Read the leaves, drifting laurel auguries,
Written to be read.
Through cypress-stained, translucent water
Passes the Sacred Fish.
O trebly blind who cannot find
In sharp bird-flights
Through breathless woods strange hints
Of doubtful rites. . . .
Or catch earth's mantic mood
When prophet-thunders mumble in the south,
And rainy vapors billow many-hued
From out God's mouth!

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MISS LOWELL'S BIOGRAPHY OF KEATS

JOHN KEATS. By Amy Lowell. Two Volumes. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

To the two justifications which Miss Amy Lowell offers for the publication of another biography of John Keats may be added at once a third of which her readers may be more aware than is the gifted poet-critic herself—the appropriate and admirable qualifications which she possesses for her weighty task. Ever since it became generally known that she was engaged upon this book scholars have looked forward with confidence to a work of exceptional interest and importance. Their expectations are more than fulfilled.

"The unexpected wealth of new material existing uncharted and almost unexplored in the libraries of American collectors," is the first explanation which Miss Lowell gives in anticipation of the possible charge of undertaking an act of supererogation. American collections are, indeed, astonishingly rich in Keatsiana, and the assembling and ordering of all these documents had to be accomplished. A critic who was not also an artist might have chosen the less difficult task of publishing these new documents with nothing more than a running commentary, somewhat in the manner of Mr. Roger Ingpen's *Shelley in England*. Miss Lowell has wisely elected to incorporate all this material in a fresh survey of the poet's life. A review of her book may well begin with some account of the most important parts of this hitherto unpublished material.

First in order stands Miss Lowell's own magnificent collection, which includes several of the poet's letters. Some of these are mere scraps, but others (that of September 5, 1819, for example, or the lately discovered fragment of a journal-letter of February–May, 1819) are of much significance. Several letters which had been previously printed in shortened or garbled form are now printed, corrected and amplified, from the originals. Of such one

may note Keats's letter to Taylor of August 24, 1819, which casts new light upon this period. There are various letters written by George Keats. There is a very interesting letter from Woodhouse to Keats, written to encourage the poet after the appearance of *The Quarterly's* cruel review of *Endymion* and revealing very pleasantly Woodhouse's loyalty, his interest in literature, and his intense faith in Keats's genius. Again from the pen of Woodhouse is a memorandum on the poet's method of composition. Woodhouse (of whom we shall hear again) was a sort of literary adviser to the firm of Taylor and Hessey, Keats's kind, confident and faithful publishers. He was an indefatigable collector of all sorts of documents and memoranda on the poet and his work; and though it is evident that Keats was at times a bit bored by his persistent yet flattering curiosity and, being bored, sometimes gently "pulled his leg", he still appears at the distance of a century as on the whole the most loyal, disinterested and worthy of all the poet's friends.

Miss Lowell possesses and now prints parts of a memoir written by Taylor recording a conversation with Richard Abbey after Keats's death. Abbey was the guardian of the Keats boys and girl. He bitterly opposed John's decision to abandon his profession for the sake of poetry. He stubbornly attempted to keep Fanny Keats apart from her brothers, whose influence he considered harmful. His prejudice extended from the children back to the parents, especially to the mother who had appointed him guardian. The conversation recorded by Taylor is a gross and slanderous characterization of this poor woman, whose temperament had enough of waywardness to lend a color of truth to Abbey's charges. The manner in which Miss Lowell teases out the threads of truth from this tangled skein of prejudice and falsehood is a fine illustration of her abilities as a literary historian.

It might have been thought that all that could be told was known of the pathetic last phase of Keats's life; but Miss Lowell prints a number of letters written by Dr. Clark, who attended him in Rome and was present at his burial; a long letter from Severn to Taylor, dated January 25, 1821; and another from Severn to the same correspondent written just after Keats's death. I have mentioned but a few of Miss Lowell's documents. She prints a

letter from Haydon containing a new version of the famous dinner party at the painter's studio when Keats, Wordsworth and Lamb were present. She possesses Keats's volume of Spenser in which many passages of *The Faery Queen* are underscored by the poet. All these marked passages are reprinted in an appendix. She has made excellent use of her holograph manuscript of the *Ode to Autumn* to trace, by study of the corrections and additions made therein, Keats's method of composition. Two pages of this manuscript are reproduced in facsimile. In the midst of such plenty one should avoid the appearance of greediness; but one regrets that it was not possible to reproduce the entire manuscript, as Mr. Ingpen did in the case of Shelley's *Adonais*.

Of the other American collections that of Mr. J. P. Morgan probably stands first. From it Miss Lowell draws a letter from Keats to Haydon; and a most interesting letter from Taylor to Hessey recounting a meeting with Blackwood. Taylor, one is glad to learn, gave the publisher of *Maga* in no measured terms his opinion of that periodical's scurrilous and indecent article on *Endymion*. Far more important than either of these documents is the Woodhouse Commonplace Book. Through Miss Belle da Costa Greene Sir Sidney Colvin obtained transcripts of a good deal of the material in this notebook, but Miss Lowell, who has had free and unconditioned access to it, has gleaned therefrom much that is new. "Gleaned" is too weak a word for the garnering of such a harvest. There is no space here for details. I note, however, that, roughly, the first half of the volume is made up of a long series of original holograph letters (*not* transcripts but originals, bound together), chiefly to Taylor or Woodhouse from various correspondents. The answers to some of these letters are in Miss Lowell's own collection. Taken together the two records throw much new light upon many episodes in Keats's life. The latter half of the Commonplace Book contains, as a heading in Woodhouse's handwriting has it, "Poems, etc. by, or relating to, John Keats." These copies have to be used with caution. Woodhouse, for all his loyalty and enthusiasm, possessed no delicate literary instinct and was so rash as to introduce "corrected" readings into some poems. Some of these readings have passed into the text of Keats; Miss Lowell rightly discards them.

She also relieves the Keats canon of one or two bits of verse which Woodhouse or one or another of Keats's editors had accepted as genuine. The most remarkable hitherto unnoticed item in the Commonplace Book is a long fragment of a play, *not* in Keats's handwriting, which Miss Lowell is inclined to attribute to him. This, which Miss Lowell calls "the *Gripus* fragment," is a portion of a farce written in blank verse. It is, of course, not in Keats's own manner but, the biographer argues, may well have been written in 1819 in emulation of Reynolds's farce, *One, Two, Three, Four, Five,* of which it contains forcible reminders. If so, poor as it is and rendered worse by the confused state of the manuscript, it is nevertheless of pathetic significance as recording Keats's endeavor to write something pleasing to the popular taste at a time when he desired desperately to win a livelihood that would enable him both to straighten out his financial affairs and to marry Fanny Brawne.

And then there are the F. H. Day and L. A. Holman collections. Miss Lowell has been more fortunate than was Sir Sidney Colvin a few years ago. Mr. Day and Mr. Holman made the condition of Sir Sidney's use of their material that he publish an *édition de luxe* of his biography specially illustrated from their Keatsiana. This Sir Sidney's publishers could not possibly carry out in war-time and he was obliged to forego the privilege of access to these stores. No such condition, so far as I know, has been exacted of Miss Lowell. From the Day collection she derives a hitherto unreproduced drawing of John Keats found in one of Tom Keats's note-books; a letter from the poet to Jane Reynolds containing a copy of the Ode to Sorrow in *Endymion;* an unpublished memoir of Charles Brown which explains much that was previously obscure regarding his relations with Keats, especially during the period of the poet's illness; and other items for the record of which space is lacking here. Nor is there room to note what is drawn from the Holman collection, the F. B. Bemis collection, the W. A. White collection, and other American sources. It may be noted that by collating information from various sources Miss Lowell has been able to give the first lucid and detailed account of the financial difficulties of Keats's last year and of the posthumous settlement of his debts.

A gentleman who desires that his name be not disclosed possesses a number of letters from Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats, mostly written after the poet's death. These have not been printed in full, but a few have passed through Miss Lowell's hands and she has apparently seen transcripts of the rest. For their authenticity she vouches. They support the sympathetic and novel interpretation of Miss Brawne's character and of the part which she played in Keats's life, which is one of the most noteworthy aspects of this new biography. Of this matter I have more to say later on.

So much for the new material; I have given but an indication of its wealth and scope. Miss Lowell has also made use of much information brought to light so recently that though in print it has appeared in no previous biography. A catalogue of these items would be manifestly out of place here. One may mention two or three things. Professor Rusk's interesting discovery of a letter from John to George Keats printed in the Louisville *Western Messenger* was first recorded in this REVIEW a year ago. The letter is reprinted by Miss Lowell by permission. She adds another letter of the same period, likewise recording experiences of the tramp through Scotland and drawn from her own collection. Professor Rusk had noted the connection between the letter which he discovered and the sonnet, *Bright Star*. Upon this matter, too, Miss Lowell is able to shed more light. To another American scholar, Mr. C. L. Finney, she is indebted in her discussion of the influence of Drayton's *Endimion and Phoebe* upon Keats's *Endymion*. The close resemblances between the two poems have long been noted; but Colvin came to the conclusion that these were due to coincidence only, on the ground that Keats could not have known Drayton's poem. Mr. Finney argues, and Miss Lowell has reinforced his arguments, that Keats might have seen one of the two surviving copies of *Endimion and Phoebe*. The moment the possibility of actual contact with the book is established, Sir Sidney's argument for mere coincidence falls to the ground and the assertion that Drayton provides the source of Keats's poem is warranted. Miss Lowell made use of a chapter in Mr. Finney's unpublished Harvard dissertation; since her book went to press that chapter has been published separately in the

Publications of the Modern Language Association for last December.[1] Her study of the inspiration of the Triumph of Bacchus in *Endymion* owes much to a paper, still unpublished, which Professor J. L. Lowes read before the same Association in 1922.[2]

It is time to turn to Miss Lowell's second reason for undertaking her book. All previous biographers, she rightly declares, have belonged to the nineteenth century, in attitude if not in fact: "the twentieth century has been silent in regard to Keats." Disclaiming any pretension "to speak as the universal voice of an era," she speaks "merely as one voice existing in that era". A more representative voice it would be hard to find, or one to speak more sympathetically and understandingly.

Twentieth century knowledge of medicine is of service in the history of the poet's life. Miss Lowell has taken expert medical advice. The first faint symptoms of tuberculosis are now traced some months earlier than had previously been believed. The tone of some of the letters to Fanny Brawne (which was once a basis for the long-since discredited charge of "unmanliness") are explained as due to the suspiciousness which is now recognized as one of the secondary symptoms of tuberculosis. Miss Lowell has done excellent service in relieving Keats's reputation from the

[1] I have had the opportunity to read the proof-sheets of an article which is appearing in the issue of the *Publications* of the M. L. A. (March) that is current along with this number of the REVIEW. This article is entitled *Two Early Reviews of Keats's First Volume* and is by Miss R. D. Cornelius. It was read "by title" at the meeting of the Association at Columbia University last December. Miss Cornelius has discovered a notice of the *Poems* of 1817 in an issue of *The Champion* newspaper published during March, 1817. It is the earliest review of Keats known. Internal evidence proves indisputably that it was written by Haydon and its discovery sheds new light upon the relations of the poet and the painter. The other review is in *The European Magazine* for May, 1817, and is signed "G. F. M.", initials which certainly indicate that George Felton Matthew wrote it. Both reviews are favorable. One regrets that Miss Lowell knew nothing of this discovery at the time that her book went to press; one regrets, too, that Miss Cornelius was not aware that Miss Lowell's biography was in preparation; otherwise she would surely have given her the benefit of advance information in order that the biography might be as complete as possible.

[2] Miss Lowell is inclined to doubt whether Keats's "Triumph" owes much to Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne"; and in general she minimizes the influence of works of art upon his poetry. In her discussion of the "magic casements opening on the foam" she quite ignores Claude's "Enchanted Castle." But Keats comments in detail upon this picture elsewhere, both in verse and in prose; and its atmosphere seems to me to harmonize more closely with that of the famous lines in the *Ode to a Nightingale* than do the passages in Diodorus which Professor Lowes pointed out to Miss Lowell and from which Keats may indeed have obtained certain suggestions. In the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* he was, she thinks, inspired by no actual urn but by some portions of the frieze of the Parthenon. But the "leaf-fring'd legend" of the *Ode* seems to me somewhat remote in spirit from the great Panathenaic procession of the frieze.

disagreeable suspicion, first roused by that very hostile biographer W. M. Rossetti, that an allusion in one of his letters to the use of mercury as a specific is an indication that he suffered from syphilis. Rossetti did not know that a century ago mercury was employed for no less than nineteen diseases, among them pulmonary disorders. A health-history of Keats, compiled from his letters and all other contemporary evidence, was submitted by Miss Lowell to two distinguished Boston physicians, who affirm that the data therein contained are indicative of tubercular trouble.

The psychological aspect of the biography is, like the medical, modern; and Miss Lowell's knowledge of this very modern science stands her in good stead in dealing with diverse subjects. It aids her in her pursuits as a source-hunter; it helps to form her æsthetic judgments; it affords a firm base for her characterizations of the members of Keats's circle and of the poet himself. Bearing in mind the fact that her treatment of each of these three topics is the work not only of a scholarly critic and a shrewd and sympathetic woman but of a student of psychology, we may consider each topic in turn.

Source-hunting is in some hands the idlest of pedantic occupations. The chaser of parallels is a poor sort of creature, and most *quellen-studien* result merely in the conviction of the poet who is on trial for petty literary larceny. Miss Lowell has small patience with this sort of thing. She finds it of little consequence that certain verbal echoes go to show that Keats, when writing *The Eve of Saint Agnes*, recollected some of the romantic "trappings" of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. The moment, however, that a problem of sources carries with it a problem of psychology her interest is aroused.[1] She has profited from many conferences with Professor Lowes whose studies of Coleridge's poems have thrown such a flood of light upon the workings of the conscious and unconscious imagination in the production of poetry. With more space at command I might give many instances of the results of her investigations. In the sonnet on the Elgin Marbles,

[1] She is not absolutely consistent, however. In one place she remarks of certain lines: "I think it futile to seek their sources, for I doubt if Keats remembered them himself." The unquestionable discovery of the sources of poetic inspiration which the poet himself did not remember sometimes illuminates wonderfully the processes of the poetic mind. This Miss Lowell of course realizes, and her remark is due to momentary forgetfulness or impatience.

for example, she discriminates nicely between the lines that record the faultless original and spontaneous inspiration, welling up from the depths of the sub-conscious mind, and those other lines which are painstakingly constructed by means of conscious poetic carpentry. The famous simile of "stout Cortez" in the sonnet on *Chapman's Homer* she traces, following earlier commentators, to a passage in Robertson's *History of America;* yet curiously enough she apparently misses the mark in her comments upon that other equally fine simile of the

> watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;

for she is content to remark that Keats may have had Bonnycastle's *Astronomy* lying on his table, "although, considering that he has been walking home with the dawn stars paling over his head, he scarcely needed anyone's astronomy to father the thought of a planet." The thought fathered is, however, not of "*a* planet" but of "a *new* planet." Never until Herschel discovered Uranus in 1781 had any "watcher of the skies" had the experience of seeing a new planet swim into his ken, and I am confident that it is of this discovery that Keats is thinking. Somewhere, perhaps in Bonnycastle, perhaps elsewhere, Keats had run across the story; and the resultant magnificent simile lay within the far reaches of the sub-conscious until the first look into Chapman's Homer brought it to the surface. Another, and equally obvious, addition may be made to Miss Lowell's account of Keats's treatment of the Adonis myth in *Endymion.* After showing how he combined elements from Ovid, Spenser and Shakespeare, Miss Lowell proceeds to commend the "happy start of inspiration" by which he invented the spring awakening of Adonis after each year's tranced winter sleep. When noting this "invention" Miss Lowell had for the moment forgotten that this version of the myth was known to antiquity; it is, therefore, much more likely that Keats had heard of it than that he invented it. There is so much that is suggestive in Miss Lowell's study of sources that I am tempted to say more. Her pages on *La Belle Dame sans Merci* culminate in the very acceptable assertion that that poem is without autobiographic significance. She has

found new source-material for the fragment of *King Stephen* . . . but I must leave this subject.

Miss Lowell's æsthetic criticism is constantly illuminated by vivid contrasts between the tastes and fashions of a century ago and the tastes and fashions of to-day. Her comments are instinct with a poet's knowledge of her craft and art; and her own experiences, as the acute reader will readily perceive, lie back of her analyses of Keats's method of composition, of the conscious and unconscious in poetic art, and in general of the workings of the poetic imagination. Her thesis (if so urbane and serene a book may be said to contain a thesis) is that "Keats was an almost completely modern man. Once grasp that idea, and a good many of his difficulties with life and with poetry become comprehensible." Now this is in a measure very true, for Keats does anticipate in his poetry certain characteristics of modern verse. But there is a constant subdued implication that Keats is the better poet for being "modern", whereas the truth of the matter is that the Moderns are the better poets for being Keatsian. Keats's passion for experiment may be a modernist, tendency, but he shares it in some degree with Wordsworth (in subject-matter) and to a great degree with Coleridge (in prosody), while Blake is the great precursor of both Coleridge and Keats. Miss Lowell writes admirably of the quality of Keats's realism, of that "reality and vividness of actual sight" which is found in his verse. She quotes, for example, the lines:

> Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
> For while I muse, the lance points slantingly
> Athwart the morning air—

with the remark: "This is as vivid and reticent as a Japanese print." And of another similar passage she says: "To-day we should call it an 'image' and attempt no more with it. . . . But Keats knew nothing of 'images,' Chinese and Japanese poetry were unknown in their original forms in his day. A picture was not enough. It was not enough to suggest a tale of chivalry, he must tell it; and he had no tale to tell." It is noteworthy in this connection that elsewhere Miss Lowell cites with approval Haydon's remark that Keats "found no object upon which to direct his great powers." The observation is entirely just that

many bits of landscape in Keats anticipate the methods of the "imagists" and are suggestive of the quality of Japanese prints. But there has been no solution of continuity between Keats and the Moderns. One recalls Tennyson's habit of recording impressions in a couple of lines or so of verse, lines later introduced into longer poems. Some of these tiny verbal sketches are quite as "imagist" in quality as are those of Keats. The same is true of fragmentary bits scattered through the overwrought detail of Pre-Raphaelite poetry. There is really nothing surprising in the resemblance between Keats and the Moderns.[1]

If I have left myself little room in which to comment upon Miss Lowell's interpretation of Keats's character it is because her portrait is so clear cut, subtle and convincing that I am not minded to mar it by any inadequate summary. She knows his weaknesses—his juvenile vulgarity of expression but not of idea; his jealousy; his laxity with regard to debts, and so forth; but she also knows his strength. Her book contains a remarkable series of character-portraits of the members of Keats's circle. The gradual alienation from Leigh Hunt is finely traced. She corrects the traditional view of Joseph Severn, whose great claim to remembrance is that he stuck to Keats to the end but who, although his love for the poet was undoubtedly sincere, in later years made capital of it, since it was his only claim to fame; for Miss Lowell recognizes the unpleasant truth "that what began as genuine admiration ended as advertisement." Her portraits of Haydon, Brown, Woodhouse, George Keats and the rest are extremely vivid and entirely convincing. Most welcome of all is her portrait of the greatly and unjustly maligned Fanny Brawne, who is pictured not at all as a frivolous flirt but as a woman of intellect and taste, devoted to the poet, faithful to his interests,

[1] Only in a foot-note do I venture to question one or two of Miss Lowell's judgments on matters of prosody. The line "How many bards gild the lapses of time" worries her. The rhythm is, she says, "utterly unlike the traditional five-stressed iambic" of the sonnet and "the merry little lilt" is quite out of place. The truth is that Keats, like Blake and Coleridge before him and Rossetti later on, has availed himself of the principle of secondary ictus, stressing the second syllable of "lapses" and thereby giving a dignity to the line in which there is nothing merry, lilting, or out of place. Two other lines—"Or the low rumblings earth's regions under" and "The dazzling sunrise; two sisters sweet"—also worry her. She thinks they are due to a mistake in writing, or else to Keats's ignorant mispronunciation of "rumblings" and "dazzling" as tri-syllables. But if the lines are read with due regard for the pause which takes the place of the missing syllable they are perfectly scannable. The effect is one with which various other poets have experimented.

patient with his failings, bearing the grossly unjust suspicions which she realized were caused by his illness.

I pass in conclusion to one or two purely literary matters. Her new material and a more subtle study of the old have enabled Miss Lowell to correct the date of many letters, establish the date of various episodes, and offer a new chronology of the poems. One result of major importance is that she alters the chronological order in which the odes of the spring of 1819 were composed. Another, still more important, is her opinion of the relation of *Hyperion* to the so-called *Vision* (or *Fall*) *of Hyperion*. The *Vision* is generally held to be a revision of the earlier Miltonic *Hyperion*. Miss Lowell holds that the *Vision* was begun in late September, 1818, and subsequently abandoned; that *Hyperion* was begun in December, 1818, continued at intervals until April, 1819, and abandoned because Keats became dissatisfied with this Miltonic *pastiche;* and that, finally, Keats recognized that the *Vision* was in his own authentic manner and consequently resumed it in September, 1819, to abandon it because of illness.

A few of Miss Lowell's opinions are challenging. Her round assertion that there is no trace of allegory anywhere in Keats will not meet with universal acceptance. Her belief that he might have developed great powers as a satirist is, of course, incapable of refutation, for it is futile to dwell upon such "might-have-beens"; but Miss Lowell surely overestimates the promise as well as the performance of *The Cap and Bells*.[1] But even when she fails to carry complete assent to her opinions she is suggestive in the extreme; and I wish to take leave of her biography on no note of disagreement but to salute it in all admiration as a masterly piece of work.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

[1] Miss Lowell comments upon Keats's use of the Spenserian stanza for comic and satiric purpose. For such an employment of what seems an inappropriate metre Keats may have obtained suggestions from the opening stanzas of *Childe Harold*. In this note may be set down remarks on two or three small matters. I do not know why Miss Lowell speaks of Haydon's portrait of Keats, introduced into the painting "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem", as "little known."—It is not at all strange that Miss Brawne calls her lover in her letters just "Keats." The familiar use of the surname was common a hundred years ago, as readers of Mary Shelley's letters or of Jane Austen's novels will remember.—Miss Cornelius's discovery, previously alluded to, proves that Haydon did have an advance copy of the *Poems* of 1817 and explains why Keats took a new sonnet to John Scott, the editor of *The Champion*, instead of offering it to Hunt for publication.

COMEDIES OF THE RESTORATION

LIFE OF WILLIAM CONGREVE. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

RESTORATION COMEDY: 1660–1720. By Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

THE contemporary revival of interest in Restoration comedy can scarcely be surprising to people acutely aware of the intellectual temper of the period in which we are now living. Something other than either scholarly or æsthetic appetite has been responsible for the belated revival, in the English theatre and more recently in our own, of *The Way of the World*, and for the resuscitation as reading matter of some of the plays of Etherege, Wycherley, Dryden, Vanbrugh and Farquhar. One suspects an affinity in temper, attitude and preoccupation between the two periods. Similarities between them are at least not lacking.

In his suggestive discussion of the conditions which influenced the character of Restoration comedy, Mr. Dobrée points out that the period was one in which polite society was engaged in deliberately and consciously living to the top of its bent. People, he remarks, were determined to enjoy their newly regained luxury and security after a period of war; nobody could foretell what the morrow might bring. It was an age notable for its curiosity in all fields of human concern; moral, political, scientific, social and religious. It was an age in which criticism flourished and investigation was pursued. It was an age which, in the field of social behavior, was remarkable for its willingness to experiment. It was an age intellectually convinced of the possibility of rationalizing human relationships and determined to attempt it in conduct. It was an age dominated by scepticism, the repudiation of tradition, and the desire to try new ways of living. In the best sense it was natural that this temper should find in comedy a subtle medium of expression, and that it should perfect comedy as an æsthetic form to a degree of artistry previously unequalled in English literature.

Superficially, in its general intellectual temper, our own period reflects that which produced the Restoration comedies. Yet in one important and perhaps fundamental respect there is a dif-

ference in temper which outweighs and cancels all superficial similarities. The contemporary mind, as it finds expression in our significant contemporary literature, exhibits the same attitudes of intellectual curiosity, of willingness to experiment, of scepticism, disillusion and impatience of tradition. But—and here is the important difference—our dubieties perplex us; convinced as we may be that the only fixed absolute is pure relativity, we despise the conviction and would willingly change it for one small grain of positive faith. The Restoration mind, convinced of much the same thing, had the intelligence to make its dubiety a positive affirmation. For it there were no absolute certainties in life, and it courageously affirmed as its only certainty the impossibility of ever being certain. Again and again in the comedies of the Restoration we come upon this, and the expression is always affirmative. "Would anything but a madman complain of uncertainty?" asks Angelica in Congreve's *Love for Love.* "Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a wish discovers the folly of the chase." But our own day takes its uncertainty tragically; such works as Joyce's *Ulysses* and Eliot's *Waste Land* are negations, not affirmations of life, and negations which lament a loss of faith. For the Restoration writers, who were more profoundly rational than ours, doubt itself constituted a positive faith.

This capacity to evolve a positive philosophy by means of rationalizing its negations and its doubts, explains why the best of Restoration comedy speaks to us today with a force, vigor and conviction that we rarely discover in the literature of our own time. Our writers turn with facility to the production of satire, perhaps forgetting that indictment is itself only an expression of inverted and excessive sentimentality; and the vaunted freedom of our literature to "face facts" turns out too often to be only a liberty to face them without making use of them. Possibly that is why the spirit of comedy has deserted our literature, since it is of the essence of comedy that the facts shall not only be faced honestly, but employed to some significant end. At its lowest level Restoration comedy sank into farce, and its central average probably lies in satire. But its highest achievements rose to pure

comedy of a singularly crystalline perfection, and they retain for us today an intellectual meaning as well as an æsthetic delight.

Mr. Dobrée, in a succinct conclusion to his volume, defines the achievement of Restoration comedy as a whole. It gave, he says, "a brilliant picture of its time rather than a new insight into man." That it did not rise to a more universal spirit he explains by pointing out that the writers "never came to the condition of seeing life whole, though what they saw they perceived very clearly. They loved it with Etherege, or, like Wycherley, snatched from it a fearful joy, or, like Congreve, tried in their dissatisfaction to distil from it something exquisite: they hardly ever related it, as Molière nearly always did, to a larger world; they did not try to construct something terrific out of it, as Jonson was able to do." Mr. Dobrée likewise remarks that their time forced these dramatists to be too critical and too moral, in the sense that they were forced to be too largely engaged with the immediate application of their ideas. Their moral vision was in no sense universal; the old moral vision had died, and the new scepticism was less a vision than an inquiry. "The dramatists of that day were almost necessarily forced to be content with morality as conceived by the *honnête homme.* Wycherley could never imagine, as did Goethe's Faust, that all experience whatsoever might be good: Congreve would never see that the art of graceful living might, by its very fineness, miss something fundamental in life, and destroy the directness he was eager to preserve."

These are serious limitations, and Mr. Dobrée acknowledges them to be so, but his keen critical insight enables him to see that such limitations carry with them compensatory advantages, and that the true artist is one who turns the limitations of his material or medium into positive resources. The potential advantage of the limitations to which the Restoration dramatists were subject lies in the fact that, lacking a comprehensive theory of life or a sustained emotional revolt from life, the creative impulse is "bent inwards upon thing, it will not be satisfied until the object made has complete validity within itself: it cannot afford to slip into life." And Mr. Dobrée points out that such lapses into realism as scarcely injured the structure of much

Elizabethan comedy proved ruinous to that of Restoration comedy. The kind of perfection necessary to the Restoration writers required a conscious artistry and consummate craftsmanship, and it is remarkable, not that this perfection was so rarely achieved, but that it was achieved at all. As the two flawless and perfect masterpieces of the school, Mr. Dobrée chooses Wycherley's *The Country Wife* and Congreve's *The Way of the World.* Both of these plays take us, not into life, but into an æsthetically consistent world detached from the actual yet rising upon it. It is their peculiar virtue to offer us not nature, but nature carried over into art; not actual experience, but imaginative experience in which we are partly implicated, yet to which we also remain, in part, external. Only the finest art is capable of producing this effect of implication and detachment, and only the finest, therefore, succeeds in making available for us an experience at once more intense and more intelligible than any offered by life. It is the function of art to subject us, as life does, to experience. But the experience of art must make its significance explicit to us even while we are subject to it, and this the experience of life cannot accomplish. If this is the basis for our distinction between art and life, we can attribute to the best of Restoration comedy, despite its artificiality, its strict convention of form, and its alienation from a vision of life in any sense universal, a valid and enduring æsthetic truth.

Mr. Dobrée's volume provides a concise and exceptionally expert mediation between seven Restoration writers of comedy and a contemporary audience. It is criticism in the finest sense, and criticism founded upon a French rather than an English tradition. His aim is interpretation of the actual work of art in terms of its intention and its effect. Unlike many critics who happen also to be scholars, he conceives scholarship as an instrument rather than as an end in itself. He makes scholarship serve his purposes, but those purposes are critical and æsthetic. To turn from his delightful and lucid book to Sir Edmund Gosse's life of Congreve, now republished with additions and revisions after thirty-seven years, is to turn from art to scholarship. This biography is the one authoritative life of the dramatist in the English language. It remains useful as an accurate compilation

of the known facts relating to Congreve's career,—unfortunately far fewer in number than we should like to possess,—but it offers no significant interpretation of Congreve's art, nor does it attempt to approach Congreve as an artist. But it makes evident the opportunity for a study of Congreve as a personality and as an artist, a study which might combine the erudition of Sir Edmund Gosse with the æsthetic intelligence of Mr. Dobrée. For, as man and as artist, Congreve is among the most interesting of English writers.

LLOYD MORRIS.

PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENT

ISLES OF FEAR. By Katherine Mayo. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

SECURITY AGAINST WAR. By Frances Kellor and Antonia Hatvany. Two Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE ROAD TO WORLD PEACE. By Oscar Newfang. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE ETHICAL BASIS OF THE STATE. By Norman Wilde. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

IT is to be doubted if the history of human government contains another parallel at all comparable in completeness and significance, in the care and culture of dependent races, with that between the British administration of the Egyptian Sudan and in a measure of Egypt itself, and the American administration of the Philippines. Time was when the work of Gordon at Khartoum was one of the wonders of the world, for the success of its altruistic beneficence in giving emancipation and enlightenment to a thitherto enslaved and degraded race. From that height of pride and admiration there was abrupt transition to an equal depth of shame and abhorrence when the perverted policy of an unimaginative idealist—strange creation!—permitted those achievements to be undone and the region to be delivered to a worse despotism of barbarity than it had known before. And then Nemesis compelled a costly and laborious reconstruction of the works which through criminal folly had been destroyed. For Khartoum sub-

stitute Manila; for Gordon, Taft and his colleagues and successors; for the great betrayal of Gladstone's time, the wretched recreancy of the Francis B. Harrison administration; and for the later atonement of Kitchener and Cromer, the tasks now laid upon Leonard Wood. The parallel is complete.

It is with the dark and forbidding second phase of the drama that Miss Mayo deals. And she does so in a manner worthy of the task. She addresses herself to it not as a tyro but as an expert investigator of recognized authority; not as an agent of others—government, society, or what not—but on her own independent initiative and charge; and not with any preconceived notions or purposes, either to extenuate or to set down in malice, but as an impartial and open-minded searcher for the truth. It is thus, no doubt, that all such works should be undertaken and all such books written; but, equally no doubt, it is so seldom that they are thus done that even on that ground alone the present volume would stand unusual and all but unique. But still more unusual is it for the fine combination of technical thoroughness, literary and dramatic skill, and intensely vivid and vital appeal to human interest, with which it has been prepared. Above all, however, it is noteworthy for the immeasurable monstrosity of the evils which it discloses. As a token of these, the title was well chosen. What were once reckoned "summer isles of Eden" have become, in the haunting horrors of savage despotism, to the vast masses of their hapless people, literally Isles of Fear.

This is not the place, nor is the present writer the authority, to pass final judgment upon the political—not partisan—issues involved in this tremendous tragedy. But at least it must be pointed out that the evil and the ruin were wrought through a most egregious abandonment of national principle and reversal of established policy, such as we shall scarcely find paralleled in all our earlier history. There is no more necessitous principle in the basis of all government worthy of the name, than that responsibility and authority must always be commensurate. Yet the American Governor-General of the Philippines from 1913 to 1921, flaunting himself as a "mere figure-head", retained the former while abrogating the latter. There was never a sounder policy than that set forth by Woodrow Wilson when he declared that we

could not give the Philippines self-government, but that it must, if ever attained, be worked out by the people of those islands themselves, through long labor and cultivation; yet through the irony of fate in his own administration those wards of the nation were incontinently pitchforked into self-government for which they were most pathetically unprepared, and which none desired but a ring of semi-alien and self-seeking politicians. The results of that appalling abnegation of government Miss Mayo sets forth, almost literally in characters of blood and fire, in a narrative which will not be refuted. "Confound him!" exclaimed one political controversialist of his opponent, "he doesn't play fair; he always looks up his facts before he says anything!" Miss Mayo has looked up her facts, and she gives them, every one, with explicit citations of volume and chapter and verse; and in doing so she has performed, for both this nation and its wards, one of the outstanding services of our time.

Investigation of another kind was undertaken by Miss Kellor and her collaborator, Miss Hatvany, into the ways and means of attaining for this nation and for the world security against war. It was conducted for a number of years, in many lands, and at first hand; and the resultant volumes constitute a truly encyclopædic record, exposition and, in a measure, discussion of all that has been done since the World War to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe. The first volume is almost entirely historical record, the most complete and informing record of which we have knowledge of the organization and operation of the League of Nations as an international machine for the maintenance of peace. All the various important international disputes which have arisen since the formation of the League are related in detail, and the utility or non-utility of the League in connection with them is made clear. A tabular recapitulation is graphically impressive. Thirty-seven disputes are enumerated,—suggesting that the world has been about as contentious since as it was before the war,—of which all but four were brought before the League in some way. In no fewer than fourteen of them there was resort to militant aggression, and of these only one, and that one of the least, appears to have been settled by the Council of the League, while five were settled by a council of ambassadors in quite the

old-fashioned way. In fourteen more there was resort to political intervention, and of these settlement of three is credited to the Council of the League, while two were ended by the forcible military conquest of a single Power—also in the old-fashioned way—and five are recorded as not yet settled. Finally in nine cases there was that resort to law which theoretically there should have been in all, though in a majority of these the court was ineffective.

In view of such a record it is not surprising to find Miss Kellor lacking in optimism concerning the utility of the League of Nations and concerning the outlook for the maintenance of peace. This is chiefly manifested in her second volume, which is devoted to an analysis and evaluation of international courts which exist or might exist, and the various proposals for the outlawry of war; and in which she naturally gives freer rein to her own views and judgments than she does in the more purely narrative portion of her work. She sees what was perfectly evident to many of us five years ago, at the time of our refusal to enter the League of Nations, that there are essential and probably irremediable differences between America and Europe in their attitudes toward war and peace. "The differences are basic," she says. In abhorrence of war and in desire for peace there is agreement. So there is as to the theoretical desirability of substituting law for force. But "upon the points of contact to accomplish the abolition of war and the substitution of law there is divergence of opinion, and upon the methods to be pursued, frank antagonism."

Theoretically in spite of the League of Nations, as the advocates of that organization will doubtless say, but to the minds of others of us practically because of the existence of the League, Miss Kellor discerns that the military system is still the basis of security for the nations of Europe, and resort to arms is still regarded as the ultimate means of settling disputes. In fact, she sees preparations for the next war already in progress. Defensive military alliances are being formed; and there is always possibility of a defensive becoming an offensive alliance. States are shifting their diplomatic alignments. Racial, economic and geographical elements are reasserting themselves. The nations are obsessed with the notion that the only effective guarantee of security lies in disarmament, and since that cannot now be effected, the only re-

course is to go on arming. No wonder that she sees "no indication of any relief in sight for the people from the intolerable burdens of fear and from the taxation and debt which weigh them down in their efforts to ensure safety by preparations for war."

Miss Kellor does not repudiate the League of Nations. On the contrary, she concedes its considerable utility. But she cannot perceive in it a panacea for the world's ills. She again makes clear the point which Warren G. Harding effectively pressed during his electoral campaign in 1920, that the political character of the League and its acquirement of executive and legislative functions must hopelessly disqualify it from serving as an impartial arbitrator and still more, of course, from exercising adjudication. Naturally, therefore, she looks, as the world should long ago have looked, to the earlier organization at The Hague. That tribunal is free from politics; it undertakes no legislative or executive functions. In the past, in years before the League was conceived, it was highly efficient for the peaceful settlement of various grave international disputes. It should therefore be upheld, strengthened and further developed—as the United States earnestly desired and strove in 1907—into a great international court of justice for the substitution of law for war. An international code of laws, an international system of jurisprudence, an international court of justice having jurisdiction over the crime of aggressive war—these are the means of bringing about that outlawry of war which all desire.

To my mind the gist of the whole matter is suggested in the confession of Lord Hugh Cecil, aptly cited by Miss Kellor: "The nations care everything for peace and nothing for justice." That is only too true, and the truth is damning. Instead of *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*, the cry is *Fiat pax, ruat justitia*—the most insane folly that can be conceived. For nothing in human affairs can be more certain than this, that peace based on injustice—on anything else than justice—is vanity of vanities. "In this, God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, dost thou think," demanded Carlyle, "that there is no justice? I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice!" It is the gravest defect of the Covenant of the League of Nations that it concerns itself too much with politics and too little with justice; even, as

we have seen, incapacitates the League for being a true and efficient administrator of justice.

This fact Mr. Newfang practically concedes in his well-meant though, I fear, inconclusive attempt to mark out the road to world peace. He points out that the purposes for which the League was organized are, in the words of the Covenant, "to promote international coöperation," and "to achieve international peace and security". The establishment and maintenance of international justice is mentioned merely as one of the means by which these ends are to be attained. Now it is all very well to say "Let us secure peace by establishing justice." But it is vastly better to say "Let us establish and maintain justice, and then we shall have peace."

There is an admirable clarity in Mr. Newfang's exposition of the American objection to the League of Nations. Entirely apart from political friction, for which the President's unfortunate policy was largely responsible, he sees that the Covenant was rejected because it was unacceptable to the American people. His precise words are to be quoted, and remembered:

> The Covenant of the League is distasteful to Americans, because its form is that of an alliance of governments; and the American policy since the days of Washington has been sedulously to avoid every "entangling alliance". The purposes of the League are fully approved in this country, but its form is repugnant to the genius of American institutions. Until the League is developed into a form that is in harmony with our institutions . . . there seems slight hope that this country will become a member state.

That is exactly true, and is admirably expressed. But it is to be doubted whether so much can be said for the manner in which the League is thus to be developed, as set forth in the succeeding part of Mr. Newfang's book. He recalls our unsatisfactory experience with the old Confederation, and the way in which we sought and found national salvation in the "more perfect union" of the Constitution, and he conceives the strange notion that we object to the League because it too much resembles the "loose alliance" of the Confederation, but would be reconciled to it and would enter it if it were changed into something more like our Constitutional Union of States, with all its members subject to the authority and even militant control of a Super-State.

That, I say, is a strange notion, partly because Mr. Newfang so clearly perceives that we object to the League because we object to entangling alliances, and partly because he believes that we shall not enter the League unless and until it is made to conform with our institutions. Certainly it is extraordinarily strange for him to argue that our objection to an entangling alliance would be overcome by the expedient of making it more entangling; and also for him to suggest that a satisfactory way of bringing the League into harmony with our institutions would be to make our institutions conform with the principles of the League! Indeed, he practically proposes that we shall abrogate the Constitution of the United States in favor of a "Constitution for the World Government". He would have every warship of any kind in the world "under the control of the World Premier"; and under that same super-state control he would maintain a standing army of five million men! If that, or something like it, is not done, he concludes, "the forces of disruption, destruction and warfare will destroy civilization itself and plunge mankind down to the stage of the numerous petty, fighting tribes that existed at the dawn of history." After that counsel of despair, I must revise my estimate of Schopenhauer. Was he not, after all, a somewhat too buoyant and visionary optimist?

A fitting epilogue to these various presentments and judgments of governmental problems is provided by Professor Wilde's volume on the ethical aspects of all the problems of the State. In this he writes more as an expositor than a propagandist, covering concisely though not necessarily superficially the range of political philosophy from Plato to Mr. Bertrand Russell—surely a sufficiently comprehensive *omnium gatherum* to satisfy if not satiate the most eclectic taste. The author confesses frankly that he propounds no plan for social or political salvation, and he fears that therefore his book may seem to have no excuse for existence. On the contrary, that very fact is one of the strongest possible vindications of its right to existence, and one of the most effective commendations of it to thoughtful consideration. Nor does his denial of any attempt at originality detract from its value. A common school arithmetic contains nothing that has been "original" since Pythagoras, and is quite void of "plans" or propa-

ganda of any kind; yet all people—save perhaps our "advanced" educators—esteem it as quite indispensable. I should say that knowledge of the multiplication table is scarcely more essential to all who have to do with mathematical reckoning of any kind than knowledge of Plato and Aristotle, of Locke and Rousseau, of Spencer and Mill, is to all who would deal with the fundamental principles of statecraft. Because, as I have been insisting, justice must take precedence over peace in international affairs, the ethical concept of the State must take precedence over the political. Alike whether we are governing the Philippines, or rejecting the Covenant of the League of Nations, or participating in the Tribunal at The Hague, the supreme consideration must be to do justice, and ethics is, in the last analysis, the philosophy of justice.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A Critical Biography. By John A. Steuart. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. By Oscar W. Firkins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

JOHN VISCOUNT MORLEY: An appreciation and some reminiscences. By John H. Morgan. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS. By Marie D. Gorgas and Burton J. Hendrick. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

To nothing is the scientific and realistic spirit of our time more hostile than to legends, and it is in the character of legend-smasher—not idol-breaker, by any means—that Mr. Steuart in his biography of Robert Louis Stevenson chiefly impresses one as a man of might. Sane criticism can hardly find fault with Mr. Steuart's essential sympathy, with his justice, or with the extent and accuracy of his information. But if a certain lingering personal dissatisfaction may be expressed, it can find a partial and conjectural warrant only in the fact that Mr. Steuart seems to be consciously out to destroy a myth.

The question of what is left when the mythical elements have

been analyzed away, is thus of the first importance. What was the real Stevenson, according to Mr. Steuart?

"The essential dualism of man's nature was in Stevenson abnormally complex and confused." In his early twenties, he might have taken "Inconsistency and Volatility" for his motto. An "exuberant egoism" was one of his few consistent, or at any rate persistent, traits. But for all the exuberance, he was not nearly so communicative as he seemed. He had, in fact, in a high degree "the Scottish reserve, which is chary of confidences, especially in regard to matters of conduct or deep feeling". He appears to have been singularly in need of external guidance. Such balance of character as he had, he owed in large measure to the influence of Fleeming Jenkin. It was not until his intimate association with Henley that he made marked progress in the direction of "sanity, grasp, and precision of style". Nor were some of his most engaging traits really the spontaneous expression (as they have been made to appear) of a poised and beautiful spirit. His liveliness was often merely the result of a half-hysterical mood. He was no miracle of gaiety, but, like other artists great and small, he had his periods of crushing gloom: to commend the cheerfulness which he manifested under distressing circumstances is to give emphasis to only half of the truth. His love of playthings was in large part a self-cultivated means of distraction, "an anodyne, like dram-drinking".

In these pages, we very frequently see Robert Louis Stevenson as a lover of self and as a lover of make-believe—neither strong with the all-round strength of great souls, nor sincere with the sincerity of the great. Both his character and his writings seem to fall for the most part under the same censure. It was a lover of make-believe who entertained himself, during periods of invalidism, with the games of childhood, and the same lover of make-believe wrote *Treasure Island*. "It was one of his most engaging qualities that he always took his own doings, his own feelings, as things new and unique in the experience of the race. He was like a child to whom the common facts of life are matter for endless wonder and volubility." Childlike, then, in his egoism, in his instinctive reference of everything to himself, and in his disposition to make-believe. But not sincere or simple after the manner

of children. Rather, there was in his character an excess of sophistication, oddly mingled with the more or less consciously childlike quality. Similarly, his early atheism appears to have been, after all, a kind of pose, and the pain it caused was disproportionate to the importance of any real issues at stake in the mind of the young Stevenson.

That mastery which gives wholeness to a work of fiction and which is the mark of creative genius is scarcely to be found in his writings. Slightness, artificiality, a questionable sincerity allied to seeming frankness, are faults not infrequently manifest and still more often to be suspected. Even Alan Breck is an artificial creation; he is not truly a Highlander. Quite characteristic is Stevenson's romantic quest for a Highland ancestor. In point of fact, he had none, and what seemed odd and foreign in his temperament he owed, as Mr. Steuart has proved, not to any Gaelic strain, but to an infusion of French blood.

If the defects of Stevenson as a man of letters are not offset by any such manifestations of power as might reconcile us to occasional failures, the faults of his character are equally difficult to excuse. Neither as man nor as writer can he claim the right to be judged as exceptional and as beyond the reach of the laws that govern lesser men. Thus the excursions into low life of the by no means immaculate Stevenson of reality—so different from the Stevenson of the legend!—appear as nothing other than instances of perverse wickedness.

Finally, the outstanding facts about Stevenson are these: Without generous and long-continued help, his life must have been a total failure. The sum of his accomplishment is not impressive, since only the unfinished *Weir of Hermiston* bears the marks of greatness. His unquestionable virtue is courage: "In the whole history of English literature," writes Mr. Steuart, "there does not shine a braver, more devoted spirit than Robert Louis Stevenson."

As biographer and critic, Mr. Steuart is decisive and competent. He has written a record of fact superior in fulness, impartiality, and accuracy to anything previously written about Stevenson—a record that will serve as a sheet anchor of truth for all future commentators. His analysis of Stevenson's character seems, if one

makes allowance for the massiveness of those standards of morality and normality to which the biographer implicitly refers, unquestionably sound. Though the values set upon such works as *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour* may seem disappointingly low, still if we allow the comparison between Stevenson and a man of Sir Walter Scott's calibre to be just, we can hardly find fault with the conclusions.

That the Stevenson legend must now take its way to limbo, also seems clear. Having discarded it, Mr. Steuart has given us in its place the truth and nothing but the truth. The question, however, arises whether there are not in the legend elements of reality which the coldly chiselled facts do not reveal or reflect? Is the author of *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour*, not to mention *St. Ives* and *An Inland Voyage*, fully and truly represented in these pages? I have no means of answering this question except by reference to impressions made upon me by the books themselves and by those anecdotes of the author which mostly smack of the legend. Yet with no better warrant than this, I cannot refrain from recording my opinion as tentatively negative. Mr. Steuart, it appears to me, is too rigorous in his insistence upon what may be called the primary as distinct from secondary (more or less mimetic) human traits. In his impatience with whatever smacks of insincerity or artificiality he appears akin to Carlyle. For him every good thing in literature and life must be founded upon a rock. It would be a most solid and satisfying world, truly, if everything demonstrably rested upon so deep a base. I should say that the biographer is not merely one of our scientific and realistic moderns, but also a stern moralist of a type not so modern; and that in destroying the Stevenson legend, he has perhaps sacrificed in some part the atmosphere of a personality.

Mr. Firkins has thoroughly explored Howells, he has weighed and tested every ounce of literary ore to be found within the chosen area, and he reports his findings brilliantly. Indeed, it is a pleasure to discover that any discourse so doctorial in method and manner, so academically conscientious, as Mr. Firkins's treatise can be so entertaining. No botanist ever investigated the structure of a plant with more thoroughness than Mr. Firkins

has investigated the structure of every one of Howells's stories. No biologist was ever more careful to avoid the appearance of advancing a thesis not amply supported by the facts.

The result of this extraordinarily persevering and skilful effort to tell the truth and nothing but the truth about a subject at once so comprehensive and so elusive as the whole output of a great writer is both interesting and valuable. Mr. Firkins possesses a rare talent for just this task. Whoever writes about Howells must always feel somewhat excessively the obligation to be no less gentle, no less honest, and no less subtle than the author of whom he writes. Even to read Howells is to some minds and in some moods, may one say, a trifle burdensome? Not at all because he is dull, for that he seldom is; but because he keeps not merely the mind but the conscience at such a stretch, requiring one to follow him into such subtleties of honesty, into such sinuosities of conscientiousness. If this be true of the mere reader, how hard must be the task of the critic! Yet Mr. Firkins appears to encounter no especial difficulties. He has caught the spirit of the master, and that so perfectly that in reading his book one sometimes feels as if Howells were criticizing Howells.

"Mr. Howells," writes the critic in the section of his book devoted to *Literary Friends and Acquaintances*, "treats himself with the satirical indulgence appropriate to an incumbrance from whom escape is inconceivable. He has no more self-love than can make itself thoroughly agreeable under the double easement of an alert self-mockery and an unbounded and unsated interest in others." So characteristic is this passage in its characterization that if the context were destroyed and the name erased, one could hardly help knowing whom it was meant to describe. The kind of truth that the novelist was himself so apt in discovering seems also to shine out of the following passage:

> Mr. Howells's proper humorous pose—if I may use the word without malice or offense—is a make-believe of a quite unbelievable helplessness and meekness which had prototypes in Goldsmith and Emerson and finds a later parallel in Mr. Crothers. When two of his selves begin to recriminate, I feel a double pang; I am not quite pleased that Mr. Howells should say nagging things, and I am altogether grieved when nagging things are said to Mr. Howells.

Mr. Firkins is frequently illuminating in this rather intimate way. Even his consuming interest in technique does not reduce him, as such interest does most critics, to utter dryness. But he also knows how to be methodically severe. The following lines on *My Mark Twain* are enough to annihilate a less important book, so ruthlessly do they expose a genuine weakness:

> Mr. Clemens is obscene; in the Howells dialect, he is "Elizabethan". He is grossly profane; this is a "heritage from boyhood", an "impersonal blasphemy". He tells lies; this is being not "stupidly truthful". He feigns a belief in immortality to relieve an apprehensive wife; this lying is "heroic". He dresses spectacularly before a Congressional committee; this is a "magnificent *coup*". When he is not wearing a sealskin coat with the fur out, or hiding a matutinal dress suit under an overcoat, he is triumphing in the gaiety of an Oxford gown; this is having a "poet soul". . . . He is implacable even to the dead; but, in the last analysis, he remains "exquisite".

It is a curious fact that no critic has written wittier, sharper things of Howells than has Mr. Firkins, and none has implied and justified more praise. A captious critic, on unkindness bent and wishful for the reputation of cleverness, might well envy Mr. Firkins some of his pithier sayings. With difficulty I content myself with a single illustration of this point. Mr. Firkins is criticizing *The Coast of Bohemia*. "Ludlow," he says, "the successful artist and wooer, has plainly taken a degree in the Howellsian academy for the education of gentlemen; he is adequate, but savors of the establishment." Yet what a world of difference the context makes! Such remarks in Firkins's *Howells* are only a kind of left-handed compliments. Indeed the critique of the novel in question begins: "A failure in Mr. Howells, the never-failing, almost justifies itself as a curiosity"—a piece of praise which, considering the number of novels which the never-failing one produced, might seem almost fulsome.

On the whole, it would be hard to find modern critical writing that is more sensitive, exact, and well-balanced than Mr. Firkins has given us in this volume. Yet somehow one may read the whole book through without knowing much more about what Howells means to one than one knew before. For one thing, Howells's work does not easily lend itself to what is called "creative" criticism. One can scarcely imagine criticism of

Coleridge's kind as successfully applied to it. Howells's writings, indeed, seem to furnish a sort of running commentary upon themselves. The commentator must be wary to avoid falling into a kind of ineffectual manner of insinuating slight criticisms or into an equally unprofitable habit of palavering about certain obvious virtues—a dilemma which Mr. Firkins has nobly avoided. The fact remains, however, that so far as appreciation is concerned, if one has read Howells, one hardly needs to read Firkins, or any one else, on Howells.

Furthermore, there appears to be in the effect of this work taken as a whole a fallacy, almost unavoidable considering the plan and method of the book—a fallacy, as it were, of composition or division. Taken distributively, nearly all the novels seem to be somewhat weak, but to possess marked excellences. The natural inference is that Howells as a novelist is somewhat weak, though he possessed certain notable virtues. The point is not that these virtues and defects cannot be arithmetically added, and that one is therefore left without an accurate estimate. It is rather that, if they could be summed, they would not yield an accurate estimate, because Howells the novelist is more than the sum of his successes and his comparative failures and any novel of Howells is more than the sum of its good and bad points. Thus while Mr. Firkins has produced a scholarly and interesting manual for the study of Howells, he scarcely creates a coherent or unified conception of the writer and his work. Mr. Firkins's criticism is scientific and pluralistic in spirit, and it has all the virtues of this spirit, including impartiality and an indisposition to sacrifice facts to ideas. That a fault is perhaps associated with these merits, I have already suggested; but if fault it be, it is due to aim and method, and not to a want of adequacy or skill.

That both criticism and biography should have a vital wholeness is a hard saying, and in biography, because of the refractoriness of its materials, the ideal is perhaps harder to attain. Nevertheless, it is true, as General Morgan says in his appreciation of Lord Morley, that if a biography is to have the unity, the symbolism, and the immediateness of a work of art, the writer must

aim at a portrayal of character, "instinct with that volition without which there is no character, and all else should be rigidly subordinated, and, if need be, eliminated, to that one end."

General Morgan has written no biography,—the provisions of Lord Morley's will, strangely enough, forbid the attempt,—but he has produced a shapely study: character and significance really emerge from his memories and appreciations.

At some distance of time and space Lord Morley is in danger of being regarded primarily as "the honest man in politics" (invidious distinction!) or as the "scholar in politics", or at best merely as the thinker in politics. These phrases do not nearly describe him. He was, in fact, a much greater human being than his political repute or even his literary accomplishment would seem to mark him—a man, for example, of broader human guage than John Stuart Mill whom, as a rationalistic thinker, he resembled. It is the decisive merit of General Morgan's book that, without eulogy or special pleading of any kind, he convinces his readers of this thesis. Telling the truth and nothing but the truth, allowing the facts to stand foremost and restricting comment to its proper rôle, he expresses the quality and, so to speak, the substance of a personality.

If one may venture to formulate the final impression, it is that this man of the sensitive mind and tender heart, this scholar who believed that "one must govern", this preacher of no-compromise who found consistency no easy matter in practice, this serene and well-balanced thinker who thought so wisely and expressed himself so sanely, was in reality a somewhat tragic figure—tragic in that he represents upon a high plane one of the real difficulties and terrors of life—the difficulty for the man of powerful intellect and deep conscience of always knowing what is right and doing it.

There is no easy formula; there is always a more or less agonizing struggle. The moral faculty must mediate somehow between those ideals which conscience seems to warrant and the facts which limit and thwart them. To rationalists—that is, to most modern men—great endowments of mind and heart may seem to make life more difficult. To know much is to feel the imperative need, the duty to know more; to be deeply conscientious is to know that a still further exercise of the moral sense is de-

manded. In his unwavering and courageous acceptance of these paradoxes, Morley seems great and typical.

The moral view of character may be insisted upon, not as the most important and privileged of special views, but only as the most inclusive. A moralist or preacher John Morley was not, and yet it is a curious fact that his conversation reminds one of Samuel Johnson's. For example:

> J. H. M.: Lord Fitzmaurice told me a curious story about Disraeli the other day—very characteristic, I thought. He said that years after his shabby treatment of Peel he took one of Peel's daughters in to dinner. Disraeli began in a tone of tender and respectful reminiscence of her father. This was too much for the daughter, who with great spirit replied, "I wonder you can talk of my father like that after the way you treated him." Disraeli showed his usual effrontery and replied, "My dear lady, I was young—I had to get on." And look at his stolen eloquence—his theft of another man's speech. He was mean.
>
> Lord Morley: These are small things. Why do people always talk as if a politician was to be so much better than other men in other professions?

Limitations of space do not permit of adequate illustration—but is this not the very note? Like Johnson, Lord Morley appears to have been a man of vigorous understanding and robust common sense, who was nevertheless sensitive in soul and at once too perspicacious and too brave to be unmoved by difficulties which other men slur over or never feel.

If a certain inevitable sadness seems to fall upon the modern thinker, the modern doer has opportunities for service which, if fully accepted and courageously discharged, make for the simplification of ethical problems and for moral satisfaction. Perhaps the fact is that scientific service is the most civilized domain of modern life, and politics the least so. At all events the life story of General Gorgas could not well be a "critical" biography, for what room is there for a critical view of a life so unexceptionably serviceable, so deservedly distinguished? There can be no legend of Gorgas: his achievements are matters of record, and the achievements truly represent the man.

The biographers have told their story with great readableness and reality. The rather well-known tale of the conquest of yellow fever, the cleaning-up of Havana, and the sanitation of the

Canal Zone, is told with added details. We learn of the difficulties encountered by a strong, patient, and devoted man struggling against the stupidity or prejudice of those in authority, and of the timely and decisive intervention of Theodore Roosevelt in behalf of the one man who was throughly competent to save the canal project from its most formidable enemy, disease.

It is a fact of dramatic and curious interest that Roosevelt's decision in this matter, and the fate of the Canal, might have been altered by slight circumstances. Puzzled by conflicting representations, the President sought the advice of a close personal friend, Dr. Alexander Lambert, of New York City. "It is not too much to say," write the authors, "that this meeting (between Roosevelt and Lambert), which took place one evening at Oyster Bay, decided the fate of the Panama Canal." The President was troubled. "To disapprove an important recommendation of his new Commission, backed up by the Secretary of War, was naturally embarrassing; on the other hand, to dismiss a man of Gorgas's eminence in his field was to assume a heavy responsibility." Dr. Lambert was fully conscious of the importance of the crisis, and he rose to the occasion. At last the President announced his decision in the characteristic words, "By George, I'll back up Gorgas, and we will see it through."

The biographers have related a significant bit of history and they have portrayed William Crawford Gorgas with great wholeness and frankness. What impresses one when one thinks of the origin of this man, is that such a character as his is nearly as exceptional as genius, and, like genius, is the product of exceptional heredity. The happy combination of high ability and strong character, the originality of mind which without being strikingly creative implies mental mobility and capacity for new ideas together with firmness of judgment and executive ability, are really almost as rare as the mysterious gift of inventiveness. While one may take pride in Gorgas's purely American heredity, one may also reflect that such a plant does not grow in ordinary soil, and may trust that the soil may never be impoverished. Modern civilization more and more demands men of the Gorgas type.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

WILLIAM H. STAYTON,
a native of Delaware, was graduated at Annapolis and George Washington University, served in the Spanish War, practised as an Admiralty lawyer, and is now President and Director of several important commercial corporations. He contributes to the current Symposium as Founder and National Vice-President of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

HENRY SAMUEL PRIEST,
of Missouri, a graduate of Westminster College, was appointed by President Cleveland a United States District Judge, and since retiring from the Bench has been one of the leaders of the Bar.

GEORGE GORDON BATTLE,
a native of North Carolina and an alumnus of the University of that State and of the University of Virginia, has practised law in New York since 1891, including five years' service as Assistant District Attorney.

HENRY BOURNE JOY,
born in Michigan and educated at Phillips Andover and Sheffield Scientific School, served in the Navy in the Spanish War, was for some years President of the Packard Motor Car Company and is now a Director of it and other large corporations. He was formerly a Director of the Federal Reserve Bank at Chicago.

JAMES P. HOLLAND
is President of the New York State Federation of Labor, and is recognized as one of the most authentic exponents of the interests of workingmen.

CHARLES L. DANA, M.D.
is Professor of Nervous Diseases in Cornell Medical College; Consulting Physician to Bellevue Hospital; Neurologist to Montefiore Hospital; Neurologist to the Woman's Hospital; Consulting Physician to the Manhattan State Hospital; ex-President of the American Neurological Association; ex-President of the New York Academy of Medicine; and a leader of the medical profession.

OSCAR TERRY CROSBY,
born in Louisiana and graduated at West Point, has been Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and during the World War was President of the Inter-Ally Council on War Purchases and Finance, and had direct charge of all relief work in Belgium and Northern France. He was an extensive traveler and explorer in Africa and Asia, has been prominently associated with electric lighting, traction and other industries, and is author of *International War — Its Causes and Its Cure*, and other volumes.

Continued on second page following

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JUNE–JULY–AUGUST, 1925

A FORLORN CONTINENT

BY THE EDITOR

As we cast our eyes across the water in search of signs of peace, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that Germany made a grievous blunder when she elected Von Hindenburg President. After having waited five years for opportunity to demonstrate her reconcilability to reason, she selected with true Prussian precision the very moment when France was appearing most perverse to prove herself incorrigible. It seemed incredible, so late as a week before the election, that she would do so and it is difficult even now to realize that she did. But the result stands. Germany deliberately and decisively, though by a relatively small margin, set the clock backward when she might have set it forward, vastly more to her own advantage than to that of all other European countries combined.

Personally, General von Hindenburg, of course, possesses no importance other than that of a symbol. He has not and, to his credit be it said, he has never assumed to have attributes of statesmanship. He is proud and has a certain, though limited, right to be proud that he is a good soldier and a true patriot. That he was loyal to his royal master is not to his discredit; quite the contrary, all fair-minded persons must agree. But, at the age of seventy-seven, he must be inevitably out of touch, and out of sympathy with the spirit which impelled the creation of a republic from the ashes of the most imperialistic state on earth.

The exultation at his election manifested by the former Kaiser

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and the ridiculous Crown Prince may undoubtedly be disregarded, but the baneful influence of Ludendorf and Von Tirpitz, who induced the old man to become a candidate, remains to be reckoned with. It is all very well to say that his actual authority is strictly limited by the constitution and that his power is practically negligible as compared with that of a President of the United States, but the simple fact of his election by the German people surely endows him with a moral dominance which, skilfully exercised, can hardly fail to prevail in the breaking and making of governments. Although chosen primarily as an emblem or allusive figure, therefore, Von Hindenburg becomes a factor of extraordinary power and subject to inscrutable control.

The retention of the old Cabinet headed by Chancellor Luther, probably the most liberal-minded of German statesmen, is reassuring, no doubt, but the concessions promptly made to the resuscitated spirit of the old order by the Chancellor himself are both significant and disquieting. His sharp demand, for example, following his conference with Von Hindenburg, that complete evacuation of the Rhine valley by French and British troops be held an essential preliminary of any peace negotiations whatsoever strikes a new and peremptory note, which is not only obviously impolitic in itself, but can hardly fail to prevent the consummation of the very purpose most ardently desired.

"Reaction within, caution without," authoritatively acclaimed "the policy of the Hindenburg-Luther government," indicates retrogression to a dictatorial attitude which not only revives unpleasing recollections of the past but bodes ill for the future.

Nevertheless, in fairness to the Chancellor, his precise statement should be given.

> During more than three and a half months, [said Dr. Luther], we have waited vainly for a substantial justification of non-evacuation. This justification, though constantly announced to us in the Allied notes, has not yet reached us. The German Government has untiringly repeated in public statements and diplomatic communications that it is absolutely out of the question that reprisals be imposed upon a nation because of a partial non-fulfillment of a treaty while, at the same time, that same nation is deprived of the possibility of explaining itself and of the possibility for objective discussion. We must definitely expect that the Allied Governments no longer will delay in putting an end to this state of affairs.

Needless to remark, that is very sharp talk, much sharper than the diplomatic Chancellor would have essayed a month ago. The admission of "partial non-fulfillment of a treaty" is surprising, but contextually is hardly more than amusing and rather stupid.

Regarding the security compact, Chancellor Luther said:

> In her disarmed state Germany also is justified in demanding security. It is all the more to the interest of Germany to seek protection through treaties against future attacks, since she desires to wage no war, and, as any expert will agree, she is unable to wage war. Our attitude in this matter is so clear and distinct that there cannot be any doubt regarding our aims. It goes without saying that the stand taken by the German Government remains unchanged.

Now, oddly enough, while hesitating to admit that any alleged fact emanating from Berlin "goes without saying," we believe that this is a true statement. Germany does not "want war" any more than we or anybody else wants war. Nor, in our humble opinion, is she any better prepared and that, so far at least as we are concerned, in the phrase of a high municipal lady of our native land to a visiting queen, is "speaking a mouthful". But we are so fully convinced of the accuracy of our judgment that we cannot refrain from expressing the belief that, if the German people were to vote now, in the light of consequences that have ensued, they would not queer themselves so disastrously in what Mr. Thomas Jefferson pronounced "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind".

Why did they do it? Why did they set the clock back to night-like, instead of forward, to daylight saving? Any number of speculations have been advanced, but they are so familiar that they need hardly be recited. The one most interesting to our mind is that the German women, who voted for the first time in large numbers, were impulsed to testify their sense of the necessity of establishing authority in the home no less than in the nation.

If so, the condition is one which strikes at the hearthstones of our own country, for the simple reason that our young people have apparently passed out of the guidance, or at least the control, of their parents—a matter generally recognized as of most serious import to the coming generations of America.

This is not, however, a problem which should be considered

incidentally in relationship to international affairs. Although vital, it remains and must be held to be purely domestic.

What we have in mind is that, as a consequence of the election, the German Government has decided to repudiate the Dawes-Young Plan presently and is paving the way to cease making reparation payments. This surmise seems to be presaged by Dr. Otto von Shliben, the Finance Minister, who declared promptly that the country faced a budget deficit this year of at least 250,000,000 gold marks and that, in 1926, "will come reparation payments of 495,000,000 gold marks, which in 1927 will rise to 675,000,000, in 1928 to 1,230,000,000 and in 1929 and thereafter to 1,540,000,000 gold marks."

> Even under the most favorable circumstances, [he continued], we must count on beginning 1926 with a deficit which it will be hardly possible to cover. Whether it will be possible in 1926 to obtain long-term loans sufficient to cover the least extraordinary expenditures is extremely questionable.

This means, of course, loans from America, and that undoubtedly was the intent of the statement. "Reich Threatens to Default on 1926 Reparations," is the headline of the newspaper dispatches from Berlin, and it seems to be fully warranted.

There is the usual camouflage, of course; we had enough of it years ago to become accustomed to it, and yet we forget so easily. Among our recent visitors to New York, was Mr. Herman Guttman, director of the Dresden bank and "a leading financial figure in Germany," who said pleasantly to the reporters who questioned him when he sailed:

> Regardless of whatever political turn there may be in Germany, relations between American and German bankers will remain the same as they have been with the inauguration of the Dawes Plan. I was highly gratified in being a guest of the New York bankers last Monday, and was pleased to note the calm and undisturbed manner in which they interpreted the election of Von Hindenburg as in no way changing the complexion of international affairs.

All of which was naturally most gratifying to the bankers who had entertained him. As it happened, on the same day, Mr. Charles Edward Russell, an honest and keenly observant American of socialistic tendencies, arrived and spoke also to the reporters.

> Conditions in Europe, [he said], are extremely serious. The election of

Field Marshal von Hindenburg to the Presidency of Germany will, in my opinion, upset all of Europe. There will be no republican form of government in Germany now. His election means a return of a monarchistic form of government. I do not mean by that the return of the Kaiser, but I do feel that the form of government as of Ebert is ended. All Europe is in the shadow of another war and the election of Von Hindenburg is the most colossal disaster since the war. The United States is not getting the truth of conditions in Europe. All talk of universal disarmament will now come to naught.

Mr. Russell, we suspect, spoke the truth in substance. Although we are unable to perceive imminence of war while there continues to be no wherewithal to make it, we do comprehend the "colossal disaster" to which he refers and recall only too vividly the impressive declaration of the sober-minded Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain at Birmingham on April 6, to this effect:

Fear broods over Europe, the fear of war breaking out again, not to-day, not to-morrow, not, as I think, in my time; but unless we can alter the outlook, relieve these fears, and give security in the international sphere, it is brought home to me with every day that I pass at my work that Europe is moving uneasily, slowly, it may be, but certainly to a new catastrophe.

Happily we of America are still in a position of detachment, thanks to our prudence in avoiding political and moral entanglements through the League of Nations, to regard European affairs philosophically. We are at peace with the world; we wish all peoples well; we cherish no resentments. But holding, as we do hold unquestionably at the present juncture, certain peculiar responsibilities to mankind, we clearly should take exceptional care not to be deceived by others or by ourselves.

We may as well, therefore, take cognizance of the indisputable deduction from the German election that for some years to come Europe must continue to exist in a state of armed peace. All idyls of pastoral goodwill and universal trustfulness have faded into mist. Germany is defiant; France has warrant for suspicion and apprehension; Italy, Poland and the Balkan states shiver from nervousness and dread; Great Britain, unstrung by the certainty that her young men would refuse to take up arms for any cause other than actual defense of their island, is virtually helpless; and the United States, like Japan, can only look on.

We wonder whether, if ever before, in time of peace, the plight of Europe was more forlorn than it is today?

AN ANNIVERSARY

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

"I WILL give you," he said, "a subject for an essay: What is the ratio of the progress of civilization?"

It was Whitelaw Reid who spoke, as we were walking about his rose garden at Ophir Farm one afternoon, a quarter of a century ago. We had been discussing the achievements of the nineteenth century, then closing, and he had put forward the proposition that it had been more fruitful of great inventions and discoveries than all the preceding centuries of recorded time. I was inclined to dispute that, whereupon for half an hour we engaged in a matching competition, with the result that he was able to present a Roland for every Oliver of mine, with several to spare. If, then, he asked, that latest century was equal, in achievements, to the sum of all its predecessors, what rule of progress should we formulate? And so he gave me the essay topic which I have cited; but upon which, in a quarter of a century, I have not yet written.

It would indeed puzzle one to determine what had been the ratio of progress during the one hundred and ten years of the publication of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as indicated by the contents of its two hundred and twenty volumes—though that there is or could be a better standard by which to estimate that progress, I shall not concede. Indeed, as I review these opulent tomes, the strongest impression produced is that of the course having come full circle, placing us today for all the world just where we were at the beginning.

Where in the history of the globe is there a more striking analogy than that between 1815 and 1925? Politically, we were then, as now, at the close of the greatest war the world had known, and confronting a new map of much of the civilized world and a new organization of the nations; with the Holy Alliance seeking to dominate the world almost precisely as the League of Nations is

today. We had ourselves just emerged from a war which, as our adversary in it confessed, had made us formidable; as we have now emerged from one which has made us for the first time the great creditor nation of the world. And because of those wars there was formed in that very year of 1815 the first peace society, to be a foretype of the various pacifist organizations of the present time. Industrially, we were then at the beginning of a new era marked with the factory system, superseding the cottage industry; precisely as now we are newly entered into the order of vast combinations of capital and plants. Commercially, we were experimenting with the steamboat and were about to develop the railroad; against which achievements I may place the motor vehicle and the air craft of today. In religious matters it is not amiss to compare the then widening breach between Unitarians and Trinitarians with today's controversy between Modernists and Fundamentalists.

If we regard the state of the world of letters, the analogy is no less suggestive. Then, as it is now, literature was in a transition stage. The intellectual splendor of the time of Queen Anne and the first Georges had passed into history, and the glory of the Victorian age and its analogue in America had not yet dawned; precisely as now that glory has vanished and its successor is still behind the veil of the future.

I might recall, too, that when this REVIEW was born, Decatur was fighting those Barbary States which are still among the troublers of the world; that legal authorization was just being secured for the construction of that Erie Canal which, after its unrivalled career of usefulness, some are even now seeking legal authorization to abandon and destroy; that the first cotton mills had not yet been built in Massachusetts, while now those establishments after a hundred years of prosperity are being menaced by rivals in the South; that not a city was yet lighted by gas, while today scarcely one is dependent upon that now antiquated system; that Handel's *Messiah* and Haydn's *Creation* had not yet been heard in America, though today they are only occasionally tolerated as venerable relics; that Bryant's *Thanatopsis* had not been written, but Lydia Huntley Sigourney's *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse* held the centre of the *belles lettres* stage; and that

Dietrich Knickerbocker's *History of New York* was still among the best selling novelties in the book trade.

It was at such a time that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW came into being, with the field of important periodical literature almost to itself. There had been numerous reviews and magazines in the eighteenth century, but nearly all had vanished, with some in the early years of the nineteenth century. There was an *American Review of History and Politics* which lasted only from 1811 to 1813. *The General Repository and Review* began and ended in the one year 1812. Joseph Dennie's *Portfolio* was opened in 1802 and closed forever in 1827; and *Niles's Weekly Register*, that mine of wealth to the historian, endured from 1811 to 1848. Most pretentious of all was *The Analectic Magazine*, of Irving, Paulding, and Wilson the ornithologist, from 1813 to 1830. N. P. Willis's *Mirror* did not appear until 1823; Charles Fenno Hoffman's immensely clever *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1833; *Harper's* in 1850, and the first incomparable *Putnam's Monthly* in 1853.

In Scotland, Jeffrey, Brougham and Sidney Smith had founded *The Edinburgh Review* in 1802; though Smith withheld his sneering demand "Who reads an American book?" until after THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW had been started, so that Alexander H. Everett had an opportunity to make an effective reply to him in its pages. In London, too, Gifford and Lockhart had begun *The Quarterly Review* in 1809. But these were the only such periodicals existing in 1815. Jeremy Bentham's disciples did not start *The Westminster Review* until 1824, while *The Fortnightly*, *The Contemporary*, *The Nineteenth Century* and all the rest belong to much later dates. Even Blackwood's venerable *Maga* did not appear until 1817, *Chambers's Journal* in 1832, and *The Cornhill Magazine*, which has the air of being one of the oldest of them all, in 1860. *The Spectator* dates from 1828, and *The Saturday Review* from 1855. *Sharp's Magazine* may have antedated this REVIEW; but despite its brilliancy it perished and is so forgotten that I think even *The Encyclopædia Britannica* fails to mention it; though the persistent disciples of Joanna Southcott, who have just been reviving interest in her prophecies and seals, should cherish its memory. Finally, I may recall that

in France the great *Revue des deux mondes* was founded by Ségur-Dupeyron in 1829, and reëstablished by François Buloz in 1831.

I have recalled all these dates, at risk of dulness, to make clear the title of this REVIEW to the deanship of periodical literature in America. But let us regard briefly the outstanding achievements of human progress, at whatever ratio, which have marked these eleven decades, and concerning which THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW may truly say

quæque ipse . . . . . vidi
et quorum pars magna fui.

How well entitled it is to make that latter boast may be realized when we remember that from the first it has concerned itself with the whole range of substantial human interests. In that respect it has always differed radically from *The London Quarterly Review* and other periodicals which literally justified their name by printing absolutely nothing on any subject save reviews of books, new and old. As I write there lies before me an old volume of *The Quarterly*, taken at random from my library shelves. The first article, of more than a dozen pages, is on *Labourers' Homes*, and it is a review of no fewer than twenty-three separate books, tabulated at its beginning, and covering a period of nineteen years in their dates of publication. Another, of twenty-three pages, is on *Fox-Hunting*, reviewing two books; and a third, on *Deaconesses*, deals with eight books, one of which was no less than a hundred and eighty-two years old. William Tudor, Jr., and his successors assuredly never thought of making THE NORTH AMERICAN a Review of that character. It has, indeed, always made authoritative reviews of important current books a leading feature, but it has also given much space to similarly authoritative treatment of other topics, outside of printed volumes—in diplomacy and politics, in civics and sociology, in science and invention, in travel and exploration, in music and drama and art. To paraphrase *Heautontimoroumenos*, it has ever been a humane Review, and it has reckoned nothing that concerned humanity alien to it.

And transcendent beyond all temperate expression have been the matters with which it has dealt during what we must

unhesitatingly reckon—according to my friend's proposition—the most eventful century of human annals. It would be a vain and inadequate thing to say merely that in the span of this REVIEW'S existence this nation has increased its population at the average rate of a million a year, though that is a tremendous fact. But within that same span the world has seen the origin and development of electrical science, including the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the electric motor, Roentgen rays, and the ineffable marvels of radiography. It has seen the rise of modern analytic and synthetic chemistry, including the incomparable blessing of anæsthesia in surgery; and of biology and bacteriology, with the concomitant conquest of disease through antisepsis and serum therapy. This era has comprised the development of evolutionary philosophy and cosmogony; and of Egyptian, Assyrian and Mayan archæology. It has seen the blank spaces on the world's map filled up, in both the Equatorial and the Polar zones; and the stupendous expanses of the stellar universe explored to an extent and to an effect as far beyond the visions of Galileo as his visions were beyond the superstitions of his persecutors. It has seen the steamship developed further beyond Fulton's *Clermont* than the latter was beyond Henry Hudson's *Half Moon*. It has seen the entire history of the railroad, from that quaint little "Puffing Billy" locomotive which has just been shipped hither as a curiosity and which was built in its completed form in the very year of this REVIEW'S birth. Of course the modern submarine, the automobile and the various types of air craft all belong to the later years of that era. Nor must we forget the entire science of photography, with its many ramifications in science and art; the phonograph, with its power of preserving in perpetuity the actual tones of men's voices; and the revolutionizing of almost every department and detail of "the art preservative of arts".

Yet there is more. Let us think for a moment of the creation and development of our entire system of public instruction; of the transformation in character of hospitals, asylums and penal institutions; of the advance made from the time—since this REVIEW was founded—when in the United States it was lawful for a man to flog his wife, provided he used a stick no thicker than

his thickest finger, and flogged her no harder nor longer than it was customary to flog a dog or a horse! Think of the reforms wrought through the prevention of cruelty to children, and to animals. Practically the whole of social science has been invented within these hundred and ten years.

Or if we turn to another phase of progress, there were the mewing of America's mighty youth, and its Monrovian defiance to the reactionary oppression of the Old World; the extension of our territorial domain to continent-spanning and then to globe-encircling proportions; the half century's strife of a nation divided against itself, half slave and half free, ended with a colossal Civil War, and then followed by an era of expansion and development such as had not been dreamed of before; our world-commanding leadership in the substitution of law for force and of arbitration or adjudication for war in international affairs; and the noble fulfilment of the ideal of the Father of His Country, that we should administer to the needs of other nations without implicating ourselves in their disputes or wars. Nor yet shall we incur the reproach of Randolph of Roanoke, that

> Beyond Virginia's border-line
> His patriotism perished,

by limiting the interest of this REVIEW to our own country and its direct relations. Named NORTH AMERICAN, it has never failed to realize that North America is an integral continent of the world, and that nothing, even to the antipodes, is beyond the legitimate compass of our regard. Therefore in its pages throughout two hundred and twenty volumes, the wars, the achievements, and all the forward marchings of all the nations, have found a sympathetic record, inspired by the impartial rule,

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

I am not, however, writing a history of the world, but merely attempting to suggest how that history has been set down and interpreted in the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, by a company of chroniclers and commentators concerning whom—*ex pede Herculem:* Edward Everett writing on the Senatorial duel between Daniel Webster and Robert Y. Hayne; or William Ewart

Gladstone writing on *Kin Beyond Sea;* or Ralph Waldo Emerson contributing his immortal essay on *Character.* No fugitive periodical literature, that, but "words graven with an iron pen and lead in a rock forever". I have said that book reviews have always been a conspicuous feature of these pages. In the second number, a hundred and ten years ago, Scott's *The Lord of the Isles* was thus introduced to the American public, and in the next number his *Guy Mannering* was elaborately reviewed. In a later volume, by striking contrast, appeared the first critical consideration of Webster's *Dictionary of the English Language*—one of the most vigorously discussed and debated books of the time, as well as one of the "best sellers". Later still, John Lothrop Motley reviewed the *Comédie Humaine* of Honoré de Balzac, and James Russell Lowell reviewed Disraeli's *Tancred.*

Neither am I compiling a *Who Was Who in Letters.* Yet names the most illustrious in two worlds throng to the gates of memory like homing doves. France has her Forty Immortals; but what a Forty could be recruited from the roll of THE NORTH AMERICAN'S contributors!

Henry Adams; Charles Francis Adams, Jr.; George Bancroft; James Bryce; William Cullen Bryant; Caleb Cushing; George Ticknor Curtis; George William Curtis; Lord Curzon; Richard Henry Dana; Ralph Waldo Emerson; Alexander H. Everett; Edward Everett; John Fiske; William Ewart Gladstone; E. L. Godkin; Asa Gray; Oliver Wendell Holmes; Samuel G. Howe; William Dean Howells; Thomas Hughes; Robert G. Ingersoll; Washington Irving; Henry Cabot Lodge; Henry W. Longfellow; James Russell Lowell; A. T. Mahan; Cardinal Manning; John Lothrop Motley; Simon Newcomb; Charles Eliot Norton; Laurence Oliphant; John G. Palfrey; A. P. Peabody; William H. Prescott; Goldwin Smith; Harriet Beecher Stowe; Charles Sumner; George Ticknor; Francis Wayland; Daniel Webster; E. P. Whipple.

There! I have written forty-two names, and I do not know which two to omit, to reduce the list to the Immortal number. It would be easier to add thirty-eight more, and thus make a duplicate Academy. For these are all named from contributors now dead and gone, and they are only a few. I doubt not that

many of my readers will be able to match each of them with another equally worthy. And for prudential reasons of the most obvious kind I have refrained from mentioning a single living contributor, though they are scarcely less numerous and no less distinguished than the dead.

I shall not pretend that this last decade has been equal to the sum of the ten which were before it. But I do make these propositions: That these last ten years have seen both in the domestic affairs of this country and in the general international affairs of the world, as momentous issues as any that were in the hundred years before; that these have been in them as great triumphs of scientific invention and discovery; and that the contents of this REVIEW have been as opulent and as authoritative as ever before in all that former century.

So then I come back to the theme propounded in the rose garden: What is the ratio of the progress of civilization? And I find myself answering it, in what I may perhaps be permitted to call an essay at the essay which was then demanded of me, but which I have neglected for all these twenty-five years. It is not Arithmetical Progression, but something—at times—far more expeditious. It is not Geometrical Progression, for it is not uniform. No; it is a ratio of progress that is constant in an infinite variety, never twice alike yet always the same, at once superficial and esoteric; moving simultaneously in length, in breadth, in thickness, and in that other direction which all have felt and yet which not even Pythagoras or Euclid could divine or define—the Progression of the Fourth Dimension.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

FIVE YEARS OF PROHIBITION AND ITS RESULTS

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *marks its One Hundred and Tenth Anniversary with what it believes to be a public service second in value to no other in all its career. This is the presentation of a National Symposium of authoritative surveys and opinions of the Five Years of National Prohibition which have just been completed, their results, and the need, if any, of further administrative, legislative or judicial action upon the subject.*

It has been the aim of the Editors to fulfil the ancient motto of this REVIEW *by giving to both sides of this highly controversial matter equal representation, in space and in the authority of the contributors. In the present issue appear articles on all important phases of the subject from representative writers on the side of those who regard National Prohibition as an error, an injustice and a failure. In the succeeding issue will appear corresponding articles from the contrary side, of those who regard National Prohibition as wise, just and successful.*

The present writers will be recognized by all as eminently appropriate and authentic exponents of the subjects in hand. The second group of writers, in the September number of this REVIEW, *will receive equal recognition, and will comprise the following:*

WAYNE B. WHEELER, *General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League.*

JAMES J. BRITT, *Head of the Legal Division of the Prohibition Bureau, Washington.*

GIFFORD PINCHOT, *Governor of Pennsylvania.*

R. J. HOPKINS, *Judge of the Supreme Court of Kansas.*

R. H. SCOTT, *of the Reo Motor Company, Lansing, Mich.*

JOHN J. COOPER, *Representative in Congress and Member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.*

MRS. CORNELIA J. CANNON, *Essayist and Publicist, Cambridge, Mass.*

Dr. HOWARD J. KELLY, *of Johns Hopkins University.*

The Rev. WALTER A. MORGAN, *Chairman of the Law Enforcement Commission of the Congregational Churches of the United States.*

Professor THOMAS N. CARVER, *of Harvard University.*

HORACE D. TAFT, *Head Master of The Taft School, Watertown, Conn.*

HAVE WE PROHIBITION OR ONLY PROHIBITION LAWS?

BY WILLIAM H. STAYTON
National Vice President, Association Against the Prohibition Amendment

A FEW Americans recently became enthusiastic over the discovery of "Prohibition laws", which they considered new, but which had, in fact, been plaguing the world for ages. Since Eden, man has not been perfect. His time has been largely spent in making restrictive laws; and then in flouting them. All of us know that terrible evils flow from the abuse of alcohol; all wish to lessen those evils; all believe that in *some* way it can be done.

But how?

And this question brings us to the age-long controversy as to whether—in dealing with vices, as opposed to crimes—we more effectively reach the hearts and minds of men by persuasion or by force and punishment. The United States has adopted the latter method in an effort to banish intoxicating beverages from our country and our lives. How far are we succeeding? How does the quantity of intoxicants now used compare with the pre-Volstead quantity? Though a specific answer dealing with gallons or barrels is difficult, there is much available evidence, both direct and circumstantial, justifying a verdict. We have evidence, first, as to the making of intoxicants in this country; second, as to the smuggling of foreign beverages; and third, as to the consequences, the actual consumption, as to drunkenness.

First, as to the production of intoxicating beverages in the United States.

(a) Great quantities of raw alcohol are made, under governmental supervision, for industrial uses. The Prohibition Enforcement Unit has officially estimated that about six million gallons of this (which would make sixty million "quart" bottles of whiskey) are diverted to illegal beverage purposes. Perhaps the diverted amount is more than six million gallons. The

quantity of industrial alcohol allocated to the making of "barbers' specialties" was about one million gallons in 1914 and is now 7,756,764. Why the increase?

(b) Admittedly, large quantities of pre-Volstead whiskey stored in Government warehouses are being surreptitiously withdrawn for illegal sale. Some of the principal Federal enforcement officials in Ohio are under indictment, charged with conspiracy thus to empty the Hayner distillery. The Hon. T. Henry Walnut, ex-Assistant United States Attorney, referring to the stock of old whiskey, says:

> It was stolen in small quantities and in truckloads. It was passed out on forged permits and on permits fraudulently issued. . . . I have seen four (fraudulent) permits issued at one time releasing ten thousand cases. . . . The permits so issued by the Pennsylvania office in a period of 60 days, called for seven hundred thousand gallons of whiskey and alcohol. The corruption fund arising from these papers must have run close to four million dollars.

Much warehouse whiskey is distributed on forged prescriptions. The Federal Prohibition Director in New York, Mr. Canfield, is quoted as having recently estimated that five hundred thousand of such forged prescriptions were afloat in New York.

(c) Where there are active distilleries, there will be strong drink. Where there are more distilleries, there will be more drink. When the Prohibition laws went into effect, there were 34 distilleries in the United States employing 1,380 men (See *Anti-Saloon Year Book*, 1925, page 13). Since then the Federal Government alone had seized 40,675 distilleries up to June, 1924. Probably the States, forty-five of which have enforcement laws of their own, have seized as many more. These figures do not include mere stills, which are separately discussed. By a "distillery", the Government means a place where an illegal alcoholic beverage is commercially made for sale. Doubtless, many of these seized distilleries were smaller than those of former days; but surely 40,675 of them operated by 81,350 men (two to each distillery) would make a greater quantity than would the 34 operated by 1,380 workers.

(d). But beside these distilleries there are stills, and auxiliary hootch-making devices. The Enforcement Unit itself reports that in 1921 it seized 10,991 stills; that it has seized an even

greater number each succeeding year, and that the total seized by it in four years has been fifty-one thousand eight hundred thirty-eight (51,838). It is doubtful if more than one still in ten has been seized. But how much hootch will 51,838 stills make?

Then there are "worms" and "fermenters". Of the former, 31,108 are officially reported as having been seized in the last four years, along with 400,775 fermenters. If we assume that two men can run a distillery and one a still, and if we omit the 431,885 worms and fermenters entirely, then those employed on the seized apparatus have numbered 133,188 as against only 1,380 employed in the industry when it was legal.

(e) One may well ask what evidence there is as to the volume of output of illicit liquors manufactured. The Government can give statistics for only that part which is seized and reported. As to the remainder, it knows nothing. The seizures from the date when the Volstead Act went into effect up to June 30, 1924, less than four and a half years, aggregate 44,584,879 gallons. The output seems to be steadily increasing, as the quantities seized have become larger every year. Thus, in the first half year the quantity captured was only 153,735 gallons; the next full year it rose to 5,805,295 gallons, and last year reached 15,786,570 gallons. These figures include wine, beer, etc.

An analysis of the Government's figures enables us to calculate with a fair degree of accuracy the yearly output of hard liquor (alcohol) or "distilled spirits." Obviously the illicit distilleries do not keep their product on hand to age it. They dispose of it as fast as they make it. Rarely is there more than one or two day's product on hand. But let us assume that the amount captured represents one week's product from each distillery. Then the annual output of the 1924 captures equals the huge quantity of 173,965,272 gallons of 100 proof whiskey, or considerably more than the total quantity consumed in the United States in any pre-Volstead year.

These figures represent, as before, seizures by Federal officers. In view of the fact that in those forty-five States having enforcement acts the number of police officers charged with the duty of seizing liquor is more than one hundred and twenty times the

total number of Federal Prohibition agents, it seems conservative to estimate that the State seizures are as great as the Federal captures. But in the figures used in this article we exclude State seizures.

Second, as to the quantity smuggled into the United States.

Let us first consider the operations of the "Rum Fleet" along the Atlantic Coast. On Good Friday of this year, Coast Guard officials announced that fifty ships were counted at anchor in rum row. The Attorney-General reports that the authorities last year listed 332 vessels engaged in this trade, 307 of which fly the British flag.

How much liquor do they bring in?

The ordinary freighter running between our Atlantic Coast and Europe will make six voyages a year. To be ultra-conservative, let us assume that these rum ships make only two voyages a year. A vessel big enough to engage in this trade and stand its boisterous weather will carry at least 500 tons of net liquor on each voyage, or 1,000 tons a year. The press agent reports given out when a vessel is seized, generally mention much larger quantities and deal lightly with million dollar cargoes.

A thousand tons of liquor means roughly 250,000 gallons for each ship a year. Three hundred ships would bring in 75,000,000 gallons annually, or very nearly the quantity of hard liquor the Nation consumed before Volsteadism.

The additional quantities coming over the Canadian and Mexican borders must be considerable. It was announced by the British authorities in April of this year, that the whiskey exports to the West Indies and Canada now amount to fifty per cent. of the exports to all countries.

Third, to summarize the evidence as to hard liquors.

Confining our consideration to beverages 100 per cent. proof, the foregoing evidence points to an annual consumption (in gallons) as follows:

Stolen from Industrial Alcohol allotments	12,000,000
Output of Illicit Distilleries	173,965,272
Smuggled	75,000,000
Aggregate	260,965,272

That is, the annual consumption of hard liquor is twice as great as before the Volstead era.

Fourth, as to drunkenness.

Hard liquor tends to produce drunkenness. If we now consume more hard liquor than before, we may expect more arrests for drunkenness. On the other hand, if the Prohibition laws have actually prohibited, if we consume less hard liquor than formerly, the arrests should fall off.

What are the facts?

To avoid diatribes as to the fallacies of statistics, let us take those figures, and only those figures, given by the Anti-Saloon League in its *Year Books*. The League selects its own statistical territory. For that territory, it gave the complete figures up to 1922 inclusive. Then it seemed to become discouraged. The year 1920 was part pre-Volstead and part post-Volstead, and so cannot helpfully be included in analyses. For the year 1919, the last entire pre-Volstead year, the arrests for intoxication in the League's chosen territory were 178,519. In 1921, the first entire Volstead year, the intoxication arrests in the same territory had already risen to 202,038. The next year they reached 275,573, or more than fifty per cent. above the pre-Volstead figures.

This chosen territory of the League's had, at the 1920 census, a population of 20,468,330, or something less than one-fifth of our total population. If we multiply the League's figures by five, so as to make them applicable to the entire country, we have this result:

APPROXIMATE ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS

1919, last pre-Volstead year	892,595
1921, first Volstead year	1,010,190
1922, second " "	1,377,865

This enormous increase in drunkenness in so short a time is high corroborative evidence of the increased consumption of hard liquor. The League maintains the theory that crimes of all sorts are largely due to drunkenness, and consequently increase as intoxication increases. So, the *Year Book* gives for the chosen statistical territory the "arrests for all causes". If, as before, we multiply the figures by five, so as to have them cover the entire United States we have this result:

ARRESTS FOR ALL CAUSES

1919, the last pre-Volstead year	4,600,860
1921, the first Volstead year	5,557,310
1922, the second " "	6,339,260

These figures of the Anti-Saloon League are supported by official figures, Federal, State and Municipal, and establish the fact that (1) arrests for intoxication and (2) arrests for all causes have greatly increased since the passage of the National Prohibition law.

To what are such increases due?

We believe them to be due to the greater consumption of hard liquor hereinbefore shown to exist. But if contrary to the prima facie proofs advanced, less hard liquor is now consumed, then it follows that when we have less liquor we have more crime, and the Prohibition hypothesis is worse off than before.

WILLIAM H. STAYTON.

PROHIBITION AND RESPECT FOR LAW

BY HENRY SAMUEL PRIEST

Former United States District Judge

THE question which will remain paramount in the United States until it is decided in accordance with the American principles of our supreme law is that of the relations of the Eighteenth Amendment and all acts intended to enforce it to the Constitution of the United States, to the American system of government, State and Federal, to the inherent, natural rights of every American, and finally to our peace, prosperity and progress. When Salmon P. Chase was making his way to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States, it was through a definition of principle. It justified him when it was said he was opposing the Constitution as defined by the Supreme Court. We may get the definition in exact terms from Chase himself, from Theodore Parker, from William H. Seward,

or from any one of a hundred others who by virtue of it emerged from obscurity into immortality during the nineteenth century and the eighteenth. It is simply that supreme law must be supremely reasonable, and hence cannot contradict itself.

In a speech in Boston in 1850, Parker defined the "American idea . . . a Democracy, that is a government of all people, for all the people, by all the people." As this reappears, paraphrased in Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, Parker's conclusion from it had been accepted by Seward and Chase; that on any issue, when the supreme reason of the Constitution was contradicted by any clause in it, loyalty to the Constitution demanded, not passive obedience to orders, rulings and decisions, but appeal for rehearing to all the people as the sole supreme judges of the supreme reason of law.

If this is not a sound conclusion, how else are we to have a lawful and reasonable government by all the people?

As the appeal to all the people is now in progress, they are to decide for or against reason as the first principle of supreme law, and of enforcement for law in America.

It is said that after a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States already given, there is nothing left except passive obedience. This claim contradicts every precedent of American history and every principle of American law. It is so wholly unreasonable that its acceptance would make forever impossible a government "of all the people, for all the people, by all the people" as the final arbiters of the supreme reason, which they accept as the supreme law of their self control and self government. From their servants, the appeal lies to them. They will decide whether or not the Eighteenth Amendment denies them self control and self government. In so far as this is found to be its purpose, it opposes the whole Constitution as a guarantee of their right of self government, and under all precedents of American history, they may be expected to decide that it is a violation of right and reason.

The issues for debate are of American principle: the principles of local self government for the progress of a vast country under varying conditions; of personal reason and conscience, the right of dissent and the right to differ; of civil and religious liberty and

personal initiative, and finally of minimizing compulsion as a government method, that we may have the greatest possible prosperity through the freest possible coöperation of all the people, in every part of the country with every other.

Government without principle is anarchy, and it increases anarchy through the multiplication of its statutes. This lack of principle was fully illustrated in the enactment of the Prohibition Amendment during the war period. We may pass over the question of fact—the question of whether the Amendment could have been forced except by the support of a militant oligarchy, say of less than a thousand men, greatly enriched by extraordinary profits on the war. In any event, such an enactment at such a time was as unprincipled as it was ungenerous, since war is practically a suspension of all principles of civil government.

These being outstanding facts of history, they help to explain an obtrusive fact of existing conditions. An increasing number of Americans who submit to the compulsion of the law, will take no part whatever in enforcing such compulsions against others. They add to self control, the self government which the purpose of the compulsion is to deny them and to force them to take part in denying others.

These sentiments are not begotten of a love for drunkenness, but of a love of liberty. This feeling of inhospitality to the law has been keenly sensed by its promoters. To sustain them they have discovered a new dogma as old and despised as that of sumptuary legislation. It is the doctrine of "passive obedience". Whatever is the law, it must be obeyed and revered. It is the old Tory postulate of the divine right and impeccability of kings and lawmakers. Our fathers mutinied against the laws of England of which they were subjects. Washington in precept and example led the fight. Daniel Webster said:

> The Fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. . . . It was against the recital of an Act of Parliament rather than against any suffering under its enactions that they took arms. They went to war against a preamble; they fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water in a contest in opposition to an assertion which the less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as a barren phraseology or mere parade of words.

The sponsors of this dogma of absolutism forget the strenuous incidents in our history when it was directly challenged. They forget the Alien and Sedition Laws, the Embargo Act, the Fugitive Slave Law and the Enforcement Acts. We still hear the voice of Wendell Phillips ring out the sentence, "The best use of good laws is to teach us how to trample bad laws under our feet." The doctrine of passive obedience is a bruised and maimed heretic in a land of dignified freemen. We are free to criticise and intelligent enough to debate the wisdom of any law, and if faulty by the measure of reason, to repeal it or let it pass into oblivion.

In our long years of expansion and prosperity we have forgotten the principles of government by reason of which we have grown great. The currents and cross currents of propaganda and belief that our Government is a convenient power to be used in the ordinary social relations, is a conception abhorrent to the political philosopher. Illuminated by the experience of the past, the brutality and oppression of governments of divers forms, and the struggles of mankind for relief from oppression, the sages of our country planted its foundation upon axiomatic and just natural principles. They said: "All men . . . are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that amongst these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men. . . . That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it."

The function of government thus rightly conceived and lucidly stated has to do only with natural rights, so as to preserve them. It has nothing to do with moral, religious or speculative abstractions. It has to prevent one from invading the rights of another and to give redress for any such transgressions. When this is done and the government provides a mechanism and means for self sustenance, it has discharged all of its rightful and just functions.

The invasion of any one of these natural rights constitutes a crime, and so appeals to the intuition of every person. These are crimes *malum in se*, that is, inherently and essentially evil. There is another class of crimes in the nature of necessary governmental regulations that are not inherently immoral, called

conventional crimes, or *malum prohibitum*, such as tax laws and those that have to do with procedure. No law is justly bottomed that disregards the infraction of one's natural rights and does not concern his public duty. Such a law is an edict that neither deserves nor has the respect of intelligent and liberty-loving people.

It is the lack of clear perception of the function of government that is responsible for the horde of regulations that oppress our nation. We have hundreds of thousands of laws that should have no place upon the statute books and that come to be disregarded as a matter of course and merely stimulate a disregard of all law of whatever character. The Eighteenth Amendment and its enforcing Act are a conspicuous type of such frivolous enactments. They are of a purely sumptuary character. They enforce no duty and protect no rights. They are wholly legislative. The Constitutional provision announces no fundamental principle of government. It is an effort to regulate the morals of the country; to make that immoral and criminal which is neither immoral nor criminal *per se*. The evil consists in the excessive use of intoxicants, not in their moderate use. It is a substitution of the force that makes for slavery instead of an appeal to the conscience and intelligence of the individual. When the law fails to discriminate in its sanctions, it sets an example of want of discrimination in the people. Men do not draw a clear line of demarcation between what the law prohibits and those acts that are evil in themselves, and hence the evasion of the law becomes a study of strategy to escape detection. If a thoughtless person observes one selling or buying intoxicants in disregard of law, he argues with an uninformed mind that there is no wrong in violating the law against theft or robbery if he can escape detection. The causes of crime are a profound subject for the exposition of criminologists. Some attribute it to a lack of education or compulsory education; some to economic conditions; some to class distinctions in wealth; some to the miseries of poverty; and others to the facilities for escaping detection and punishment. The most fruitful cause in the past has been the thoughtless enactment of laws like these that bear no intrinsic value either in the political or moral world.

This increase of unprincipled enactment, directed against the

rights of person, inevitably reacts against rights of property. "Give every man his due" was long ago defined as the "rule of reason" in all enactment. But with it we have its limitation: "So use your own as not to injure another's." When wealth accumulated beyond all bounds of reason is used politically to abrogate personal rights, we have what John Ruskin defined as the rule of the "bag-baron" superseding the "crag-baron" in Europe. In America, during the same period, President Cleveland called it "the commune of capital", as dangerous to lawful government as the commune of poverty.

Against the threat of unreason from above or below, we may confidently look for safety to the principles of American constitutional government—to government for all the people, regardless of all insanities, whether of unprincipled wealth or crude fanaticism. Seldom if ever in the history of any people has the worst threat of demoralization come from the bottom. Historically the worst disaster from unreason has come originally from those who feel entitled to dominate in virtue of their own feeling of superiority. It is reasonable in those who are most acutely attacked by this feeling, whether they imagine it a right of superior means, virtue or intellect, to check it in themselves as it always threatens them with its logic of reaction. When they do so, we shall have no difficulty in reaching a satisfactory and peaceable decision of every vital question of American principle, including this, which is certainly vital.

HENRY SAMUEL PRIEST.

THE EFFECT OF PROHIBITION UPON CRIME

BY GEORGE GORDON BATTLE

IT is rare that statistics throw much light upon a controversial subject. In the first place, the statistics bearing upon any disputed question of fact always become themselves a matter for discussion and controversy. And even if it is possible in such case (and it is not often possible) to establish or agree upon

authentic and correct figures, then inferences from these statistics furnish a new subject for debate. This is particularly true in the hot struggle that is waged around the vexed question of Prohibition. No advocate of Prohibition will admit for a moment that any statistics which seem to throw discredit upon his favorite legislation, can be by any possibility authentic. By the same token the opponents of the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act will always protest against any figures which would seem to indicate that the effect of these measures has been beneficial. And even if the drys and the wets could agree upon any body of statistics as being correct, it is certain that they would still violently disagree as to the conclusions and inferences which might properly be drawn from this material.

Furthermore, our national Prohibition legislation has not yet been in effect for a length of time sufficient to permit the accumulation of an adequate volume of statistics to justify any general conclusions. In the years immediately following the enactment of the Volstead Law, and, indeed, up to the present time, the whole system of Prohibition has been and is in a preliminary and tentative stage of growth and evolution. The Nation has not yet become used to the idea of general and complete Prohibition. Consequently, the years during which this system has been in force do not constitute a normal period; and any statistics based on these years would not justify the establishment of any permanent rule or proposition. It is necessary, therefore, in my opinion, in considering the relation between Prohibition and crime to disregard for the most part all the so-called statistics bearing on the subject; and to study only the general conditions which underlie the whole situation. Following these lines, we can attempt to determine in what respect Prohibition has added to and in what particulars it has subtracted from the previous volume of crime.

In the first place, Prohibition has undoubtedly added to the crimes of our country a large and formidable category of offenses either directly or indirectly caused or occasioned by the enactment and enforcement of the Prohibition measures. The Volstead Act denounces almost every violation of its provisions as a crime. Indeed, there is a specific enactment in Section 29 of the

statute to the effect that any person who violates any of the provisions of the act for which offense a special penalty is not prescribed is guilty of a crime. Under this Federal statute, therefore, and under the laws which in many of the States have been passed in aid of the Federal legislation, there have come into existence a vast number of statutory crimes hitherto unknown to the law. Throughout the country, our Federal courts, and in many instances our State courts, are clogged by these prosecutions. It will be recalled that in the State of New York, when the Mullan-Gage Act was in effect, our State courts were filled with these cases; and the United States District Courts are still largely engrossed in the prosecution of these offenses. It is an offense to possess intoxicating liquor, to transport it, to sell it, to give it away, and indeed, to deal with it in any way. It is interesting to note that within this catalogue of new crimes, intoxication, that ancient offense of which mankind has been guilty since the days of Noah, does not find a place. A citizen of West Virginia was called before a grand jury upon an investigation to determine whether the Volstead Act had been violated, and in the course of his testimony denied that he had been intoxicated during the period between January 16, 1920, and August 30, 1921. For this statement he was subsequently indicted and convicted of perjury. On appeal to the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, the Court admitted that the defendant had been intoxicated during that period, saying delicately: "It may be conceded that the testimony warranted the jury in finding this denial untruthful." But the conviction was reversed upon the ground that "intoxication is not an offense under the Prohibition Act or any other law of the United States" (*Clayton vs. United States;* 284 Fed. Rep. 537–41). Inasmuch as intoxication is not a Federal crime, the defendant's testimony that he had not been intoxicated although untruthful was not material and therefore could not be the subject of perjury. And so, although the intoxication that follows the violation of the prohibited act is not in itself a criminal offense, nevertheless the possession of the liquor which is the means of intoxication, its sale or transportation, its gift, and almost any other act in connection with the prohibited beverage, is a crime. And in addition to these offenses which relate to the manufacture, to

the sale, to the transportation, to the possession, to the importation, and the exportation of intoxicating liquors, there are innumerable regulations as to the keeping of records by those who manufacture and deal in intoxicating liquors for medicinal or sacramental or other legal purposes. Almost every violation of these procedural rules is a separate crime. The bootlegger and the rum-runner have become conspicuous figures in our national life. The assistance of the chancelleries and of the legislatures of foreign nations as well as of our own have been called into requisition to enforce this legislation. Treaties have been enacted, statutes have been passed, departmental regulations innumerable have been promulgated, all to the end that traffic in intoxicating liquors should cease.

But even more important than the acts proclaimed as crimes by this legislation are the incidental offenses which have sprung into being in connection with the efforts to enforce and to evade the law. Perjury and corruption are common in the courts where it is sought to enforce these statutes. Too often the suborner, the jury-fixer and the corruptionist find a fertile field for their activities in these tribunals. Recently a United States Commissioner of wide experience in the enforcement of the Volstead Act in New York City resigned his office and stated in his letter of resignation that when he entered upon his official duties he found the Federal court house the cleanest building in the city and that at the time of his resignation it was the foulest. Undoubtedly, this presents one of the most serious aspects of this subject. No one can deny that the attempt to enforce these laws has brought widespread corruption into the ranks of the Federal service. Hitherto there had been little or no corruption in this service. For example, the Post Office inspectors, who constantly prosecute the gigantic frauds that seek to use our mails, have been, and indeed they still are, men of the most undoubted integrity and beyond any suspicion of wrongdoing, although constantly subjected to very great temptation. And in the great majority of the branches of the Federal service the same condition existed. However, the widespread venality that has permeated the Prohibition service must sooner or later affect the other governmental departments. Corruption is like a cancer

that constantly grows and spreads. Up to the present time the appointments in the Prohibition branch have been political spoils, with the result that many of the appointees have been of the most unworthy character. It would afford a great measure of relief if most of these appointments were placed under the Civil Service rules. Then, in addition to the crimes which are created by the law itself and those which have arisen incidentally in the enforcement of the law, there has been probably an increase in the use of narcotics, and therefore a greater volume of crime in connection with that unlawful traffic. While it is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to tell with any degree of definiteness how far the narcotic crimes have been increased in number by Prohibition, it is reasonable to believe that many confirmed drunkards will turn to the use of drugs when they find liquor too difficult or too expensive for them to procure.

It must be conceded therefore by even the most ardent Prohibitionist that with the enactment and enforcement of these laws there has come a very great increase in the number of crimes. Has there been a corresponding or a proportionate decrease in the number of other crimes? It is probably impossible to prove with any reasonable certainty what has been the diminution of crime due to Prohibition. It has in my opinion undoubtedly diminished the number of petty crimes of disorder. There are by no means so many cases in which the culprit is charged with being drunk and disorderly. The barroom brawls and fights, so often ending in the police courts, are far less in number. These offenses, of course, are not of the first importance. There is, however, another category of crimes over which I believe Prohibition must have had a decided effect. The great weight of the evidence seems to show that Prohibition has decreased poverty, that it has improved the financial condition of the poor. In that class of crimes, therefore, such as larceny and fraud, which are so largely instigated by poverty, I am convinced that the influence of Prohibition must have been to diminish the number of such offenses. Then, too, in so far as Prohibition has reduced drunkenness it must have promoted peace and order. Consequently, in addition to the reduction in number of the minor crimes of disorder, to which reference has been made, undoubtedly Prohibition so far as

it has diminished intoxication has proved a benefit in the cause of public order. The removal of the corner saloons in the cities and of the cross roads bar rooms in the country, so frequently centers of vice and crime, has undoubtedly been for the good of public morality and has tended greatly to reduce the amount of crime. It may be argued that the resorts of the bootleggers are sources of evil influence, and doubtless they are: but they do not compare in number with the saloons and bar rooms that formerly infested our cities and our countrysides. Few even of those most bitterly opposed to Prohibition contend for the return of the saloon. Almost every one admits that it was a great evil from which Prohibition has most fortunately relieved us.

From these considerations it is apparent that there has been a very real, positive and substantial increase in crime because of the enactment of these sumptuary laws. On the other hand, without doubt there has been a great diminution of crime through the beneficial results of the same laws. As to this decrease of crime, however, it is impossible to ascertain the facts so definitely as in the case of the offenses occasioned by the prohibitory statutes. And there is the general betterment of conditions due to less drunkenness, which undoubtedly exists wherever the Prohibition laws have been effective, and to the extent of such effectiveness. These elements are necessarily vague and impossible of exact ascertainment. The most, therefore, that can be said is that Prohibition has certainly added many crimes to our already overcrowded calendar. On the other hand, it has subtracted many offenses, but the amount of this latter tendency is very difficult of ascertainment.

In considering the general question, there are two thoughts which should be borne always in mind. In the first place, as indicated above, we are passing through a period of probation so far as the effect of these laws are concerned. We are in a state of trial and uncertainty. In many of the States, notably in Kansas, the Prohibition statutes were evaded and violated for some years, but eventually became fairly effective. There is little doubt that in this country, with the passage of time, our people will become accustomed to these laws, will grow less restive under their operation, and will be more obedient to their mandates. In the second

place, there is now a very large class of men who have been addicted to steady drinking habits. These men feel bitterly the deprivation which the Prohibition laws have brought upon them. They resent this interference. The later generation will not have formed these habits except in a few instances. Consequently, they will not feel so keen an indignation at the operation of the laws as the generation which preceded it. This will be a decided factor in favor of the effectiveness of these measures.

Much has been said and written concerning the general contempt of law which will follow from the disregard of the Prohibition statutes. My own view on this subject has changed of late. I believe that the Prohibition laws are regarded as in a class by themselves. Very few of our people feel any obligation to observe these laws. But I do not observe that this habitual violation of the Prohibition statutes carries with it any general contempt of law. I believe that the great majority of men and women pay no attention to these statutes; but are as obedient as formerly to other laws. And in conclusion, I repeat that the most dangerous feature of the present situation is to my mind the official corruption which now forms such a scandal in the enforcement of these laws. If steps can be taken to cleanse the service of this evil, in my opinion, the principal menace of Prohibition will cease to threaten us.

As to the general policy and wisdom of these laws, I have expressed no opinion. It is an immense and a doubtful subject. There are very substantial arguments and considerations on either side of the question. There can be, however, no doubt that it is the duty of every good citizen to observe these laws, and so far as possible, to give them a fair opportunity. If after a reasonable trial for a number of years the enforcement of this governmental policy continues to produce lawlessness and corruption, then the people may well consider whether there should not be at least a modification of the rigor of the present system.

GEORGE GORDON BATTLE.

PROHIBITION AGAINST HUMAN NATURE

BY HENRY BOURNE JOY

It would be startling perhaps to many of our good but blind American citizens to advocate the cause of temperance and common sense in America, where alcoholic beverages are prohibited. Yet that is just the object of this article.

When Mr. Lloyd George spent some time in this country a few months ago he was asked what he thought of Prohibition. He replied that he had never been in a country where Prohibition existed. Mr. Lloyd George did not mean to say that America did not have adequate laws and hundreds of thousands of police and Prohibition officers to make our beloved country bone dry. He simply inferred that Prohibition did not exist as a practical fact.

In the recent hearing before the committee of Congress in which elaborate statements by the leading Prohibition enforcement officers and some of the leading Prohibitionists proved that their work was effective, that this country was practically bone dry and that they were earning their money, the tendency was to leave the impression upon those studying the details of that hearing that Prohibition was effective, that crime had decreased by half or thereabouts, that the jails were being closed and actually being sold—and it was so stated.

On the other hand, the average intelligent American citizen who goes about his business at home and abroad with his eyes open and his intelligence doing business, is confronted constantly with a contrary picture, that America's remarkable murder list continues its high rate per thousand of population, and that the various major crimes adhere well to their average level of years past per thousand of population.

We seem to be confronted with the cold fact that those presenting the Prohibition enforcement side of the case present their side of the argument and their supporting facts for that argument as they see the picture, but the other side of the picture, the actual, practical side of Prohibition as it affects all the people, is not presented at all. This is but a natural condition. None of us like to speak out and incur the attacks of fanatical

zealots pressing for an impractical bone dry Prohibition condition. It is but natural that people should desire to take the easiest course and attend to their own affairs. However to very many who voted for Prohibition, as I did, it appears that America must open its eyes and recognize that human nature cannot be changed by legal enactment.

The great vast bulk of the people of America are not bone dry Prohibitionists; neither are they rabid wets and drunks and sots; the great average mass of the people of the United States, it seems but fair to assume, are people favoring the best interests of the greatest number of people in America, regardless of the views of extremists at either end. Temperance is a cause that all the people in America, except the extremists, are cordially in favor of.

Very many people who were righteously enraged at the conditions existing in the old saloon days, after trying to curb those evil liquor conditions then existing, voted for the Eighteenth Amendment, believing that the practical interpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment would be a resulting beneficial temperance to all the people. However, the Prohibition pendulum swung so far at that time, pushed so vigorously by the fanatical zealots, who were supported by common sense people seeking a practical temperance, that the Volstead Act was passed in the great wave of anti-saloon prejudice, making any beverage containing alcohol content contrary to the law.

Then America settled down to a period of seeking to enforce the bone dry law. Even those who felt that it had gone too far said: "Well, let's try it, we may be wrong; let's give Prohibition a fair chance."

Five years have rolled by, and many think that Prohibition has had its chance. Many have come to think and believe that after the most diligent effort for five years by the Government of the United States of America to enforce bone dry Prohibition upon our people, it has totally failed. Vast appropriations have been made by the National Government and by the State Governments to no avail. In Michigan one of the leading State officials recently said that the more money we appropriate and the more people we employ to enforce Prohibition, the more freely is liquor available.

Wherever we go in this broad land alcoholic beverages are available to those who inquire and seek them. These alcoholic beverages consist chiefly of imported "hard" liquor in the original package, smuggled into the country across our three thousand mile long Canadian border line, across our fifteen hundred mile Mexican border, or landed on our upwards of ten thousand miles of coast line. These alcoholic beverages also consist of every conceivable distilled product made by people in every corner of the country for their own consumption and that of their friends, and also for sale. Light wines and beers are not available at all. The people buy hard liquor in which they can get the most alcohol for the least cost. The conditions among the youth of the country generally, and especially observable in university cities, are severely criticized by some of the leading educators of our country.

The almost countless millions of dollars which have been appropriated and spent in five years to accomplish the enforcement of bone dry Prohibition have failed in that accomplishment. Not only has this country failed, as naturally must be the case, to make itself bone dry at the vast cost of the appropriations for the dry armies and dry navies, but also it has been foregoing during that period a revenue which it might readily have in its national treasury of approximately five hundred millions of dollars *per annum*, excise tax, and an amount of money approximating that sum has been going to the purveyors of alcoholic beverages, whom some people call bootleggers and others call merchant princes.

The bone dry Prohibitionists still zealously advocate more appropriations for larger dry armies and larger dry navies and more laws of still further inquisitorial search and arrest, when not only are our jails and prisons largely full of victims of bad liquor and of those arrested for purveying such liquor, but also are our United States Courts choked with Prohibition cases to so great an extent that normal industrial, commercial and personal important business and litigation of our people is largely at a standstill. Our Courts are consigning to jail to associate with thugs, murderers, burglars and every sort of villain a large number of decent young men who have taken a chance of making easy money by purveying liquor across the borders. Men have always taken such risks for easy money and men always will take such risks for easy

money. They are not cheating our customs nor defrauding the Government of revenue, because there is no duty on the goods imported. They take the risk for the easy money. Again human nature prevails.

Have the American people lost their balance wheel of common sense so that they can no longer understand human nature? We might as well legislate against the natural functions of existence as to seek to continue on our present path towards a complete disrespect for our laws and for the natural rights of a free people.

It was once stated that this country could not survive half slave and half free. It is perfectly safe to state today that this country cannot survive with half of its people trying to put the other half of its population in the penitentiaries of our country for following the natural dictates of human instincts.

There must be some leaders big enough and brave enough to stand out and save this country from the disastrous disregard of our Constitution and of our laws, which laws as they pertain to Prohibition and which Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution are absolutely contrary to human nature.

HENRY BOURNE JOY.

THE WORKINGMAN'S VIEW OF PROHIBITION

BY JAMES P. HOLLAND

President of the New York State Federation of Labor

To write an article dealing with the effects of Prohibition from the standpoint of the workingman seems to be quite a futile undertaking. Prohibition has reached the point where it must be dealt with from the standpoint of the American citizen, without particular regard to any class of our citizenry.

The workingman, as an American citizen, still clings to the idea that the American theory of government, even if not perfect, is yet by far the best ever devised by the sons of man. The workingman still holds that the American people are capable of self government, not only politically, but also individually and morally.

The workingman needs no sumptuary laws for his political or moral salvation. He holds that sumptuary laws of any kind have no place in the American theory of government.

And further, the workingman is aware that sumptuary laws—such as the Prohibition Amendment—are generally enacted for *his* particular benefit, and to help *him* to lead a "moral" life, to *protect* him from this, that and the other thing. He resents this patriarchial attitude of the lessees of all goodness and morality, such as the Anti-Saloon League, and demands the liberty to shape his own standards of life, now and hereafter. He rejects the inferiority complex which is foisted upon him by "benevolent" employers with the aid of professional reformers.

If there is any one body especially competent to define the general attitude of the workingman towards Prohibition, then it is the conventions of the American Federation of Labor. Beginning with the convention at Atlantic City, the American Federation of Labor has gone on record as opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment, and advocating the modification of the Volstead Law. The Executive Council and the President of the American Federation of Labor have been instructed to work in this direction. Representation has been made to the President of the United States and to the Congress for relief from the drastic provisions of the Amendment and the Volstead Law.

No normal-minded man will seriously deny the curse and evil of intemperance—not only in drinking, but in many other habits. The virtue of temperance in all things needs no particular elucidation. But five years of National Prohibition give us the proof that the ideal of temperance cannot be achieved through coercion, assumption, fanaticism or governmental tyranny. In fact, through all phases of its development, from Local Option to Nation-wide Prohibition, it has proved an absolute and dismal failure. In no case have such laws ever gained voluntary obedience, and never has it been possible to enforce obedience.

The Prohibition Amendment is an unreasonable and unnatural law. There is no use at all in discussing the question, whether or not it can be enforced. It cannot. Obedience to any and all laws is not at all such a great virtue as some people try to make believe. In fact, all that is good in governmental theory and

practice throughout the world is due to disobedience of unreasonable, unnatural and consequently tyrannic laws. The Fathers of our own Republic, who made the original Constitution, knew that sumptuary laws are against Nature. That is the reason why they kept the power to make such laws out of the original Constitution by an overwhelming vote.

Being against the laws of Nature, the maintenance of the Prohibition Amendment and its enforcement act, the Volstead Law, is a physical impossibility. Force creates force. The more force you use against another, resisting force, the more resisting force you create. You create very little steam in the teakettle on the stove with the lid and spout open. But solder both of them tight and soon the explosion will wreck your stove and rock your house.

Just as long as God hangs out the sun and the moon and guides them through the ether, there will be stored in every fruit, in every cereal, in every root, in every flower growing on earth, from the heavenly grape to the humble potato or dandelion, some sunshine and moonshine, in some form or an other. And when the last man walks on the cooling crust of earth, he will use all his wits to get at that stored sunshine in the last fruit growing. Man has done that in all ages and stages of civilization, from Adam and Eve in Paradise up to the present day. The natural appetites of man can be limited and controlled by necessity, by taxation, and by police power; they can be guided by education and advertising; but they cannot be prohibited by legislation.

As an American citizen the workingman has another just as strenuous objection to the Prohibition Amendment. The workingman insists upon remaining a *citizen* of the United States of America, and refuses to become a *subject* of the Government, without his specific consent.

The Prohibition Amendment was not ordained and established by a power competent to do so. The entire constitutional history of the United States from 1776 to 1917, the Declaration of Independence, the United States Constitution itself, and the Bill of Rights, absolutely deny the assumption that the State Legislatures can constitutionally ratify any amendment to the American Constitution, if such an amendment interferes in the slightest degree

with the rights and powers of the people and infringes upon the guaranteed liberties of the individual citizen.

This fact was well known to the Constitution makers, and this knowledge was the means of obtaining the ratification of the Constitution through the Conventions of the People themselves in the then existing States. The Constitution would have never been adopted by the Convention of any State, if the slightest doubt in that regard had existed.

Article I of the Constitution enumerates the powers granted to the Government over the People themselves. All other powers over the natural rights of the individuals remain with the people, making their will in such matters absolute. This Article I operates on the American People themselves, and no syllable of it can be constitutionally changed, altered, added to or deleted, excepting by the People themselves in conventions assembled.

This power is reserved to the people, all-sufficiently by implication in the Constitution itself, but also expressly by declaration in the Ninth and Tenth Amendments. The exercise of this power is reserved in Article V of the Constitution to the Conventions of the People, assembled in their respective States.

The State Legislatures are by no means "the States". A State Legislature is the agent of the citizens of its State, but it is by no stretch of imagination the agent of the citizens of the United States of America. But, when the Prohibition Amendment was proposed, Congress, driven by greed of power and by the whip of the Anti-Saloon League, forgot all about the natural rights and the exclusive power of the People of America.

The assumption that Article V of the Constitution is a grant of power to the Congress to augment its enumerated powers by simply excluding the Conventions of the People from the ratification of any and all amendments, is simply ludicrous. Even more ridiculous is the other assumption, that Article V is a grant of power to State Legislatures from the People of the United States, who made the Constitution, to act as their agents in ratifying Constitutional Amendments encroaching upon the natural rights of man, and upon the constitutionally guaranteed rights and powers of the American citizen.

The American citizen, not only the "workingman", with his

proverbial good nature and patience, awaits his day in court. Just as soon as the Prohibition Amendment will be correctly and determinedly challenged before the Supreme Court of the United States as to its constitutionality, it will go out of the Constitution. There is no question in my mind, that the Supreme Court will preserve the rights and powers of the People of the United States, if given a fair chance to do so.

I refrain from surveying what has happened in the United States since the adoption of the Prohibition Amendment and the enactment of the Volstead Law. That is really public history. Denying the possibility of complete Prohibition enforcement, the observer feels that ever since enforcement began, the United States entered a vicious and destructive circle. First enforcement and defiance of enforcement. Then stronger enforcement and stronger defiance. In fact, it seems that defiance always keep a little ahead of the next step in more rigid enforcement. Prohibition enforcement in the United States during the last five years is a practical illustration of Government by force, of the philosophic saying: "It is the curse of an evil deed that it continuously breeds evil!"

JAMES P. HOLLAND.

NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASES AND THE VOLSTEAD LAW

BY CHARLES L. DANA, M. D.
Of Cornell University Medical College

WHAT I am writing is neither a plea for, nor an attack upon, Prohibition. I wish only to give my experience with and study of nervous and mental diseases as I found them before and since the Volstead Act. My opportunities in connection with Bellevue Hospital, the Neurological Hospital, and various clinics, have extended over three decades.

Many years ago Dr. George M. Beard, the original describer of "nervous exhaustion," and the first to note the facts of American nervousness, stated that no legislation was advisable or needed, in

America, for the prohibition of alcohol as a beverage. The temperament of the American race, he said, was an over-sensitive one, and citizens would gradually find that alcohol was not a wise thing for them to use except in a most temperate way; that its use as a beverage would gradually grow less as our civilization progressed. This prophecy had already begun to come true before the Prohibition Amendment. The drinking of alcohol was steadily decreasing, and it is very likely that if the matter had been left alone we would now be using much less alcohol than is actually being consumed for beverage purposes today.

Taking up my special topic, let me call attention to the facts concerning the effect of the Volstead Law upon mental and nervous diseases. A study of the statistics of insanity in New York State, as furnished by the annual volumes of the State Hospital Commission, shows that insanity in this State has not been advantageously affected since the year 1917. If anything, there has been an increase in mental disease since that date. Thus the rate of admission to State hospitals for the insane, from 1909 to 1915, averaged about 475; while in the years 1917 to 1923, it averaged 496. That is, in the first period, the rate of insane to 100,000 population ranged from 65 to 70; and since the time of prohibition it has ranged from 69 to 71.

Much has been said about the decrease in alcoholic insanity as a result of this Volstead Law, and there has no doubt been a decrease. This, however, is not nearly as important as the further fact, which statistics now show, namely, that the serious, organic, and degenerative insanities which are incurable, are increasing in proportion to the total number of the insane. Alcoholic insanity is a relatively mild and minor type of mental disorder, and a large percentage of the cases are curable. Note the fact, however, that one of the constitutional and very serious insanities known as "manic depression" in 1909 and 1910 made up only about 10 per cent. of the total number of the insane: since Prohibition (1921 and 1922), the percentage has risen to 14 and 15 per cent. Another serious form of insanity, chronic and incurable, is known as "dementia præcox." In the years 1910, 1911 and 1912, the percentage of cases of dementia præcox to the total number of insane ranged about 16 per cent. In the year 1921 and

1922 it had risen to 26 and 29 per cent. In other words, instead of making up about one-eighth of the insanities, as it had before the Volstead Act, it now makes up, in New York State, over one-fourth of all the insanities.

With regard to the nervous diseases themselves, statistics are not available. We know that in a general way a serious nervous disease like epilepsy is just as prevalent as it ever was. The functional conditions known as the "psycho-neuroses," in my experience, have increased to a very great extent. Of course, this was due at first to the War; but the War has been finished for six years. Yet the subject of the psycho-neuroses—which is the technical name for nervous prostration, hysteria, and obsessive mental conditions—is attracting vastly more attention than it has done before. The literature upon these themes has quadrupled in amount over that which was listed before the Volstead Law.

I do not attribute this increase specifically to the absence of alcohol; but I think it is due in part to the irregular and unwise methods in which alcohol is now taken. People of nervous temperament who want alcohol, when they get it, drink too much and drink it too fast. Our experience in the psychiatric wards at Bellevue Hospital shows this to be the case. In former days, if a laboring man were inclined to drink alcohol to excess, he would drink it in moderate amounts at first, and then gradually increase them until at the end of about two weeks he was thoroughly drunk, and had to be taken to the hospital. At the present time, the patients who come into the wards are evidently the victims of short, violent debauches.

On the whole, the evidence rather favors the view that there is a relative increase in the defective and neurotic classes. This fact, if it is such, is quite in accord with the views of Professor Stockard, of Cornell Medical College, to the effect that the use of alcohol favors the elimination of the unfit, and promotes the improvement of the stock; and that elimination of alcohol is injurious to the race. As a matter of fact, the ability on the part of man to use alcohol temperately and wisely is the sign of good stock; the inability to use it even moderately is evidence of a constitutional instability.

The facts regarding admission of patients to the Psychiatric

Department at Bellevue Hospital are important and interesting as showing the effect of the Volstead Law upon this particular community. All cases of insanity, mental defect, and alcoholism needing hospital care by the city—in Manhattan and the Bronx —are received in this department. I was at one time visiting physician to these wards, and made some studies in alcoholism as the results of my experience. I am now only a consultant, but the Director, Dr. Gregory, has kindly kept me informed of its work. Ten years ago we used to receive about 7,000 cases of alcoholism annually, and 2,000 or 3,000 mental cases. In 1918–1919 the alcoholism fell off to 2,000 or 3,000; but it has now increased to 6,000 or 7,000,—i. e., to about the same number as before the Volstead Act,—while the nervous and mental cases have increased until this department of Bellevue now receives a total of 14,000 cases a year instead of 9,000 in ante-Volstead years.

This increase is not due to increase of population. It may be interpreted as indicating that the Volstead Act does no good in New York, or that it is not enforced here. As a matter of fact, I am assured that the city is full—is literally honeycombed—with places where alcohol is sold as a beverage. The much-advertised "padlocking" gives some notoriety to the padlocking lawyers, but has no real beneficial effect on the community represented by the proletariat. It may even be questioned whether the closing of saloons has not done more harm than good in this city. All experience shows that the methods of State control of the sale of alcohol, such perhaps as exist in Quebec, or Sweden, are infinitely better than the stupid and ineffective Volstead Law. This opinion is not in conflict with the theory of Prohibition. We are solemnly told that "the law ought to be obeyed", and that the best way to get rid of a bad law is to obey it. This kind of Apostolic admonition makes good Sunday editorial; but it carries no conviction. The law forbidding one to play ball on Sunday, or to carry a bottle of wine to a sick friend, makes a very different kind of appeal from that law which forbids one to steal, or assault, or murder. I suppose that all over the country men and women of the finest moral type are breaking the Volstead Law with a feeling of satisfaction rather than reproach; for sumptuary law is not in the class with moral laws.

As my theme is alcohol in its relation to disease, I may say in conclusion that the majority of physicians regard alcohol medically as a therapeutic necessity. This means that the doctor who prescribes it wisely is a better doctor than the one who does not, and is of greater service to the community. This particular use of alcohol applies especially to those who have reached or passed middle life. "Wine is milk for the aged," said the celebrated author of a treatise on Longevity.

That such views are sustained by physicians of wide experience is shown by an open letter addressed to the Medical Profession of the United States and signed by Dr. Samuel A. Brown, Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, Dr. Robert A. Hatcher, Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, Dr. Harlow Brooks, Dr. George B. Wallace, Dr. Walter B. James, Dr. Warren Coleman, and the present writer. The open letter, published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, June 4, 1921, is as follows:

The purpose of this letter is to bring to the attention of the physicians of the country the significance of recent and pending legislation affecting their liberty in the selection of remedies. While the restrictions of the Volstead Act form the basis of the letter, we wish distinctly to disclaim any intention of initiating among physicians a propaganda for or against Prohibition. In fact, from the present point of view, it is immaterial whether a physician does or does not believe in Prohibition. The point at issue is the right of the physician to select his remedies and to decide what doses of these remedies each patient requires.

The Volstead Act denies this right. While recognizing the medicinal value of alcohol, it says to the physician, "Thou shalt not give more than a pint of whiskey (or brandy) to any patient within ten days." Further than this, recent interviews given by persons interested in promoting similar legislation contain the threat to prohibit altogether the medicinal use of alcohol. While there is difference of opinion among the physicians of the country with respect to the therapeutic value of alcohol, the number of those having faith in it is sufficiently large to receive attention.

The medical restrictions of the Volstead Act constitute an indictment of the integrity of the whole profession, in that it is assumed that many of its members, unless restrained by law will pander for gain to the people's desire for drink.

Under the provisions of the Volstead Act physicians who believe in the therapeutic use of alcohol are debarred from the practice of their profession with respect to patients who, in their opinion, require more than one pint of whiskey (or brandy) within ten days, since the statute states, "Any person

violating the provisions of any permit . . . or violates any of the provisions of the law shall be fined for the first offense. . . . If a permittee is guilty of willfully violating the law . . . permit will be revoked and will not be reissued to such person within one year thereafter." We have been told, however, at the office of the Prohibition Director in New York City that he (Director) may, in his discretion, permit physicians to continue to treat patients who require alcohol.

Another provision of the Volstead Act reads that "Physicians may not prescribe liquor for their own personal use and pharmacists should refuse to fill any such prescription presented to them." In other words a physician who is ill and needs alcohol is prevented by law from obtaining it unless a fellow practitioner with a permit to prescribe it is near by.

In some sections of the country, especially in rural districts, it is impossible for physicians to prescribe alcohol, though they may have licenses, because local conditions prevent druggists from carrying it in stock.

Further, it should be pointed out that the Volstead Act contains the most drastic legislation affecting the medical profession yet enacted. A physician becomes a criminal by the mere fact of writing a prescription for more than a pint of whiskey for one patient within ten days and so far as the revocation of his permit is concerned is denied his constitutional right of trial by jury. The law states that "After a permit has been revoked by the Commissioner the permittee may have a review of the decision before a court of equity. During the pendency of such action such permit may be temporarily revoked."

The precedent established by the Volstead Act in restricting medical practice should, if physicians value their therapeutic liberty, be met with a protest which will command attention. To-day it is alcohol, to-morrow it may be any remedy which falls under the ban.

We would suggest that the physicians of the country write to their Senators and Representatives in Congress in terms which leave no doubt with respect to their attitude concerning the regulation of therapeutic procedure by statute.

I would like to add, with reference to the foregoing, my opinion that we all are strongly in favor of wise regulation of the use of alcohol.

CHARLES L. DANA.

THE ENFORCEMENT OF PROHIBITION

BY OSCAR TERRY CROSBY

LET us assume that the power of government is to be exercised in restraining the conduct of individuals when such conduct becomes injurious to others. With such a definition, the police powers of any government might reasonably be directed to a prevention, by various means, of actual intoxication. But the definition would not include the restraint now exercised against the vast majority of the population of the United States in respect to the use of alcoholic beverages. Because a large number of citizens believe that this restraint is one not properly exercised by government, we now are witnessing a very general revolt against the law in question. State Governments had by no means exhausted preventive and punitive measures directed against *drunkenness*, when the whole power of the United States was turned against *drinking*, or rather against the *commercial traffic in intoxicating beverages*.

It is to be remembered that the Eighteenth Amendment does not prohibit the drinking of intoxicating liquors. Why this tenderness on the subject by those who put the Eighteenth Amendment into our Constitution, is not clear. The result is, that the courts will be burdened in interpreting nearly every word of that Amendment. All of the significant words are those usually connected with commercial transactions. They are "manufacture", "transportation", "exportation", "importation", "sale". And the word "intoxicating" must yet be defined. Even the word "beverage" is not innocent. It would have been simpler to prohibit, once for all, the drinking of the intoxicating beverages save under medical or religious direction.

There would be little point in exhibiting the imperfections of the Amendment as it stands, were it not that drinking, which is not prohibited in terms, becomes difficult, though not impossible, under the Congressional interpretation given to the Amendment, and that a vast system of law-breaking is set up in order to do that which, in itself, remains free from legal prohibition.

There is also a certain exasperation in the minds of those who oppose such sumptuary legislation, because of the peculiarly unwise form in which it appears. A subject concerning which it was thought all men would agree in calling it one of *experimental* legislation, has been placed in our fundamental law, modification of which is extraordinarily difficult under our system. The whole subject-matter is removed as far as possible from the laboratory of political experiment, and placed where Moses endeavored to place the Decalogue.

This statement would be challenged by many, both of wets and drys, who hold that it is competent for Congress to fix, at its discretion, any alcoholic content dividing intoxicating from non-intoxicating beverages, and thus experiment with the very spirit of the Amendment. In support of this position, words of the Supreme Court in the case of *The State of Rhode Island vs. The Attorney General, et al.*, are cited. Yet will any of these hold that the Court meant to declare that Congress could make of our forty per cent. whiskey a legally innocent beverage? Surely if the case were squarely presented to the Court, it would hesitate to decide that Congress could thus effectually repeal a Constitutional provision. Surely the Court will eventually check such juggling with words, and hold that the Eighteenth Amendment prohibits the traffic in beverages that are *in fact intoxicating*. And if this position be reached, it does not seem doubtful that what we commonly call light wines must be held as intoxicants. They have been condemned and celebrated as such throughout the ages. If, therefore, Congress should eventually yield to what is apparently an ever-growing demand for such legislation, the victory thus gained would probably be turned into defeat. That would certainly be the result, if the nine silk robed gentlemen, sitting under the dome of the Capitol, should apply to this case the common rule of giving to statutory language the common meanings of words appearing therein, unless technical definitions are plainly required.

I know many men, who account themselves good citizens, and who declare that, by reason of a supposed practical impossibility of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, they will now hold themselves, in their consciences, as freed from an intemperate, tyran-

nical, evil-doing legislative act. In this attitude they follow another good citizen, the great Emerson, who, with an emphatic "By God!" declined to recognize moral responsibility for obedience to the Fugitive Slave Laws. These citizens contemplate a practical defiance, general throughout the land, of an enactment which endeavors to make them, in respect to a harmless and pleasurable habit (as they view it), slaves of fanatical law.

The fate of the Fifteenth Amendment is cited by such persons as indicative of the fate which awaits the Eighteenth Amendment. In this prediction they may be right; but if so we are to be involved in a more widespread, more insidious, more insistent, more intimate degradation of the law than has resulted from the experiment established by the Fifteenth Amendment. Those who have set that Amendment at naught, have believed that in no other way could they save vast populations from a tragedy of the first magnitude. They have been able to cover their evasions by forms of law. And the resort to these forms is only occasional. The sense of law-breaking, if it exists, is not felt by them in their daily lives. There is an acceptance of the situation created by these forms, to such extent that probably the vast majority of young men and women growing up in the South do not believe that they are participating in a violation of the Constitution. Those who do so understand the matter, understand also that they are engaged in a sad, a very serious, a possibly tragic drama. And they may cherish the hope that in the future, observance, not evasion, will be found practicable.

Now the fundamental belief upon which the evasions of the Fifteenth Amendment are founded, may be erroneous. I am only now concerned to point out that, in case of the Eighteenth Amendment, its evasions enter into the daily life of people, not in one section only of our country, but throughout its length and breadth; evasions practiced by old and young of both sexes.

These evasions result in the sudden affluence of thousands of men otherwise not competent to earn more than the wages of the unskilled. They familiarize the industrious poor with the discouraging fact that higher rewards are obtainable by illegal bootlegging than by the most assiduous and honest efforts in their various callings.

Thousands of officials throughout the land are being corrupted because they are undertaking the execution of laws which are not approved by vast numbers of citizens who, in respect to other laws, stand for leading and light. And we can scarcely cherish the hope that, if present laws remain on the statute book, these bad conditions can be bettered.

The lure of the gin cocktail as forbidden fruit seems to have largely increased the number of young people of both sexes who turn to intoxicants in their social gatherings. I am not as pessimistic as many others concerning excessive drunkenness that may result from these habits. The practical objections to drunkenness will be discovered, doubtless, by these young experimenters, even as they were discovered when intoxicants could be legally had. Our strenuous modern lives forbid excess to those who would succeed.

It is probable that the number of those now drinking injuriously is about what it was before Prohibition days. I have asked a great many people at what figures they would place that number, expressed as a percentage. I believe the average of answers to these many inquiries is something like one per cent. There have always been thousands of total abstainers and there have always been many more thousands of moderate drinkers. Presumably the present rigid laws were enacted to prevent one man in a hundred from drinking to such excess as would make of him a nuisance and a danger to others. *It seems safe to say that if Government had exercised but a small fraction of the tyranny now employed for the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicating beverages, it could have dealt with the small fraction of drunkards among us with equal success, as far as their elimination is concerned, and without producing the evil results now familiar to us.*

Every man is a potential thief, but we are not prevented from coming in contact with the property of others, we are not arrested or otherwise punished, until we actually have committed the offense of stealing, or are charged under oath with the crime.

May we not ask that as potential drunkards, we shall be similarly treated? May we not claim that it is best for all, that all should be left some freedom, even of doing slight injury to one's self, if we but restrain our propensities to do evil to others? May

we not ask that our neighbors should not concern themselves with how we spend our money, so long as we do not spend it in ways injurious to them? And when I say "we", let me include all classes of citizens. I, for one, shall take no part in the absurdly snobbish attitude of many people of my acquaintance, who excuse the Eighteenth Amendment in all its tyranny, because it presumably imposes upon the so-called "working classes" particular methods of spending their money. Heaven help us! Let us have done with what may be indeed a sincere form of meddlesome-Mattie activity, but what often seems to be a mere affectation of superiority. I, therefore, am in favor of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, leaving the subsequent treatment of intoxicating beverages to State legislation. My own radical views as to the wisdom of *laissez faire* policies will probably not be adopted in any State. But at least experimentation by different communities will be possible. From that, I hope corruption of the liquor administration will be less, and law-breaking will cease to be fashionable.

OSCAR TERRY CROSBY.

THE PARADISE OF THE OSTRICH

BY SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH
President, Carnegie Institute

FINDING myself seated one night at dinner beside a United States Judge who possesses one of the greatest judicial minds that our country has produced in this generation, I asked him what he thought of Prohibition. "Regardless of what your feelings may be concerning the use of liquor," he replied, "the American people made the greatest mistake in the world when they inserted the statute itself in the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The Amendment should have given Congress the power to legislate for it, or against it, or to prohibit it, in accordance from time to time with the changing views of the people. But now that they have got the statute itself in there, it will be difficult to get it out, and in the mean time—", and his

deep-seated eyes, sparkling with humor, fastened themselves upon a man across the table who was at that moment raising a glass of wine to his lips, "—in the mean time—there you are!"

And that, indeed, is just where we are! Moved by the deep emotions of the war, we have indolently permitted a well-organized and enormously financed body composed of zealots, fanatics and bigots, together with their paid orators and professional agitators, the whole of them clearly less than five per cent of the potential vote of the country, to insert a Draconian statute in the great charter of our liberties, while on every hand the man opposite is raising a glass of liquor to his lips. And there you are! We have thrown away the precious fruit of a true temperance for the hollow shell of a false abstinence. Year by year we were approaching nearer and nearer to a very practical system of temperance through the development of character. Then came this vindictive edict that no man should use wine at any time, and straightway—chaos is come again!

We forget, in this mad endeavor to control the conduct of men whose thoughts or habits differ from our own, that nations cannot be made virtuous or abstinent by acts of Parliament. If laws could constrain human actions there would not today be any vice or crime or immorality in the world, yet there never was a moment when there is so much vice and crime and immorality as there is today, and in the attempt to make society virtuous by further legislative enactments we are slowly but surely destroying those liberties in striving for which our nation had its birth. I have before me now an invitation to join the National Morality League, boasting a large membership from every State in the Union, whose purpose is to follow up Prohibition with a complete stoppage of tobacco, public boxing, public dancing, and Sunday recreation, establish a restrictive censorship of the theatre, moving pictures and books, and effect the outlawing of all games for prizes, including bridge. An agent of that society—a gray-bearded minister, of a grim and earnest mien—who called to ask for a contribution, informed me that they had already secured initiatory legislation in seventeen States and hoped soon to have it in final form in all of them. He told me that only that day it had been decided that he was to devote the whole of his time

to the suppression of tobacco by new laws, for which he was to receive a salary of $10,000 a year.

We are living in an age which is softening the brains of our people. Yet we do not want a soft age. It is softness that makes bandits and crime. Is it not humiliating to the soul to know that in a great nation like ours no man can take a purchased mug of beer, a drink of whiskey, or a glass of champagne without violating the fundamental law of the land? An American statesman who has more than once held high position told me recently that after having made a careful survey of the history of the world he had come to the conclusion that the only nations that had contributed anything of permanent value to the progress of civilization were those whose men drank whiskey and wore suspenders, and now that we in America had been forced to give up whiskey and are wearing belts our decay is a foregone conclusion. These meddling reformers and their paid agents and attorneys are taking away the things which, when well-used, are blessings to men, and when ill-used, teach men the dangers and penalties of life. Oliver Cromwell put the case for all of us when the Puritans begged him to close the public houses of England. "It is not well," answered the great Protector, "that nine men should go thirsty because the tenth man drinks too much."

We have the teaching of the Lord himself that wine is necessary to good health and the proper enjoyment of life. He drank freely of those fine wines of Palestine and He rather plaintively mentions the fact that they called Him a winebibber. We must not forget that His first miracle was turning water into wine at the wedding feast, nor that the Bible gives us the startling declaration that the wine that He made was better than that which the guests had already used. And Paul exhorted his ascetic young friend, Timothy, to give up water and drink wine for his infirmities.

A year ago we took my sister to the hospital with an attack of influenza which was paralyzing the heart. Dr. Robert McClelland said to the nurse, "You must give her a tablespoonful of whiskey at once, or she will die, and after that the same dose with each recurring attack." The nurse said she would do so, but added that "the whiskey we have here would kill a horse."

I told them I had some whiskey at home that would not kill a horse, and in a few minutes I came back with it, not realizing until afterwards that in thus saving my sister's life I had made myself liable to fine and imprisonment and the confiscation of my car. A prominent Frenchman who was to have visited us at the Carnegie Institute came a month late, and explained that upon leaving the steamer at New York his wife had developed such a severe influenza that he took her to the hospital, and there the doctor ordered port wine to keep up her strength. Not being able to find any port wine on sale in that city, our friend took his wife to Bermuda, where he could get wine, and kept her there until she recovered. Congress, having ordained the denaturing of alcohol, and then, with a sort of hoodlum instinct, decreeing that as denatured it must be defiled with dirt, has made it impossible for the devoted nurses of the sick to give their patients the alcohol baths which from the time of Æsculapius have added so much to the convalescence of their patients. And if the poor use this stuff for the manufacture of a beverage, the penalty is death. Chronos is once more devouring his own children!

These harsh dictators have recently built up a specious and fallacious argument on the economic side which they are putting forward on every occasion. I met it last night at a dinner. We were discussing Prohibition, and I said that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW had invited me to write an article on that subject. One of our most successful business men finished his cocktail—his second one in ten minutes—and said to me in profound earnestness: "Don't do it. You'll get into trouble if you do. Why, with Prohibition as we have it now, Monday morning comes and all our men are at work. In the old liquor days we could not start our works on Monday mornings. You had better not write anything—I hope you won't." I replied to my friend that if trouble came I was prepared to meet it with a good wallop of my own, and then challenged the accuracy of his statement about Monday morning. All the Prohibitionists say—while drinking their own glasses—that the workingmen were away on Mondays. They assume that the American workingman is naturally a drunkard. It is not true. I have been in the

direction of industries as large as theirs—as large as theirs combined—and I say it is not true. A few men—six or seven—may have been missing from the big works. The same six or seven are missing now!

The short-sighted frenzy of our fanatical tormentors, who deny us good and wholesome wine and beer, is fast making us a nation of whiskey and gin drinkers. Some ministers of the Gospel, who would have been ashamed ten years ago to have liquor on their breath, take their cocktails now with the rest, and have learned to ask for their "dividends"! And when we see that it has become a national habit for boys and girls to carry flasks to their parties, and that their conduct is patterned upon the conduct of their elders, is it not high time that we should abandon the making of laws, and go back to the appeal to conscience, which after all is the basis of that righteousness which exalteth a nation?

Prohibition is the paradise of the ostrich. With his head in the sand the stupid bird believes that what he will not see does not exist. But all around him there has been created a business worth hundreds of millions a year, which pays no tax, knows no control, is without responsibility, dispenses more or less poisoned liquors, debauches youth and age, corrupts the politicians, demoralizes the police, and spreads everywhere a contempt for all law. And the jails!—the jails which were to have been made empty are building new cells for our malefactors, because the total arrests in 100 cities in 1920 (the last year of free drink) were 950,000, while in 1924 the figure had expanded to 1,500,000. Where then are the benefits of the scheme? Just the other day the Governor of Tennessee signed a law which, if enacted in Pennsylvania, would make it impossible to continue the exhibition of our great collections in palæontology and natural history in the Carnegie Museum because of their suggestion of evolution. Yet he declared that he knew that the act was unenforceable but had signed it because of a popular outcry. And now the Indiana statute is the final atrocity.

Hundreds of laws have been passed in this country which cannot be enforced because they conflict with the natural rights or the natural impulses of mankind. Three of these occur to my mind at this moment. First, the Connecticut statute which

made it a punishable offense for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday. Surely nobody but a fish would heed such a law! Second, the Fugitive Slave law which men like Charles Sumner, Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Cullen Bryant exhorted the American people to disregard utterly. And third, this fanatical attempt to prohibit absolutely the use of wine, which under temperate control is one of God's greatest gifts to the human family.

The annual cost of so-called enforcement is mounting by leaps and bounds until the latest appropriation is now $30,000,000. Soon it may well be $100,000,000. The money might as well be thrown into the sea. A United States Attorney in New York declared on taking office that he had "gone on the water-wagon" and was going to padlock for a year one thousand restaurants in New York City. The inconvenience and hunger that are to be suffered by a great community when one thousand restaurants are summarily shut does not seem to give him pause. He even hinted that he had three thousand in mind. He further stated that there were now enough liquor suits pending in the New York City courts to occupy the full time of all the judges for 600 years!

The tyranny of those who would fix their standards of life upon an unwilling nation has brought with it a haunting sense of disquiet, of anxiety, of fear. There is a feeling in the most innocent heart of the shadow of hostile laws. No man—no free man—knows when he is being followed, when his habits are being watched, when some hired agent of the fanatics, anxious to disgrace him, will put the rude hand of law upon his shoulder and arrest him for some neglect or act which sustains no accusation from his own heart.

Is it not time to organize the men who love their country as a land of liberty and fight the bigoted programmes of these misguided moralists to a finish?

If prohibition really existed I would be for it to the end. I am myself very nearly a teetotaler. But prohibition cannot exist because it contravenes an imprescriptible right of human nature.

There are practicable and immediate ways of relief from this intolerable oppression. Compromise on the proposed 2.75 basis would simply add to the confusion. It ought not to be considered. But Congress can repeal the Volstead Act, declare

that no liquor is intoxicating when not misused, and permit it to be sold in hotels and restaurants, and also in stores where it shall not be drunk on the premises. This would do away with the saloon, which is now flourishing, and would abolish the bootlegger, who is likewise now flourishing. To attempt to regulate it, as they are trying to do in Canada, would simply preserve the present graft of thrifty politicians. A better way would be for the Supreme Court to declare even at this late day the fact that the Eighteenth Amendment was never legally adopted because of the absence of a constitutional quorum in the House of Representatives, and because the referendum required by some of the States had been wilfully neglected. And yet again the Supreme Court can say that under the exact wording of the Eighteenth Amendment Prohibition cannot exist in any State that does not enact concurrent legislation. This last method would make it a State issue pure and simple, as it ought to be, and would furnish an easy way out of the mess.

In the meantime, Uncle Sam finds himself seated at the shore, like King Canute, surrounded by his fawning courtiers, and as with nervous and faltering voice he orders the roaring tide away —behold! the encroaching flood in not only wetting his feet but is engulfing his soul.

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH.

STATES AND STATISTICS

BY LAWSON PURDY

A GREAT many citizens seem to take it for granted that the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Law are more generally violated in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania than in any other three States of the Union; and that New York stands far ahead of any other State in the number of violations per thousand of population. One reason for this widespread belief lies in the admixture of foreign elements in New York; in the fact that opportunities for smuggling contraband liquor across the Canadian border are not lacking, and that further opportunities

are provided in and around New York harbor, along the coast of Long Island, and the near-by Connecticut coast.

Without expressing a personal opinion regarding this phase of the Prohibition effort, it may be interesting to note a few definite statements in official evidence provided by the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Each year he publishes a report of activities of the Prohibition unit. In order to consider actual accomplishments for the year ending June 1924, it is necessary to combine the data he furnished for several States in a group, because in addition to State units there are larger supervisory units composed of more than one State.

For present purposes we will consider, therefore, two groups of States: one consisting of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania; and a second group consisting of Georgia and South Carolina. Taken as a whole these five States have a population of 26,820,000 —nearly one-fourth the population of the entire country. Of this 26,820,000 the three States in the Northern Group have 83 per cent., and the two States in the Southern Group have 17 per cent. Bearing in mind the contrasting percentages of population just mentioned, it is interesting to see what the Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports about the seizures by Government agents, in a single year, of apparatus for making distilled liquors. Here is a summary of his report in this respect:

	Distilleries	*Stills*	*Still-worms*	*Fermenters*
Seized in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania (Pop. 22,250,000)	439	794	665	1,146
Seized in Georgia and South Carolina (Pop. 4,570,000)	2,248	2,612	1,097	29,868

The figures do not, of course, tell the extent to which distilleries and other apparatus for making hard liquors are being used, contrary to the Volstead Law; but merely give the number discovered and actually seized by Government officers. The two Southern States, it should be remembered, have only about one-fifth the population of the three Northern States. If as many seizures had been made, according to relative population, in the Northern States as were made in the Southern, then in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania there would have been seized not

439 distilleries, but 11,240; not 794 stills, but 13,060; not 665 still-worms, but 5,485; not 1,146 fermenters, but 149,340.

Why is it that the illegal manufacture of distilled liquor is apparently so enormously greater in the Southern States than in those three Northern States which are supposed to constitute the "wettest territory of the whole country"?

The natural inference, is that the people of Georgia and South Carolina learned, under former years of State Prohibition, how to make their own whiskey and other hard liquor; while the people of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, not having lived under State Prohibition laws, are just now learning how to do it under National Prohibition law.

For purpose of quick observation, let us jump from the Eastern States across the continent, and see what has happened in the extreme Northwest.

The Seventeenth Prohibition District is composed of Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, and Washington. They have a total population of 3,173,000. How do they compare with conditions as reported by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to exist in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania? Again the parallel column shows at a glance:

	Distilleries	*Stills*	*Still-worms*	*Fermenters*
Seized in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania (Pop. 22,250,000)	439	794	665	1,146
Seized in Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington (Pop. 3,173,000)	216	685	548	2,552

Arrests for violations in these five Northwestern States numbered 3,089, which is almost exactly one arrest a thousand of population. If there had been as many arrests in proportion in the three Northeastern States the arrests would have numbered 22,000 instead of 13,000, as was the case. It does not seem that violation of the Volstead Law is confined to any one or two parts of the United States.

Figures of arrests for drunkenness compiled by the Research Secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism are summarized for the year 1923. For present purposes data given for

fifteen cities, scattered from coast to coast, is reproduced in tabulated form:

State and City Cited	*No. of arrests for Drunkenness, 1923*	*No. to 10,000 Population*
California—Los Angeles	12,839	222
California—Sacramento	2,331	358
Colorado—Denver	3,111	121
Georgia—Atlanta	7,003	350
Indiana—South Bend	2,096	299
Iowa—Des Moines	4,489	356
Maine—Portland	1,754	254
Minnesota—St. Paul	4,364	186
Nebraska—Omaha	4,817	252
New York—New York City	10,643	19
New York—Albany	3,555	314
Oregon—Portland	3,099	120
Pennsylvania—Philadelphia	45,226	248
Washington—Seattle	7,974	253
Wisconsin—Milwaukee	3,789	82

Even a cursory glance at the figures just quoted may cause some surprise to those who have not followed with close attention this phase of the Prohibition problem, and the experiment being made with it in our country. It will be noted that only two of the cities in the list have a record of less than 100 arrests for drunkenness to 10,000 population. One of these cities is Milwaukee, with 82 arrests, while—incredible as it may seem—New York City in the year 1923 had but *nineteen* arrests for drunkenness to 10,000 of its population.

It is probable that these statistics are not absolutely comparable. There are at least two sources of error: 1.—The policy of the police in making arrests for drunkenness probably differs in the different cities; in some, arrests may be made for much less cause than in others. 2.—The classification of arrests employed by the officials in the different cities may differ. After making every allowance for these possible differences, these statistics nevertheless show that the City of New York is not as great an offender as are other cities of the country.

LAWSON PURDY.

A STATE'S RIGHTS REMEDY FOR VOLSTEADISM

BY JOHN PHILIP HILL
Representative in Congress

THE Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted on the theory that all matters of personal rights and obligations were to be regulated by the individual States, while the Federal Government was given certain definitely specified functions to perform for those interests which were common to all the States and to all of the people who lived in those local units of self-government, and collectively constituted "the People of the United States." No language could be more explicit than that of the Constitution securing to the people of the various States entire control of personal dress, food, religion, education, and other matters relating to personal conduct. The people of the several States differed quite radically in their personal habits and points of view. The people of Massachusetts were Calvinistic in religion and preferred rum as a beverage, while the people of Virginia were mostly of the Church of England, and preferred Madeira or some other wine more suited to a warmer climate than the rum of the cold North. Their local points of view were different, and naturally so; yet, by the Constitution, they could all live as they pleased in their own communities, and still be Americans.

Massachusetts had the right to prohibit the Puritan faith or the use of Medford rum in its borders if it desired, and Virginia had an equal right to adopt the doctrine of infant damnation and to prohibit all alcoholic beverages in its limits. If either State did so, the people who dissented from the new laws could go to another State and still remain Americans. If, however, the Federal Government had the power to prohibit Calvin's creed or Cana's wine, those who dissented must renounce their personal liberty in that regard or else leave the United States. Under the safeguards of the Constitution, there was room for all creeds and personal inclinations. From 1789 till 1919, this theory of government prevailed, and the Nation was honestly governed, while its people were prosperous and content. Nobody in Maryland

objected to the prohibition of wine and beer in Kansas, any more than the people of Maine objected to the preference showed by the people of Louisiana for French cooking. After one hundred and thirty years of content, however, there came into the Constitution a new theory of government called National Prohibition.

On December 8, 1922, President Harding said to Congress: "There are conditions relating to the enforcement of prohibition which savor of nation-wide scandal. It is the most demoralizing factor in our political life." The President also referred to "men who are rending the moral fiber of the Republic through easy contempt for the Prohibition laws". Today, the Eighteenth Amendment has been on the books for over five years. What is the situation on the liquor question, the old question which has been with man since Noah rejoiced in his vineyard in celebration of his liberation from the dryness of the Ark? Does "easy contempt" for the Prohibition laws still rend the moral fiber of the Republic, or is it possible that Prohibition may yet fulfil the dreams of the people who sought temperance in drinks as in all else?

There are three important dates in the Prohibition calendar—December, 1917, January, 1919, and October, 1919. In order to understand the injection, after one hundred and thirty years of good government, of a new theory of Federal control of local police power, we must note conditions in 1917 and today.

December 17, 1917, was a memorable day, both at home and abroad. On that day a German raid in the North Sea destroyed a convoyed merchant fleet—one British and five neutral ships. On that day, such was our excitement, the United States Submarine F-3 rammed and sank the United States Submarine F-1 in American waters and nineteen lives were lost. On that day the Congress of the United States proposed to the war-absorbed Legislatures of the various States the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Before the War, the best, or from the Prohibitionist point of view, the worst, beer, came from Germany. The brewers who made beer here and sold it in the saloons were alleged mostly to be German. In the House and the Senate, in the debates on the Eighteenth Amendment, frequent references were made to the German extraction of American producers of beer. On December 17, 1917, the mind of

Americans was on German raids on the merchant fleets, not on Anti-Saloon League raids on the American Constitution.

So, on December 17, 1917, a new theory in American government was proposed, just one hundred and thirty years after Senator Maclay of Pennsylvania had voted against the Federal Judiciary Bill, which created, for the first time, a system of Federal courts, judges, clerks, marshals, jurors, prosecuting attorneys, jails and penitentiaries for exclusively federal purposes but entirely separate and different from the machinery of law enforcement existing in each of the several States for their own laws.

Senator Maclay fought this bill because he thought it proposed "a vile law system, calculated for expense and with a design to draw by degrees all law business into the Federal Courts." He then expressed an opinion which, as late as 1916, was smiled at by students of American government, but which today makes thoughtful men very grave. Senator Maclay added: "The Constitution is meant to swallow all the State Constitutions by degrees, and thus to swallow by degrees all the State judiciaries."

The manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors before the Eighteenth Amendment, had been considered as much a matter for exclusive State control, as was the manufacture, sale and transportation of beef, or bread or ginger ale. By the Eighteenth Amendment, however, the Federal Government selected one out of many vital local police questions and assumed to enforce laws that contained in them no scintilla of Interstate and therefore of Federal interest. If a State really wanted to do away with any form of beverages, it had full power to do so, for a State could not legally be invaded by any liquor outlawed by that State. The Webb-Kenyon Act had so decreed, and the Federal Government had properly assumed the duty of protecting a Prohibition State from having its laws violated by outsiders. The proponents of the Eighteenth Amendment, however, feared the Intra-state dissenters more than they did the Interstate violators, and so they proposed that the Federal Government should enter the local police field on a new venture.

The Eighteenth Amendment was declared part of the Constitution in January, 1919. The minds of the American people were still centered on the War in Europe, the Peace Conference had not

yet settled to its work, and our troops were still abroad. The Volstead Act was passed over the veto of President Wilson and became a law on October 28, 1919. The Volstead Act has therefore been in force over five years. What are the admitted results?

The annual reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue show that in 1919 there were 3,487 illicit distilleries and distilling apparatuses seized by Federal Prohibition Directors and general Prohibition agents during the fiscal year ending June 30. It might be expected that this new law would take some time to become effective, and in 1922 we find that the number of illicit distilleries and distilling apparatuses so seized was 95,933. We should expect, however, that the number of such seizures would thereafter decline. However, in 1923, there were 158,132 illicit distilleries and distilling apparatuses seized in the United States, and in 1924 this number had increased to 159,176. The effect, therefore, of the Volstead Act and National Prohibition upon illicit distilleries and distilling apparatuses, was to increase the seizures from less than 4,000 to nearly 160,000 in five years.

The annual reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue also show arrests by Federal Prohibition Directors and general Prohibition agents which are very significant. In 1921 there were 34,175 such arrests. The following four years this number doubled, and in 1924 there were 68,161 arrests. In those years of the Volstead Act arrests had increased one hundred per cent. The greatest number of seizures of the above illicit distilleries and distilling apparatuses were made in States which had local Prohibition laws before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

What is the effect of Prohibition on general crime increase? Today, the Leavenworth and Atlanta prisons, both Federal penitentiaries, are so overcrowded that they are caring for several hundred convicts above the institutions' facilities. There are about 3,200 now in Leavenworth and 3,023 in Atlanta. Temporary dormitories for the two prisons probably will have to be provided in the industrial shops. Apparently, the experiment of National regulation of local beverages and habits has been a failure and has brought with it increase rather than decrease in general crime. What is the remedy?

The Eighteenth Amendment is fundamentally improper, but the Federal Government should, with all of its powers and facilities, prevent outside infringement of the liquor laws or any other local laws of any State. The Federal Government should have power to do what it attempted to do by the Webb-Kenyon Act, which was intended to prevent transportation into any State of any beverages forbidden by the laws of that State. The protection of the States in their local self-government is a proper function of the Federal Government, but farther than this it should not go.

The Eighteenth Amendment is therefore fundamentally wrong, and it should be repealed; but such repeal is difficult. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments are nullified by common consent. If the Eighteenth Amendment is not repealed it will be nullified in certain portions of the United States by the common consent of the people in those communities, or else its interpretation must be brought into accord with the prevailing sentiment in such local communities.

The Volstead Act is inherently dishonest. It establishes a definition for "intoxicating liquors" which is artificial and untrue. It prohibits beer with one-half of one per cent. of alcohol, but permits cider and home-made wine with as much alcohol in them as the individual jury may consider non-intoxicating in fact. When the Eighteenth Amendment prohibited the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors, it prohibited the manufacture, sale or transportation of an indefinite thing. The Eighteenth Amendment did not say what constituted "intoxicating". That duty, in accordance with the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, was left to the Congress. Congress may make any definition which the people of the country desire, and the Supreme Court will sustain such definition. As a matter of fundamental government, however, I should prefer to see Congress delegate to the various States the power of defining the word "intoxicating," such definition to be necessarily subject to review by the Supreme Court.

In 1914 I advised the American Express Company that the Webb-Kenyon Act was constitutional and that it should not ship liquor into West Virginia. As a result of this opinion, a case was made and the constitutionality of the Webb-Kenyon Act was

tested in the Supreme Court. It has become apparent that the Federal Government can not enforce the Volstead Act within the States, and gradually the Federal Government is retiring from Intrastate enforcement and attempting to protect the States from liquor invasions from the outside. I should like to see the Eighteenth Amendment repealed, power being retained by the Congress to protect the States from outside interference with their local laws, but while the Eighteenth Amendment is part of the Constitution I feel that there might be a substitute for the Volstead Act which would greatly improve the existing situation.

Repeal the Volstead Act and enact the following:

Section 1.—Each State shall for itself define the meaning of the words "intoxicating liquors" as used in Section 1 of Article XVIII of the Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and each State shall itself enforce within its own limits its own laws on this subject.

Section 2.—Any person who transports or causes to be transported into any State any beverage prohibited by such State as being an "intoxicating liquor" shall be punished by the United States by imprisonment for not more than 10 years or by a fine of not less than $10,000 nor more than $100,000, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

The first section of this proposed enforcement act is based on the theory of local option; the second section is based on the Webb-Kenyon Act, by which the United States guarantees the States from outside interference. The proposed substitute, taken as a whole, permits concurrent action each in their own sphere by the United States and by the individual States to carry out the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The Volstead Act is certain to be modified. The Eighteenth Amendment, in the minds of the majority of the American people, was never intended to apply to wine, beer and cider, and by the adoption of such a law as I have proposed, those States which wish such beverages may obtain them legally even while the Eighteenth Amendment remains part of the Constitution.

JOHN PHILIP HILL.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT—RECOLLECTIONS

BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD
President, National Academy of Design

THAT one of the most sensational losses in the Art World of the last hundred years should have come through the death of an American painter is not a little noteworthy in its relation to our pride and our place in the development of nations. On April 15th died in London John Singer Sargent, painter of portraits, decorations, genre, landscape, in oil, water-color, pastel and black and white, and a leader in whatever he undertook. This article will contain neither a catalogue nor an appreciation of the body of his works; the latter were too numerous and are too dispersed to have come under the notice of the writer of these lines, and he will have to confine himself to Sargent as he knew and met him, mainly, indeed almost entirely, during his younger days.

My earliest memory of him is vague, for he was only fourteen years old and had it not been for his later fame, the vagueness would have become oblivion. Yet the appearance is still faintly present with me of a slender American looking boy as he stood with his mother, the wife of a Boston physician, just at one end of the Carraja Bridge over the Arno in Florence, for he was born in that famous city. He chatted with some Chicago people who happened to be with me, and then he disappeared from my thoughts until several years later.

My temporary home had become Paris, my comrades the group of Montmartre American men who belonged to the Atelier Bonnât. Now and then some momentary visitor from the Rive Gauche, Carroll Beckwith, perhaps, or Frank Fowler, would tell us of their wonderful fellow pupil under Carolus Duran, a Boston boy named Sargent, a painter who was the envy of the whole studio and perhaps a bit the envy of Carolus, himself, who had, however, to admire generously. There was not any story

of his painting an angel as did Da Vinci for Verrocchio in the latter's picture, nor was he as yet a Michelangelo so overtopping his master Ghirlandaio, but all the same we watched his growth and wondered whether Carolus were teaching him or he were stimulating Carolus. The latter at all events carried the pupil as far upward as a ceiling of the Louvre, a "Triumph" of something or other, in which there are blue sky and clouds and banners and things, and incidentally, decorative portraits of some of Duran's pupils taking part in the pageant, and looking in places more like Sargent's than like Duran's work. The younger man's canvases always bore a reminder of the master, but the reminder became so faint as to be negligible, for Sargent sublimated the texture of Carolus's handling into something more felt and distinguished. By and by during these early Paris days came the portrait of Madame Gautraut (Madame X in the Metropolitan Museum). The family refused the first portrait and it is said regretted the refusal, for the canvas made both Sargent and Madame Gautraut so famous that among the stories of the painter's sitters is one to the effect that the very small daughter of Madame G., on being admonished one day and urged to be good, asked, "And if I *am*, will the morning papers say that the little daughter of the beautiful Madame Gautraut has been good?" In spite of "all Paris" flocking to see this picture, Sargent went over the Channel, and the long sojourn began in the island which he loved so well, yet for which he did not, like his friend Henry James, change his nationality, whether he ever may have been tempted to or not. And so the studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs became the studio in Chelsea and the Bostonian-Parisian began to paint Englishmen, Bohemians, and Lords, some of whom today are in the National Portrait gallery, soldiers and sailors, and whole families of bankers who are in the Tate Gallery, and who came near to breaking all rules and finding a permanent home in the National Gallery.

What a wonderful room those Wertheimer portraits made up! Good luck enabled me twice to pass time there in the companionship of Professor John Vandyke, our enthusiastic Rembrandt expert. How we both thrilled to those canvases!—they were *not* canvases—canvases were in the other rooms at either side, the

Wertheimer portraits were *alive* as the Frans Hals portrait groups of Haarlem are alive. Only a fortnight ago Mr. Ernest Ipsen, a distinguished portrait painter himself, in talking of the character displayed or concealed in the faces of sitters, told me a story of Sargent. It seems that in painting Wertheimer, the artist was watching eagerly for the psychological moment. "Finally," said he, "I deliberately asked him a question about an interesting investment—*then* I GOT him." But indeed he nearly always GOT them; the strong set face of a soldier like General Wood, the lady whose gowns were more important than herself, and the lady whose face in its character would make you forget any gown, the wind and sea tan on the skin of an Admiral, or the soft texture of the complexion of a little Beatrice Goelet, the person who was bursting with health and the one who would soon see the doctor.

Yes, he *got* them, and he was so modest about it. One day in the 'nineties my wife went with me to his London studio. A huge and superb canvas with five Baltimore lawyers grouped in their gowns and mortar boards was lashed to the biggest easel, and Sargent spoke with real anxiety about remarks of press members to the effect that the canvas was over big, or something of the sort. As we left, we thought and partially, though perhaps not quite, insisted to him, "Oh, if you only knew how little difference it makes what people *say* about such a picture as that!" and as we quite got out, my wife remarked, "and did you notice that he is still SHY?" This was at a time when Sargent had the world at his feet, was painting half the descendants of the people of the Domesday Book and more still of the "new creations", and he *was* still undeniably shy.

The lovely "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," is in the Tate Gallery today. It was my fortune to see the picture painted from start to finish. My wife was with me, we passed the summer in little Broadway of Worcestershire, beginning with a visit at the Millets with whom both Sargent and Edwin Abbey were living.

The garden at Russell House was lovely, and the interior abounded in rooms and arrangements which Abbey needed to change but very little, when drawing his backgrounds to *She Stoops to Conquer*. It was midsummer—each evening at

twenty-five minutes to seven Sargent would drop his tennis racquet and going into the seventy-foot long studio would lug out the big canvas as if he were going to fly a huge kite. We would all leave our tennis for a time and watch the proceeding. Little Pollie and Dollie Barnard, daughters of the well known English illustrator, who himself was hobbling about the garden on crutches, after an accident, would begin to light the Japanese lanterns among the tall stemmed lilies. For just twenty-five minutes, while the effect lasted, Sargent would paint away like mad, then would carry the canvas in, stand it against the studio wall and we would admire.

In the morning when after breakfast we went into the studio we always found the canvas scraped down to the quick. This happened for many days, then the picture, daughter of repeated observation and reflection, suddenly *came to stay*. And it really did stay, and in staying grew more beautiful; the very slight crudity incidental to *premier coup* painting had mellowed and the purity of color and atmospheric limpidity almost inseparable from the *premier coup* method made the picture, when seen by me six months since, even more fascinating than it was when Sargent finished it and Pollie and Dollie put out the lanterns and took them down from the lilies that withered thirty-eight years ago.

This picture was an emphatic instance of Sargent's inclination toward the unusual and very difficult problem, twilight in the open air, the tall stemmed flowers, fighting bravely against the rather feeble incandescence of colored Japanese lanterns, and two flower-like little girls to pull the composition together—what could be *more* difficult? It is as if the artist had felt that here was no place for bravura, the inherent difficulty sufficed, he had been very simple, and to me this picture purchased for the British nation from the fund of the Chantrey Bequest remains one of the artist's most satisfying productions. The Ellen Terry hard by it in the Tate Gallery is dramatic and splendid as she lifts the diadem of Lady Macbeth before assuming it, but she is not quite so satisfying because we all who have seen that most fascinating of women have behind our eyes and in our memory a whole gallery of Ellen Terrys, each one vying with the next. We wish to recognize them all as resumed in one and not even Sargent can

make us see beyond the arrested moment. He realized this as must every portrait painter and spoke of it humorously now and then. "His portrait is *finished*," said he to us of a sitter one day, "finished and he doesn't know it. Tomorrow I have to break it to him." "Yes, that is Mother," admitted the family of a multi-millionaire's widow, on whose entire personality sadness was stamped, "but can't you make her look a little more cheerful?" Sargent summed it all up thus: "On any portrait painter's tombstone, no matter how successful he may have been, there should be inscribed 'there was something about the mouth'!"

The summer of 1887 comprised by far the greater part of the time when Sargent was much with us. We saw him often during the first short stay in New York, but during his many Boston sojourns hardly at all. The last time we met, the slender handsome man in the middle thirties had become almost colossal in breadth and depth and so full blooded that, said he to me; "When the American summer comes I am frightened. I have to get away to the top of a mountain somewhere to breathe." In 'eighty-seven we passed three months in Broadway, first with the Millets, then in the ancient Tudor built hostelry, the Lygon Arms. The Millets, most hospitable of mortals, had a dinner party many times a week; when, as not unoften, they had an overflow, and more guests than space, either Sargent or Abbey was sent down to dine with us, after which we all proceeded always up to the big studio to join the dinner party. It was more often Sargent than Abbey who came, and he was apt to linger long with us over the piano before we started up the road. Mr. Johansen has spoken in *The Times* of Sargent's wonderful proficiency as pianist, saying that he might have had a career. This is probable, for he did everything easily and well. In 'eighty-seven he had not quite reached that point but was a wonderful reader and did not tire of playing Wagner for us, especially the Ring which he had just heard in Bayreuth. Even as early as 1887 Sargent and Abbey were magnets. The "county families" liked to drive over from their country seats to see what the artists were doing in the big studio—very interesting things, Abbey's illustrations to Shakespeare's Comedies, Barnard's characters of Thackeray and Dickens, Millet's Eighteenth Cen-

tury genre pictures—or to play tennis with us all. There again Sargent showed his aptness for taking up anything that interested him. Hundreds of tennis games we played, Alfred Parsons, Abbey, Millet and myself. Sargent took a hand more rarely but at once was a redoubtable bat; especially at the net.

When a man becomes so eminent that he is in a class quite by himself legend springs up all around him and everything that he says is quoted and handed about. It is noteworthy indeed that among all the stories not one has ever been to Sargent's disadvantage. Modest he was and generous to his fellows, delicately considerate and magnanimous. When Carroll Beckwith, one of the most intimate friends of his youth, died, his widow told me that John, as she always called Sargent, retouched for her many of Carroll's studies to put them in more finished and saleable condition, and when Abbey's hand was arrested in the midst of his decorative work for the Pennsylvania Capitol at Harrisburg, Sargent hurriedly made a long journey to superintend the completion of some of the panels, superintending, *nota bene*, with a careful avoidance of personally touching a brush to the canvas. Wise he was, too, as to theory, and valiant as to principle: in the days of reactionaries he was a progressive, and when the race for notoriety at any price began he was a conservative. In one of his letters to me, he declares that, as for himself, as he grows old he is "becoming rather proud of being called *pompier*."

If one turns to what must be a very summary consideration of the main points in Sargent's work, perhaps his superiority may be established upon four fundamentsls, his capacity for characterization, his dazzling technique, his sense of values, his originality, or if you prefer, his unusualness, his difference from other men.

To me nothing in the painter's performance was more fundamentally assuring than his almost miraculous sense of values in nature; values, the things that give roundness, depth and existence to objects. Sargent was sometimes a little indifferent about color, he was not a great colorist, not even by temperament naturally a colorist, though superb color passages are often to be found in his work—but he never, never slighted the values.

For the last thirty years at least, preoccupation with the surface of one's painting, manipulation of pigment and especially

the applying of a mass of pigment in broadest strokes, has been almost the first desideratum of the average younger painter. What he has called feeble painting has seemed to him contemptible, what he has styled dashing has appeared to him triumphant. But it is not triumphant "to flog the canvas with swift strokes" as Gauguin has it (or was it Van Gogh?). Fred Vinton was far nearer the truth when he said to his pupils "*don't* GOB up your canvas." It is not triumphant to load on a big lump of paint, or strike in a very fluent passage. The triumph is in making the lump of exactly the right value and putting it in the right size and shape and color upon exactly the right spot. And that is the kind of certainty which Velasquez and Frans Hals and John Sargent controlled. In relation to this means of making things exist, sound and solid upon a flat surface, namely a perfect sense of values, Sargent was a master of masters, his eye was almost unerring. He cared very greatly, too, for draftsmanship—good proof of it is not only in his work, but in the story told of him that quite recently while bending over one of his own pictures, in an exhibition, he was heard to mutter "Well! I had better go home and learn to draw." That is the way in which the Michelangelos and Ingres and Sargents of this world think about their work and about the potentialities which lie hidden in further study. In exerting the species of spell which manipulation of pigment, handling, as it is called, has exercised over a generation and more of artists, it may be said that Sargent was one of the master enchanters; countless passages in his portraits are of the "I can't see *how* he does it" kind, that provoke the onlooker nearly to hopelessness of envious admiration.

His splendid *bravura* of execution is of course most notable in his larger canvases, or at any rate his life-size portraits. In the earlier ones like the Boyt group, for instance, and some of those in which ladies and sofas appear to be tobogganing down to the edge of the frame from a very high perspective point, the bravura is distinctly French; in some later work, take the magnificent Higginson portrait as an example, it is more the bravura of a man feeling the steadying influence of the Van Dykes, Gainsboroughs, Reynoldses, Raeburns, which surrounded Sargent in his English days. He did not especially admire Van Dyke's English phase,

and said to me once: "They are too *voulus*, don't you think? Too *appretés*, with the inevitable column and curtain;" and he added that the painter's earlier period of his Italian visit pleased him better, more still the Flemish period when Van Dyke was really at home and painting his artist comrades. But if such handling in larger canvases, almost culminating in the portrait of Wertheimer, most caught the eye, some of his really magical passages are found in small water colors, apparently just records done for fun. In one impression of a garden (Italian?) shown at the Grand Central Galleries in his exhibit of last year, there is a white vase standing against a white wall. It is tiny but it seems as if Sargent with his brush tip had created a vase without a shadow in it, yet sound, solid, and ornamented, and relieved against a white wall, where again there is no shadow, and having done all this, had squeezed sunlight out of tubes and made the ensemble blaze till it dazzled one's eyes. Whimsy in selection was often his and enhanced the interest of his technique. Sometimes it illustrated an underlying principle, as in his Hermit of the Metropolitan Museum, where a half naked man, and deer and trees and dead leaves, are mixed in a manner which nature accomplishes and military and naval camouflage tries to imitate and use. Sometimes it was just whimsy, as in his "muddy alligators", where his droll and hideous little saurians are certainly as muddy as they are alive.

Again he would reproduce amazingly the tumbled bed clothes in a small room in which some student, or may be priest, had made a litter of books and writing material and breakfast things. Apropos of breakfast things, one morning in English Broadway he exclaimed with delight over the table where the white cloth was covered with magenta colored flowers, dazzling silver shining among the buds, and said "Oh, I MUST make a study of that!"

Just at that time (1887) he seemed to have a predilection for the aniline suggestion in colors. One evening at a birthday party in the big garden we had been ordered by the hostess to wear wreaths, ladies, men, and all. The rest of us were contented with roses except Alma Tadema, who wove big leaves together in a manner so skilful as to provoke attention, but Sargent was splendid in a garland of big dahlias of the color that in 1860 or

thereabouts was a new creation of the dyers dubbed Solferino. In fact, he was not only able in everything, but also a little original.

Was he a composer? Emphatically so, where he wished to be, and he could find or invent most delightful movements which he sometimes used as a part of his characterization—notice, for instance, the trailing, shawl-draped, charming, slatternly girls in his Venetian interiors, or his cigarette smoking Spaniards in their tilted chairs of a sketch in his last exhibit.

But although he disposed his spots and filled space so judiciously in his portraits, and could be so beautifully rhythmical in his "Blokes Dancing", composition did not seem to be a special preoccupation with him, as it was for instance with Raphael. He knew he could accomplish it and make it tell whenever he wished to, and he let it go at that.

As for characterization, its achievement is a part of the whole Sargent legend. Perhaps it culminates in the Wertheimer portraits, perhaps Sargent sitters were not always and unreservedly grateful to him, perhaps the story that he diagnosed in paint a malady in his sitter, so insidious that it baffled the physicians, is a *true* story, and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps acquired momentum of impression counted for much, but the impression was great and the characterization penetrating and forceful, a cloud of witnesses could rise up to testify; of them Henry Marquand and Thomas Lee Higginson are enough in themselves to satisfy us. Once the artist characterized a gown so thoroughly that the family of the sitter protested. The story goes like this: Sargent said to them, "But, ladies, can this be the picture which you so unstintingly praised in my studio a few days ago?" "Yes, but later criticism makes us ask you to add a touch or two to the corsage." So the kindly painter, for he was very kindly, went to the Chairman of the Jury of the Salon, Cabanel, and asked if he might do a little retouching. "*Ah non, monsieur, cela ne se peut pas.* I will not deny that we debated the picture, but now that it is accepted it must remain unaltered." And surely we all say *ainsi soit-il*, whenever a great painter, expressing himself fully, even to the pleasing of his sitter, is afterwards expected to amend himself.

When Sargent in 1893 set up his first mural paintings in the

Boston Public Library the sensation created was great. In addition to the shock from the intrinsic impressiveness of the work, came the extrinsic suggestiveness of the problem presented to a portrait painter suddenly subjected to new æsthetic limitations. Mr. Royal Cortissoz, that broad minded and discriminating critic, who does not make radical mistakes, says that the artist never was able to feel the constructional, architectural demands of space filling in mural painting. Perhaps the critic judged correctly, but he would have been the first to acknowledge and celebrate the superb qualities shown by Sargent, *in other directions*, in his mural painting.

Where among the so-called old masters do we find much finer presentation of the Prophets, than in the figures which our artist has marshalled along one end of the hall in the Boston Library? More of tremendousness there is in Michelangelo's Jonah of the Sistine Chapel, more closely studied characterization of the *illuminé*, the inspired, the almost fanatical, may be found in the Saints of Cima da Conegliano, and some of the Apostles of Dürer are perhaps more *Biblical* looking to us. Sargent's creations seem to derive rather from a mixed souvenir of Syrians or Fellaheen, muffled against the sun of the desert, or of those monastic-looking, heavily hooded figures that support certain mediæval Burgundian sarcophagi in European museums; but at least this painted threnody of wild, arm-tossing creatures is a new presence in the mural painting of the last three hundred years, the product of a mind with a quite outstanding visual outlook.

That in this cycle of Boston decorations there are more or less unrelated parts is undeniable, the horizontality of the frieze of Prophets does not melt into the "Confusion of Religions" above as it might and perhaps architectonically *should*, and even the idea of spiritual confusion is, may be, a little too directly translated into a material jumble.

But what unusualness, how it all catches your surprised attention! At the other end of the gallery the artist, years later, filled the lunette with his Trinity, in solemn, balanced, ordered opposition to the "Confusion". Again it seems unrelated to the rest, does not quite flow into the sequence. But what interest is in the relief work, modeled we are told by the painter's own hands!

What a puzzling suggestive *mélange* of hints that refer one's remembrance to the tangle of beasts and people and ornament on the lintels of Moissac, for instance, or other kindred Romanesque churches of southern France; or again to a Spanish souvenir, as if Our Lady in the archivolt had journeyed thither from some altar of Santiago da Compostela.

And the row of angels with the instruments of the Passion,—the make of them, their facture, is so interesting; they are washed in, one may almost say *swashed* in, as with a broom; there are two of them almost entirely of a first rubbing of Indian red, with a few touches of blue and liberal touches of gold; again there are nearly blue angels with just a little of red and gold. And their type is beautiful, they are all alike, androgynous looking, as angels should be, one would say, and suggesting in their faces classical antiquity, good fifteenth century panels, Botticelli and Burne-Jones, with a virility which the latter artist certainly did not show in his work.

In the lunettes of the side walls, the compositions are extraordinarly daring and personal, especially in the one where the youthful Christ triumphantly advancing towards the spectator is apparently mounting an incline in a manner that seems almost a preparation for an Ascension. Some of the lunettes are confused and make one ask whether Sargent did not sometimes and somewhat smother his effect with his symbolism.

In the Museum of Fine Arts at the Fenway, the treatment, so far as the writer of this article has seen, since the later decorations are not yet in place, is quite different. In his very low-relief-modeling and light-toned decoration, Sargent has not tried for the power and solemnity of his Library figures; here he has rather remembered the Palazzo del Te in Mantua, Primaticcio at Fontainebleau, or even in some of his best groups those elongated but most distinguished stucchi in the Museo dell Terme of Rome. The two later panels in the Harvard Library are yet another proposition which make one wonder a little as to where Sargent would have eventually arrived had he continued to give most of his time to mural painting.

The two arched, upright spaces contain decorations which are heavy, very nearly black and white, and have no beauty of color

whatever, the red and blue of the Stars and Stripes detaching themselves unpleasantly from the surrounding surface. And yet Sargent is again different from any one else and stimulatingly so; banality did not exist as a word in his dictionary or as an element in his personal expression. The doughboys in khaki and helmet pouring down the right hand panel, as if descending a stairway, make up a composition different from any other that one has in one's mental gallery.

If the enthusiastic question asked of him at the Fenway museum: "What are those wonderful people?" referred to his rhythmical intertwined figures of one of the panels, it is easy to imagine the internal grin with which Sargent, the contemner of hyperbole, made his often quoted answer: "Just blokes dancing," for all the pictured choreography that one recalls does not offer anything more antithetical to "just blokes" than are those exquisitely composed figures.

In mentioning four fundamentals as main supports to Sargent's work, a fifth quality has been omitted which is of great importance—the quality of style.

Style informs everything that he touched. One may even say that no matter how plebeian the subject, the treatment of it, the conception and painting of it, are patrician. Lately on a wall of the Grand Central Gallery hung the portrait by him of a social leader. He had made her look as distinguished as a race horse, or an Empress—an Empress as we should like to have one look. Near by, upon another canvas, was a lady, prominent in a great educational institution—she was round, rosy, comfortable, with plenty of keenness behind the comfort, not a bit like a race horse or an Empress, but very capable of being a modern Hrotswitha, say, able to write Latin plays and dominate a nunnery, *terre à terre* perhaps when it became necessary, but unmistakably a lady. Said my companion, again a lady, as we stood before the canvases: "A man who can inform two such types with style and character, making both sympathetic, is a very big interpreter." And Sargent's Spaniards and Venetian women (before mentioned) in a kind of semi-twilight of low toned interiors, bounded by bare walls—onions and garlic and the oily smell of mandarin oranges are in the little pictures, but style, style, style! Indeed

when the style fell away as it sometimes, though very, very rarely, did, one feels that—Sargent was bored, "and there's an end on't."

And now there *is* an end on't—an end of his abundant, superbly vitalized production; but of his influence there is no end that can be perceptible to us. Velasquez and Frans Hals, Pope Innocent in the Doria palace, the banqueters of Haarlem, are as dominating today as in their own past; more so, since they address a wider audience. Will Sargent's legend grow as this has grown? Probably, since his work is robust and subtle at once, sanitary and absolutely characteristic of the time he lived in.

Said Sargent to my wife and myself one day long ago, when he was showing us a portrait of Mrs. Henry Marquand that we were warmly commending: "Ah, but don't you think that it is rather an *éloge* than a portrait?" If a critically minded reader feels that this article is an *éloge*, the only answer which the writer of it makes is, that to him, any fully-felt appreciation of John Singer Sargent must perforce become a eulogy.

EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD.

REMINISCENCES OF HUXLEY

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

President, American Museum of Natural History

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY was born at Ealing on May 4, 1825, and died at Eastbourne on June 29, 1895. He was a man of powerful and vigorous constitution, physical and mental, and it may be said that his life was shortened to threescore years and ten by his excessive and simultaneous labors as a scientist, as a teacher, as a reformer in education, as an ardent defender of Charles Darwin, as a public speaker, as a philosophical and forensic writer. I had the privilege of listening to his great course of lectures on comparative anatomy and evolution during the winter of 1879–80, of working in his anatomical laboratory in South Kensington, and of forming his personal acquaintance in his own home. In each great sphere of life that he entered he was for a time *facile princeps*.

Beginning in 1850, long before the Darwin controversy, Huxley crossed swords with the veteran Richard Owen, at the time Director of the British Museum of Natural History and the uncrowned prince of comparative anatomy and palæontology in Great Britain. Owen was trained in the school of the great French comparative anatomist and founder of palæontology, Georges Cuvier. Cuvier had enjoyed an almost despotic influence in France because, as opposed to the early evolutionists Lamarck and Geoffroy St. Hilaire, he had both the Church and the State on his side, whereas both Church and State were against Lamarck and St. Hilaire. Lamarck, an even greater genius than Cuvier, died in dire neglect. Cuvier was the leading exponent in France of what may be termed a compromise between his own palæontological discoveries, which pointed strongly toward evolution, and the Mosaic account of creation, which pointed as strongly toward fixity of species. Cuvier met the dilemma between palæontology and Genesis by the theory not of

a single creation but of a succession of creations. Thus Richard Owen, when the mantle of Cuvier fell on his shoulders, could not rid his mind of supernaturalism and of constant divine interference in the natural order of things; he could not fully accept our modern view that the natural order of things is entirely without divine interference. Owen inherited another cloak which was equally archaic and cumbersome, namely, of German transcendental anatomy, the chief exponent of which was Lorenzo Oken. According to the school of Transcendentalists certain great archetypal ideas of a Platonic order were being worked out by a supernatural plan; according to these ideas parts of the skull of man could be compared bone by bone, piece by piece, with the parts of the backbone of man. The great transcendental scheme of comparison was imbued more or less with the Special Creation idea, that in fashioning the backbone and skull suddenly the Creator had in mind a certain type of mechanical architecture to which all parts must conform in varying degrees. Anticipating Huxley, the great German natural philosopher and poet, Goethe, sharply combatted these ideas and sought to substitute the true notion that the skull of man is built up in adaptation to one set of functions, while the vertebral column is built up in adaptation to another set of functions. But Goethe journeyed to Italy and became a poet, and thereby the world gained *Faust* and lost a great comparative anatomist. From Huxley came an unceasing flow of tributes to Goethe and recognition of his anatomical genius.

Richard Owen was a man of extraordinary ability, energy and resource; he gathered animals, living and extinct, from all parts of the British Empire, and soon gained a commanding position in British science. Mingled with his sound anatomical descriptions were philosophical generalizations imbued with Transcendentalism; finally his work culminated in his great volume on the archetypes of the skull, correct in detail but thoroughly unsound in theory. It was this Goliath of comparative anatomy that was to be slain at a single blow by a youthful David whose philosophic mind was entirely free both of supernaturalism and Transcendentalism and was ever open to untrammeled acceptance of facts. The stone which delivered the fatal blow was young

Huxley's now famous Croonian Lecture of 1858 before the Royal Society, entitled *Theory of the Vertebrate Skull.* While entirely innocent in language and non-polemic in tone, this Croonian Lecture gave the deathblow not only to Owen's theory of the skull, but also to Owen's hitherto undisputed prestige. Huxley at the time was only thirty-three years of age, but his temperament, his education and his experience were such that this courageous and forceful attack at once established his supremacy in the whole field of comparative anatomy and caused Owen's power rapidly to wane.

Without a university degree, Huxley's scientific education included thorough anatomical training in the medical school of the Charing Cross Hospital, which he entered in 1842, and arduous medical service in the Royal Navy as assistant surgeon on H. M. S. *Rattlesnake* in a voyage in the Southern Seas. Sailing from England in 1846 and returning in 1850, after viewing the Barrier Reef and coasts of Australia and New Guinea, his mind turned rather to the anatomical than to the natural history side, leading to his first important paper, *On the Anatomy and Affinities of the Medusæ*, published in 1849. Not the least benefit of this voyage, as he himself described it, was his "being on the bare bones of existence," thus gaining in the physical world fortitude which he was destined to transfer to his intellectual and moral life. The fruits of this voyage and the whole tendency of Huxley's precocious and very productive scientific career mark him as a comparative anatomist rather than as a naturalist, whereas Charles Darwin on the voyage of the *Beagle*, between the years 1831 and 1836, was always a naturalist rather than a comparative anatomist; in fact, Darwin's lack of comparative anatomical training and insight was a distinct loss to him throughout his life. This reciprocal intellectual and complementary relationship between Huxley and Darwin proved to be a very great advantage to both when the time came for the great comparative anatomist of England to apply the principles discovered by England's great naturalist.

Another propitious circumstance was that in 1854 Huxley, somewhat reluctantly, succeeded the distinguished zoölogist, Edward Forbes, in the Royal School of Mines as Palæontologist

and Lecturer on Natural History; as a great teacher he held this post until his retirement in 1885, strengthening his lectures year by year through his own researches and observations in the fields of comparative anatomy, zoölogy and palæontology. When I entered this course of lectures in the autumn of 1879, Huxley was at his very best—brilliant, forceful, epigrammatic, humorous. He would enliven a long spell of anatomical description not only by a concurrent series of beautiful blackboard drawings in colors, but by an occasional shaft of humor. I recall my own rapidly flying pencil and colored crayon as I sought to take down his sound anatomical descriptions and his occasional bits of humor. Always on the same evening I extended these hastily written notes from memory, writing out the entire lecture so far as I could fill in the missing gaps. Thus I am still in possession of the fullest and most mature statement of Huxley's views and theories up to 1880 as to the evolution of animal life. At this point I may quote from my Memorial Address of 1895, the year of Huxley's death, which was reprinted in my *Impressions of Great Naturalists* (1924):

> Huxley as a teacher can never be forgotten by any of his students. He entered his lecture-room promptly as the clock was striking nine, rather quickly and with his head bent forward "as if oppressive with its mind." He usually glanced attention to his class of about ninety and began speaking before he reached his chair. He spoke between his lips, with perfectly clear analysis, with thorough interest, and with philosophic insight which was far above the average of his students. He used very few charts, but handled the chalk with great skill, sketching out the anatomy of an animal as if it were a transparent object. As in Darwin's face, and as in Erasmus Darwin's, Buffon's, and many other anatomists with a strong sense of form, his eyes were heavily overhung by a projecting forehead and eyebrows and seemed at times to look inward. His lips were firm and closely set, with the expression of positiveness, and the other feature which most marked him was the very heavy mass of hair falling over his forehead, which he would frequently stroke or toss back.

It may be of interest here to quote one passage from Huxley's address of 1868, entitled *On the Physical Basis of Life:*

> In order to make the title of this discourse generally intelligible, I have translated the term "Protoplasm," which is the scientific name of the substance of which I am about to speak, by the words "the physical basis of life." I

suppose that, to many, the idea that there is such a thing as a physical basis, or matter, of life may be novel—so widely spread is the conception of life as a something which works through matter, but is independent of it; and even those who are aware that matter and life are inseparably connected, may not be prepared for the conclusion plainly suggested by the phrase, "*the* physical basis or matter of life," that there is some one kind of matter which is common to all living beings, and that their endless diversities are bound together by a physical, as well as an ideal, unity. In fact, when first apprehended, such a doctrine as this appears almost shocking to common sense. . . . This semi-fluid lining [of nettle hair] is protoplasm. . . . When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. . . . In addition to these movements, and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. . . . Sometimes trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. . . . Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants and . . . they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only the dulness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny Maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.

Passages from Huxley's writings which are truisms today were in his time regarded as materialistic heresy. Materialism was the scientific bogie of the decades preceding Darwin's *Origin of Species*. On the one side were those who believed that the Creator breathed life into the dust, and on the other those who believed that mind, intellect, and soul were entirely incorporeal. It required some courage to attempt to define the physical basis of life in all its manifestations.

Almost incredible progress has been made since that time by the ardent study of protoplasm and the enveloping cell, which has recently culminated in such a masterly work as Edmund B. Wilson's *The Cell in Development and in Inheritance*. The mind of Huxley, like that of Darwin, was of the generalizing, sweeping order, capable of making biological generalizations, distinctive of that great period of English thought. We are so crowded now with an infinitude of anatomical and physiological details that the

day of epoch-making generalizations seems to have passed. We cannot see the forest for the trees; we cannot look beyond the detailed vision afforded by our wonderfully perfect microscopes and optical instruments. Rapid accumulation of facts has become a veritable *embarras de richesses*. While we are making great discoveries of detail which far surpass anything within the grasp of Huxley, we have lost the power of generalization. We seem to be stunned, stupified and silenced by the very magnitude of our knowledge and the incapability of our human intellects to keep pace with it. In Huxley's own words:

> We are in the case of Tarpeia, who opened the gates of the Roman citadel to the Sabines and was crushed by the weight of the reward bestowed upon her. It has become impossible for any man to keep pace with the progress of the whole of any important branch of science. It looks as if the scientific, like other revolutions, meant to devour its own children; as if the growth of science tended to overwhelm its votaries; as if the man of science of the future were condemned to diminish into a narrow specialist as time goes on.

All the more intense in this centenary year is our admiration of Huxley for his indomitable courage in overcoming difficulties. His mind was inhibited only by the fact that his tasks were superhuman, larger than even his great strength could compass; they prevented those quiet hours of reposeful thought which enabled Charles Darwin to pour out his flood of generalization. Thus, admiring Huxley as we do, we cannot credit him with the achievements of which he was capable if the conditions of his life had only been different.

Huxley's first encounter with Owen well fitted him for his second and greater encounter with the established order of thought in Great Britain. In defence of Darwinism he had to face not only the entire established Church of England, with the single exception of Canon Charles Kingsley, but the no less invincible established order of science, including such really great men as Owen the anatomist, Sedgwick the geologist, and Louis Agassiz in the height of his prestige. It is a significant fact that Huxley's Croonian lecture of 1858 anticipated by only a year the appearance of the first edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Huxley's first words on this epoch-making volume are found in his review of it in *The London Times*, from which I quote:

Mr. Darwin abhors mere speculation as nature abhors a vacuum. He is as greedy of cases and precedents as any constitutional lawyer, and all the principles he lays down are capable of being brought to the test of observation and experiment. The path he bids us follow professes to be, not a mere airy track, fabricated of ideal cobwebs, but a solid and broad bridge of facts. If it be so, it will carry us safely over many a chasm in our knowledge, and lead us to a region free from the snares of those fascinating but barren virgins, the Final Causes, against whom a high authority has so justly warned us. "My son, dig in the vineyard," were the last words of the old man in the fable: and, though the sons found no treasure, they made their fortunes by the grapes.

The ensuing period is so fully portrayed in Huxley's *Life and Letters* that we need not go over the familiar ground. The controversy really bore more heavily on Huxley than on Darwin; Huxley was continuously on the firing line, while Darwin rarely replied to his critics but devoted himself to his quiet researches at Down. I had an opportunity of comparing the health of the two men on December 8, 1879, on the one occasion when Charles Darwin visited Huxley's laboratory while I was a student there. Darwin was in his seventieth year, Huxley in his fifty-fourth, I in my twenty-second. I observed that Darwin stood much taller than Huxley and had a ruddy face, with benevolent blue eyes and overhanging eyebrows; his face was comparatively free from worry, anxiety, or care, while that of Huxley already showed the burdens and strains of London life. Although the younger man by sixteen years, Huxley looked less hale than Darwin. His unselfish solicitude for Darwin's strength was highly characteristic of him; from the first he realized that such a life should be prolonged by every means. Often alluding to himself as "Darwin's bull-dog," he took the brunt of the fighting.

In his logical mind he at once clearly distinguished between the enduring and well-established and the transitory elements in the whole body of the evolutionary doctrine which we now call Darwinism. From first to last he maintained that it would require years of study before naturalists could say whether Darwin overestimated the creative power of Natural Selection. In these doubts Huxley anticipated the widespread modern scepticism as to the force of Selection. As to the permanence of Darwin's rediscovery of evolution Huxley never had a shadow of doubt, and his final defense of this great principle was before the British

Association at the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, which had witnessed his famous previous encounter with Bishop Wilberforce. The Chancellor of Oxford, the Marquis of Salisbury, had been chosen as President of the British Association, and the meeting proved to be the most notable in the history of this famous gathering of scientific men. The President dwelt, as some of the Fundamentalists today are dwelling, not upon the overwhelming evidence but upon the many doubtful points and unsolved problems which with delicate irony he said were glossed over "with the comforting word, evolution." As I was present on this historic occasion may I quote from my notes of the time:

> It was well worth the whole journey to Oxford to watch Huxley during this portion of the address. In his red Doctor of Laws gown, placed upon his shoulders by the very body of men who had once referred to him slightingly as "a Mr. Huxley," he sank deeper into his chair upon the very front of the platform and restlessly tapped his foot. His situation was an unenviable one. He had to thank an ex-Prime Minister of England and present the Chancellor of Oxford University for an address the sentiments of which were directly against those he himself had been maintaining for twenty-five years. He told me the following day that when the proofs of the Marquis's address were put in his hands the day before, he realized that he had before him a most delicate and difficult task.

As Huxley made his incomparable rejoinder, he gave the impression of consummate ease and enjoyment, but he told me later that he had never found it more difficult to convey a compliment at the manner and form of the address combined with a complete dissent from the substance of it.

The vindication of Huxley as fundamentally of a reverent and religious nature came not during the heated period of his lifetime, when all the embers of the bitter controversy were still glowing, but eleven years after his death, on the occasion of a meeting convened by the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society for the purpose of raising subscriptions in aid of the Huxley Memorial Fund. On this occasion the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, "in no uncertain voice declared himself a supporter of the principles which guided Huxley's noble life and proclaimed the righteousness of scientific truth" (*Nature*, May 14, 1896). Of this beautiful address I may quote one passage which gives the keynote:

I am here to do honor to one, for whose truthfulness of character I have the profoundest admiration. Professor Huxley had what might almost be called an exaggerated tenacity for the thing which he believed to be true, and a reluctance to surrender the truthfulness of his spirit at the bidding of any man or any authority. "But," some may say, "he was antagonistic." This is not the place nor the occasion to speak of Professor Huxley's attitude towards Christianity, or even towards faith; but it should be remembered that the antagonism of his spirit was far more called out by the unfortunate attitude adopted by some who professed and called themselves Christians than by anything in its (Christianity) own nature. The moral and lesson of it is perfectly clear. A man may show himself the antagonist of other men's errors and of other men's methods without in the least degree being hostile to those precious things on which the hearts of men were wont to repose.

This olive branch extended by a man of great spiritual influence in the Church of England is not to wither but is to continue to blossom and bear fruit in the growing harmony which now exists between the spiritual and intellectual leaders of British thought, a harmony which has particularly found expression of late in the noble addresses, sermons, and writings of men like Dean Inge of St. Paul's and Canon Barnes, now Bishop of Birmingham.

Huxley once told me that his early training by a devoted Christian mother imbued him with a Puritanical reverence for the truth, a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and a strict Sabbatarianism which denied him even the enjoyment of an apple orchard on the Lord's Day! Certainly this training in absolute veracity and scorn of dissimulation fitted Huxley to combat dissimulation whenever he discovered it, as in his famous reply to the Bishop of Oxford. Of his reverence for the Bible we can find no nobler tribute than that contained in the following citation from the Prologue (*Controverted Questions*, 1892) of his collection of essays on *Science and Christian Tradition:*

Twenty-two years ago I pleaded for the use of the Bible as an instrument of popular education, and I venture to repeat what I then said:

"Consider the great historical fact that, for three centuries, this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national Epic of Britain and is as familiar to gentle and simple, from John o'Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso once were to the Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind, who never left his village, to be ignorant of the existence of

other countries and other civilizations and of a great past, stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between the Eternities; and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effort to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?"

The test of Huxley's reverent attitude toward religion is to be seen in his choice of training for his own children and the recommendation he made for the training of children of the elementary schools. With italics of my own I quote two of his declarations on these points, because they are now of paramount interest in connection with problems in American education:

"When the great mass of the English people declare that they want to have the children in the elementary schools taught the Bible, and when it was plain from the terms of the Act that it was intended that such Bible-reading should be permitted, unless good cause for prohibiting it could be shown, I do not see what reason there is for opposing that wish. Certainly, I, individually, could with no shadow of consistency oppose the teaching of the children of other people *that which my own children are taught to do.*"

"I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures *the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct,* was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion, without the use of the Bible."

Of all Huxley's battles the most prolonged as well as the greatest was that for freedom of thought in matters scientific. This battle was not contained in any single one of his addresses but pervades all of the ten volumes in which these masterpieces of scientific, philosophical, and literary discourse have been collected and republished since his death and which should be on every bookshelf beside the two classic volumes of his *Life and Letters* and the four great volumes known as *The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley.* Now that we enjoy absolute freedom, if not license, of thought, now that men of all shades of scientific, religious, and philosophic belief may express their opinions without fear or favor, it is very difficult to imagine the state of things which prevailed all over western Europe during what we now perceive to be the dark intellectual ages of the close of the eight-

eenth century and the first half of the nineteenth. No one was free either to say what he believed or even to record freely what he observed without incurring a certain amount of social disfavor. But while Europe has been freed from its thralldom, while England has attained a perfectly free voice in matters scientific and natural, and while the ancient University of Louvain, that most conservative center of Catholic thought, has placed Darwin beside Newton, today it is our own country that is benighted and where the battles of Huxley are being fought over again.

If in the close of the great Victorian Age the name of Herbert Spencer shone far more brightly than that of Thomas Henry Huxley, it may now be said that while the star of Spencer has been gradually waning that of Huxley has been gradually ascending and brightening in our intellectual, moral, and spiritual firmament.

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN.

THE PROTOCOL, SECURITY, AND DISARMAMENT

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

TODAY all the world is thinking and talking about the prevention of war. To this end there are at present three possible programmes. There is the general and rather drastic plan put forward in the Geneva Protocol. Secondly, there is the plan of regional security which is now being discussed in Europe. And thirdly, there is the possibility of a second Conference on the Limitation of Armament which may be called by the United States. The purpose of such thought and discussion is to promote the settlement of disputes between nations without recourse to arms. Public opinion, the strongest ultimate force in the world, is being assailed on all sides to declare itself in favor of this or that particular solution of the problem of war. The result is that there is confusion of mind and often opposition as to methods among people who really wish to promote a reign of justice and peace.

Consequently what seems to be needed at present is an honest discussion of the possibilities of the situation rather than a passionate advocacy of any one of the various formulas that are now before the world. Out of such discussion and analysis there may come a clearer understanding of the factors involved and a realization of the many adverse elements which must be met before success can be won. Certainly the mind and heart of Europe have been deeply affected during the past eighteen months by the idea that it is the duty of the present generation to try to provide in advance against the day when the next generation, that knew not the horrors and the suffering of the late struggle, may again have to make the dread decision between peace and war. If the present wisdom of the world cannot provide a means and a method whereby aggressive war can be tamed and exposed to the annihilating ridicule of public opinion then the outlook is indeed sad.

One of the most distinguished and powerful Foreign Secretaries in Europe said to me last November: "If the Protocol is not the right way to deal with the subject, we must find another way. We must find an alternative method for public opinion demands it. We must do something." This sentiment was common to many others as well. Indeed, it is chiefly in the United States that feeling is sluggish and that for one reason or another the best minds of the country are not as yet applying themselves to the task of providing a reasoned and reasonable solution. Americans have been in part responsible for the definition of aggressive war as provided in the Geneva Protocol; but the fact that the United States is not a member of the League of Nations has prevented the full effect of American influence and has led to neglect by those responsible for the Protocol of fundamental principles of American foreign policy. It is all very well and, I dare say, very necessary that various organizations and bodies of influential citizens should proclaim the slogan of the outlawry of war and present earnest petitions to the President to promote disarmament among the nations. There is, however, nothing concrete or solid as yet in the manifestation of American public opinion regarding the entire matter. Still less is there a firm, clear notion at Washington of what should or should not be done. That may come in time.

In examining first of all the Geneva Protocol we must remember that though this document has apparently been disposed of for the time, the ideas of which it is the product are alive and ardent. The matter is to come up again next September at Geneva at the meeting of the Sixth Assembly. Then there may be an amended Protocol or the British may offer an alternative method to produce similar results. Certainly the programme of the Protocol deserves careful study rather than a contemptuous pigeon-hole. That I am by no means in complete support of the Protocol does not in the least prevent me from recognizing that in it there is an ambitious effort to promote international coöperation for peace. Historically it has set a pace which other plans sooner or later must meet if they are to win popular approval and final acceptance in the Foreign Offices of the world. The Protocol was finally signed by twenty States, including France, and in every nation there

were important sections of moderate and liberal opinion which heartily supported it. Although it met a chilly reception in America, so important a document deserves careful if brief analysis, even if it did come from the League of Nations which remains anathema to so many Americans.

In general the Protocol states that compulsory arbitration is to be the fundamental basis of settlement of future international disputes. Arbitration is set up as a part of the machinery for pacific settlement of such disputes under the auspices and direction of the Council of the League of Nations. The principles of international law are to control, but the equitable jurisdiction of the judges is clearly recognized and back of their decision rest both moral and actual force which the establishment of "sanctions" sets up. Aggressive war is prohibited and the compulsory jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice is extended to all international disputes, though "compatible" reservations are still permitted.

The position of the Council of the League is left untouched by the Protocol as regards its original power of action with a view to the reconciliation of the parties to a dispute. In case such action fails recourse under the Protocol may be had to one of three alternatives: (a) Compulsory arbitration at the request of one of the parties: (b) A unanimous decision by the Council: (c) Compulsory arbitration enjoined by the Council. The Assembly of the League may also act within moderate limits to assist in this procedure. In case one of the disputants claims that the matter is wholly within its own domestic jurisdiction and the Permanent Court agrees, a further provision of the Covenant may be invoked whereby under Article 11 the League has the duty "to take any action that may be deemed wise and effective to safeguard the peace of nations." The presumption of aggression furthermore rests against the State which refuses to accept arbitration or which increases its armaments or effectives pending a decision or which disregards the decision of the Permanent Court.

In cases where the dispute is between a State which has signed the Protocol and one which has not accepted either the Protocol or the Covenant of the League of Nations, Articles 16 and 17 of

the Covenant would come into effect. These provide in general that in case of refusal by a non-member State to accept the jurisdiction of the League, such a State shall "be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations" and the prohibition of all intercourse. "It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League." The Protocol, however, modifies this fixed rule of the Covenant by stating (Article 11) that the obligation to maintain such "sanctions" is "in the degree which its [the State's] geographical position and its particular situation as regards armaments allow." Further articles of the Protocol define and elaborate the use of such "sanctions."

As the Politis-Bénes reports on the Protocol state:

> Our purpose was to make war impossible, to kill it, to annihilate it. To do this, we had to create a system for the pacific settlement of *all disputes* which might ever arise. In other words, it meant the creation of a system of arbitration from which no international dispute, whether juridical or political, could escape. The plan drawn up leaves no loophole; it prohibits wars of every description and lays down that all disputes shall be settled by pacific means.
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> But this absolute character which applies to the system of arbitration should also apply to the whole of the scheme, in regard to all questions of principle. If there were one single gap in the system, if the smallest opening were left for any measure of force, the whole system would collapse.
>
> To this end arbitration is provided for every kind of dispute, and aggression is defined in such a way as to give no cause for hesitation when the Council has to take a decision.
>
> These reasons led us to fill in the gaps in the Covenant and to define the sanctions in such a way that no possible means could be found of evading them, and that there should be a sound and definite basis for the feeling of security.
>
> Finally, the Conference for the Reduction of Armaments is indissolubly bound up with this whole system: *there can be no arbitration or security without disarmament, nor can there be disarmament without arbitration and security.*
>
> The peace of the world is at stake.

Obviously such a plan had an ancestry. If we take the matter only since the establishment of the League of Nations we find

that the plan proposed by Lord Esher to fix set ratios for land armaments broke down. A draft treaty of mutual assistance (Cecil-Réquin plan) was rejected by major States within the League in 1924. This treaty provided that aggressive war was a crime, obliged those States accepting the treaty to assist a victim of aggression, and indicated a recognition of the "obligation to reduce armaments proportionate to the security offered by the treaty." An unofficial American committee contributed the ideas of the "outlawry of aggressive war, of international inspection of armaments and recurring international conferences on disarmament" in which the United States could join, and of open registered treaties of defensive alliance which might also provide for arbitration. There was also the Levinson-Borah plan to outlaw all war. This plan magnifies the power of public opinion and will not make use of "sanctions" or of force to carry out the decisions of international law. As such it rests on the supposition of a utopian world in which democracy and public education shall have advanced to a stage in which all peoples and States have accepted the American idealism which lies back of such notions. As such it is not a plan for a "practical" world today, though it has provided the misleading slogan of "the outlawry of war." Out of such programmes and such diverse elements came finally the Protocol of 1924.

The advocates of this plan have, I think, made the mistake of continually exalting the League of Nations and of declaring that only through the League could the restraint on war be secured. This has, of course, had an ill-effect on American public opinion. Indeed the plan has suffered in America from its most sincere and ardent supporters. If I may judge of American opinion today, it is far more sympathetic to the general ideals of the League than it was a few years ago. It believes that the League is doing a great and helpful work for international coöperation, for justice, and for peace. But, on the contrary, public opinion is stronger against our joining the League (except possibly as an associate or non-official member) than it was in 1919. The helpful sympathy of the United States has been won though full membership in the League is more distant than ever. In particular, the way in which the Protocol ignored or ran counter to historical principles of

American foreign policy made its acceptance or support in this country impossible. Certainly no American who was familiar with the ideas which have governed our foreign policy could come to its unqualified defence.

To mention only two or three of these fundamental principles of American diplomacy—what is to become of the rights of neutrals in case the Protocol should ever come into effect in the world as it is? And here we must remember that the rights of neutrals are historically wrapped up with the principles of American foreign policy.

Secondly, what effect would the adoption of the Protocol have had on the Monroe Doctrine in case the Council of the League of Nations had decided that the United States was an aggressor in maintaining that Doctrine? A third doubt would undoubtedly arise with regard to the efficacy of economic "sanctions" as a deterrent to war in the present organization of the League or in the present development of the world. Fourthly, as regards "domestic" questions, did not the Protocol give the League the right under Article 11 of the Protocol and Article 17 of the Covenant to "take such measures and make such recommendations as will prevent hostilities and will result in the settlement of the dispute"? Such measures might well enough place the United States and the League of Nations at war with each other in case a matter which was clearly "domestic" in character should also seem to the Council of the League to warrant action on its part.

Further criticism of the Protocol came from the British Government when Mr. Austen Chamberlain stated last March that Great Britain, "after discussing the subject with the self-governing Dominions and India," saw "insuperable objections to signing and ratifying the Protocol in its present form." This decision was due in the first place to the refusal of the Dominions to send representatives to London to discuss the matter and to the almost uniform objections, which they made by telegraphic dispatches, to acceptance of the Protocol. In the second place, it was also probably due to the fact that immediately after Mr. MacDonald had pledged the Labour Government of England to the support of the Protocol an animated discussion began in the British press

regarding Anglo-American relations with reference to the possibilities of the Protocol. It was clear the United States would not sign or accept the Protocol in its actual form. It was also clear that the new British Conservative Government, which came into office in early November, was unwilling to accept it in case the Protocol held the seeds of possible future dissension between the United States and Great Britain. The influence of the feeling of British friendship for America was cast strongly against the acceptance of the Protocol. These factors combined with technical objections were, therefore, responsible for the speech which Mr. Chamberlain made at Geneva on March 12.

Mr. Chamberlain criticized the system of economic "sanctions" as provided in the Protocol; he pointed out difficulties as to the regulation of preparations for war, particularly as regards the distribution and use of a fleet; and he objected to the restriction fixed by the Protocol that only money damages might be demanded even from the most flagrant aggressor in war. He referred to the possibility of providing international security, with the coöperation of the League, by supplementing the Covenant, "by making special arrangements in order to meet special needs." In general Mr. Chamberlain commented as follows:

> The Protocol purports to be little more than a completion of the work begun but not perfected by the authors of the Covenant. But surely this is a very inadequate description of its effects. The additions which it makes to the original document do something quite different from merely clarifying obscurities and filling in omissions. They destroy its balance and alter its spirit. The fresh emphasis laid upon sanctions, the new occasions discovered for their employment, the elaboration of military procedure, insensibly suggest the idea that the vital business of the League is not so much to promote friendly cooperation and reasoned harmony in the management of international affairs as to preserve peace by organising war, and (it may be) war on the largest scale. Now, it is unhappily true that circumstances may be easily imagined in which war, conducted by Members of the League, and with its collective assistance and approval, will become a tragic necessity. But such catastrophes belong to the pathology of international life, not to its normal condition. It is not wholesome for the ordinary man to be always brooding over the possibility of some severe surgical operation; nor is it wise for societies to pursue a similar course. It is more likely to hasten the dreaded consummation than to hinder it. And it certainly seems to His Majesty's Government that anything which fosters the idea that the main business of the League is with war rather

than with peace is likely to weaken it in its fundamental task of diminishing the causes of war without making it in every respect a satisfactory instrument for organising great military operations should the necessity for them be forced upon the world.

Thus the Protocol was postponed for future consideration and the Disarmament Conference planned for June, 1925, under the auspices of the League of Nations was also delayed. The fact was, however, that the Canadian reply to the League of Nations was by no means as stiff and harsh in its language as was the British. The Protocol was rejected especially because the absence of the United States made its "sanctions" largely unenforceable. But Canada continued loyally to support the League and was ready to consider the adoption, with reservations, of the principle of compulsory arbitration for all justiciable disputes and the extension of the principles of arbitration and conciliation to all non-justiciable disputes. The spirit which seemed to lie back of the Canadian note was more helpful and sympathetic than that of the official British reply. Certainly the general ideas which lie back of the Protocol have now become familiar to millions of peoples. Out of this there may well come the basis of a guarantee for peace.

Meanwhile, as Dr. Bénes pointed out, the States which had most eagerly supported the Protocol were the new or small States stretching from Finland in the north to Greece in the south. They represented the Continental system which in the main had been established by the treaties since the Armistice. They were constantly subjected to alarms of war and they stood to gain much if their frontiers could be guaranteed by such a pact. For the Protocol was clearly a Continental project to ratify and secure the system which some have called the "Balkanization of Europe." France as well had been the first to sign the Protocol thus seeking to establish under the aegis of the League of Nations the approval of the world for what she had already accomplished by diplomacy, namely, the creation of a group of States bound to France by quasi-alliance. Thus a peace movement served to shelter a move to make the League of Nations a pawn of France. This is not at all to the discredit of France in the game of diplomacy as it is played by the practical idealists at Geneva. Natu-

rally with the postponement of the ratification of the Protocol eastern Europe is once more extremely anxious. The principle of compulsory arbitration backed by "sanctions" would have consolidated every new frontier and have given a new guarantee to peace in that part of the world. Now if instead of this we have a new regional pact which affects only western Europe these new States will feel that they have been bereft of such protection as they had hoped for under the protection of the League.

Nevertheless, that is what is possible under the "special arrangements for special needs," to which Mr. Chamberlain referred. Such a programme would guarantee certain frontiers as they now stand by an agreement between Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, and Germany. This differs from the treaty of mutual assistance projected in 1923–24, for this pact would include Germany. Naturally the progress of such negotiations is slow. It has been affected by the cabinet crisis in France and by the presidential elections in Germany. Indeed a combination of events has made Mr. Chamberlain's task much more difficult than would otherwise have been the case. Nor is it to the public interest that the full and detailed course of these preliminary negotiations should now be revealed. At every turn the foreign political and military commitments of France stand in the way of more rapid progress. Poland, in particular, has been vociferous in her protests that the eastern as well as the western frontiers of Germany should be included in any such security pact. On every side the suspicions and anxiety of France are evident and M. Briand, who has stood out strongly for the Protocol is now, as I write, French Foreign Secretary. Neither he nor Dr. Bénes enjoyed Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Geneva in March. In England as well Mr. Chamberlain has his critics. *The Manchester Guardian* has already said: "Our present Government seems to be thinking of such a pact of guaranty to France as an alternative to the Protocol. It is an alternative with no advantages. Alliances, as 1914 showed, are the mother of wars. * * * The choice is between the old diplomacy and the new route through Geneva. It is, at last, the parting of the ways."

Such comments, backed as they are by the official Opposition in the House of Commons, and supported by those who like to figure as ardent supporters of the League of Nations have perhaps given color to the idea that Great Britain is now in some way less firm in her adherence to the League of Nations. Mr. Frank Simonds in *The Review of Reviews* and others have given voice to the idea that England is drifting away from the League. A clever English writer, Mr. Roth Williams, has written of an Anglo-American understanding as an alternative to British commitments to the League and has declared that an English-speaking alliance is both undesirable and impossible. Such remarks seem to me far from correct, for if you talk with the people who really count you find that the British Commonwealth of Nations is as firm as ever in support of the League of Nations. The fact that they do not agree to support the Protocol does not in any fundamental way indicate that there is any loosening of the connection between Great Britain and the League. On the other hand, as Sir Esmé Howard well said the other day, if Great Britain and the United States seem to follow similar channels it is only because their own interests so guide them. He expressed the mind and the heart of England when he concluded:

> All I should like our friends over here to understand is that the people in Europe cannot, and will not, give up spending money on fire insurance and on fire brigades unless their houses are made fire proof. I feel certain that once that elementary fact is understood there will be less criticism, and also a desire to coöperate to this end so far as possible without endangering the interest of the United States. It is possible that Great Britain may have to go rather further in coöperation with the European nations than the United States may be able to go in order to produce that confidence that will lead to disarmament and peace. But this need not, and should not, be construed as implying any possibility of a clash between the two great English-speaking nations, the Powers of the world, which possibility the other nations of the world must learn to consider, as all of us here consider it, as the one thing which we will neither admit nor endure.

To return now to the proposed security pact which should include Germany. If we pass over hurriedly the negotiations which took place during February and early March we come to the announcement made by Mr. Chamberlain on March 24. He

then stated the terms proposed by Germany for such an agreement as follows:

In regard to her western frontiers Germany is prepared to renounce all desire of change and to enter into a mutual pact to guarantee the existing situation. In suggesting arbitration in the East, she does not propose or suggest that the eastern frontiers should become the subject of such treaties of arbitration. She is prepared to say that she renounces the idea of recourse to war to change the frontiers in the East, but she is not prepared to say in regard to those frontiers that she renounces hope some day to modify some of their provisions by friendly negotiations, by diplomatic procedure, or, it may be for aught I know, by the good offices of the League of Nations.

Mr. Chamberlain also stated that:

Germany's interest is in the establishment of a special treaty foundation for a special understanding with France. Germany is prepared to consider a comprehensive arbitration treaty and to enter into a mutual pact with the Powers interested in the Rhine. Similar arbitration treaties may be concluded with the other States which have common boundaries with Germany. If these States desire, a further pact universally guaranteeing the present territorial status on the Rhine would be acceptable to Germany and the pact may further guarantee fulfillment of Articles 42 and 43 of the Treaty of Versailles.

He concluded by the solemn warning:

Ever since peace was signed, no less than when war was still being waged, Europe has been ranged in two camps, divided as were the combatants in war. Fear, haunting, restless, brooding fear, haunts the councils of every nation and the homes of every Continental people—fear that warps judgment and affects policy, which leads to irritating acts, to fresh provocation, which renews day by day the bitterness of war and the rancors of war. If this continues, sooner or later, Europe will march to a new Armageddon.

It was only natural that France should make counter moves in such negotiations and finally that Germany should begin direct dealings with France. So far these negotiations are still progressing favorably. The admission of Germany to the League of Nations is to be a part of the bargain. It remains to be seen how quickly an agreement can be reached and how clearly such a treaty would meet the natural and essential demands for security which must precede any effective plans for disarmament.

Certainly the election of Marshal von Hindenburg as President of the German *Reich* gives no pause. His character and views have, however, been quite commonly misunderstood. He is not in favor of a belligerent attitude by Germany and he favors peace

at present. His election, however, tends to restore German self-respect. Chancellor Luther, after conference with Hindenburg, has stated, according to press reports, that German foreign policy remains unchanged. He said:

> In her disarmed state Germany also is justified in demanding security. It is all the more to the interest of Germany to seek protection through treaties against future attacks, since she desires to wage no war, and, as any expert will agree, she is unable to wage war.

At the same time negotiations have begun looking to the organization of another regional pact of States to the south and east of Germany. These steps have been at the initiative of Dr. Bénes, Foreign Secretary of Czechoslovakia, and have as their purpose both to consolidate that part of Europe and to bring it more closely into touch with the League of Nations. Such attempts rest on the knees of the gods. At least, we can believe that they are full of promise.

Under circumstances like these, it was obvious that the original proposals to hold a disarmament conference at Washington which were thrown out last summer and autumn were premature. In December it was clear that the Department of State would do nothing till the Geneva Protocol had been disposed of or had been accepted. Now comes the question as to whether this Chamberlain plan for regional security may not also interpose delay on the part of the authorities at Washington. They waited to see what was to happen to the Protocol; will they not now wait to see what happens to regional security before they issue a call for a second Conference on the Limitation of Armament at Washington? The early suggestion as to the holding of the first Conference came from Great Britain at a time when public opinion in the United States was alarmed as to the situation in the Far East and was anxious to promote a friendly understanding as to the limitation of armament. Is it not possible if not probable, therefore, that American action may wait on the development of negotiations in Europe?

In the meantime, in response to private criticism from the League regarding American action, I would point out that there was no smaller or preliminary conference prior to the Washington Conference, because such a conference might have wrecked the

plans for the larger and formal Conference, and the United States particularly objected to such preliminary discussions as habitually take place in the Council of the League. For the power of the Council, particularly now that Foreign Secretaries of first class Powers are forming the habit of attending its sessions, is immense to direct and formulate and also to veto proposals laid before it. The Council, furthermore, is composed of representatives of States most of which are involved in negotiations with each other, which have no part in the subject under discussion but which nevertheless under the surface inevitably affect, if they do not determine, the decisions of the Council regarding the ostensible subject under debate. These preliminary discussions seem, therefore, harmful to the United States. Moreover, there was certainly as far as the United States was concerned no attempt to extend or to force the decisions of the Washington Conference.

It is undoubtedly true that careful consideration is being given to the whole matter at Washington. Possibly by the time that this article appears in print a decision may have been reached. Certainly, however, to succeed in any broad sense such a Conference must have definite objectives to start with. Those who light-heartedly advocate a disarmament conference know nothing of the strenuous preliminary preparation, of the careful determination of the agenda, of the meticulous care with which each aspect and possible phase of the matter must be surveyed. Only such work made the first Conference a success. If a second Conference is to be held, it must in all probability be confined to naval armament. The United States has nothing to trade as far as land armament is concerned. Indeed as regards naval armament, only the programme for light cruisers and submarines could seriously come into consideration. America might trade as to her potentialities in construction. Certainly those are vast. Such considerations, however, do not readily lend themselves to definite formulation at present. As far as aircraft are concerned, America would find in the first place that France considers her air strength as part of her land armament and the relation of commercial flying to combatant flying is so close that the argument in favor of the limitation of aircraft would be subject to vigorous opposition. Lastly as to submarines. Here the British

would undoubtedly urge reduction, but the opinion of the American naval authorities would be extremely apt to disagree with the British. It is, therefore, difficult to see along what lines reduction might be advocated except in proposed construction of light cruisers. There the set ratios of "five, five, three" might be extended from capital ships to auxiliary armament.

Despite the stories in the press that informal conversations have taken place regarding the possibility of holding a limitation of armament conference at Washington, no such approaches have formally been made. Mr. Chamberlain spoke to Mr. Kellogg in London regarding such a plan and out of that remark and similar discussions elsewhere the gentlemen of the press have made their headlines and blown a bubble. Meantime the British attitude remains as Mr. Chamberlain defined it on March 16. He said: "Of course, you know the attitude of the British Government. It is willing to attend any conference anywhere which offers any prospect of an advance toward world peace."

Among the people who decide things in Washington the idea is common that sooner or later a conference will be called. How soon or for what exact purposes it is impossible to state. Senator Borah has the fixed idea that Russia must be recognized by the United States and invited to such a conference, for he declares that the Russian Problem is the key to the situation. That view, however, would apparently postpone the Conference to the Greek Kalends. There are also those who foresee a revival of negotiations regarding China. The whole subject of extraterritoriality and the problem of the customs in China have not advanced since 1922. In case, as now seems likely, France finally ratifies the Nine Power Treaty relating to China, there is no reason why such Far Eastern questions should not come up at a second Conference. There are, furthermore, always opportunities for personal contacts at a general conference of this sort. These personal relations often have a profound and lasting effect and may clear the way to negotiations on other matters. Certainly the moral influence of a Conference may be counted as one of its major assets if everything goes for the best during the negotiations. On that no one can predict. If the problem of the inter-

allied and American debts should come up in connection with the Conference the moral aspects of the negotiations would perforce become extremely practical.

There remains just a word of comment on the present Conference taking place at Geneva with reference to the restriction of traffic in arms. This meeting is an international affair held under the auspices of the League, but is not exactly a League conference. The United States signed but did not ratify the Convention of St. Germain in 1919 which aimed to control the traffic in arms. At Geneva the attempt is now being made to substitute an agreement which we can accept and will enforce by appropriate legislation. The Temporary Mixed Commission of the League has prepared a draft treaty as the basis for discussion. It is certain that the United States will favor a flexible compact which will not stimulate the creation of large stores of munitions in a given country and which will not drive any country to open new factories to provide itself with arms. At present the export of munitions to certain regions in Asia, Africa, and Central America calls for governmental regulation in order to prevent the outbreak of disorders which might menace the peace of the world. On the whole, such regulations as may be adopted will probably be fairly conservative in character.

Thus as we survey the general situation with regard to security and disarmament, the major fact of security stands out first. Disarmament can never take place unless security is guaranteed. Whether that security is to be found for Europe in an amended Protocol or in a series of new regional pacts remains to be seen. Competition as regards armament can then be limited and curbed. Slowly as the various elements in the situation pass in review the conviction becomes clearer that the United States occupies an enviable position of vast moral and practical power. That power should be exercised to prevent the "supreme catastrophe" which another great war would bring upon our modern civilization.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

THE FUTURE OF LEPROSY

BY VICTOR G. HEISER, M.D.
Director for the East, International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation

ARE the people of the United States threatened with leprosy? How many lepers are there in the country? Is the disease spreading? What is being done for lepers? Has a cure been developed? These and many other questions are frequently asked of the malady that holds probably more popular interest than any other affliction of man.

Until 1912 the Island of Nauru in the South Pacific with a population of 2,100 had no lepers. A case was then introduced. Between 1920 and 1922 there were 39 lepers. If the same thing had happened in the United States, we would, computing on the basis of our present population, now have over 2,037,200 lepers. Reasoning by analogy, we know that this is not likely to happen. However, it is well to bear in mind that it is not so very long ago that France had 2,000 leper hospitals and England had them by the hundreds. Only this past year, after a comparative absence of nearly a century, the disease has again reappeared in Holland and an old leper hospital has had to be reopened. Thus it is apparent that vigilance is at least highly desirable.

The history of leprosy throughout the world shows conclusively that this disease never appears in a new place until some victim of the disease goes there. It does not rise spontaneously. So far as we know, the human host is the only reservoir for it. This means that whenever persons with leprosy are kept from coming into contact with well persons it disappears. The isolation and segregation of lepers in Europe brought it under complete control, and if such measures could be effectually applied all over the earth, it would vanish completely. According to Aristotle, writing about 345 B.C., leprosy was present in Asia Minor. By 200 B.C. it became common on the Greek coast. Italy was free of the disease until the return of Pompey's soldiers in 62 B.C. According to Galen, leprosy appeared in Germany in 180 A.D., and gradually spread over Europe. In the fifth and sixth centuries Spain was infected by the Roman troops, and by the seventeenth century it

had reached England. In the middle of the twelfth century it spread from Scotland to Norway, the Shetland Islands, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and accessible parts of Russia.

During this period suppressive measures in Europe took various forms. Sometimes lepers had to wear special dress or ring a bell when passing along the streets. They were forbidden to drink at public fountains, to touch children, or to eat with persons other than lepers. Isolation in colonies or hospitals was very generally practiced, and probably had the most important influence in preventing the spread of the disease.

Just when leprosy entered the United States is not known, but there were probably two principal sources; one through the slave traffic from West Africa, and the other through the French settlers of Louisiana. Leprosy has of course been frequently imported into the United States during the past one hundred years, but owing to the horror with which the disease is regarded, effective isolation naturally follows, if not by legal means at any rate through strong public opinion, and as a result there has been little spread from these later invasions.

For centuries leprosy has struck terror into the heart of man, and well it might. There is no affliction that has the physical basis for so much dismay and anguish. It is horrible to live with and difficult to die with. Death seldom comes until caused by some other disease. As the incubation period is unknown, one of the disquieting features of having been in contact with lepers is the long period which may elapse before the disease manifests itself. The shortest known time is about two years, and in some cases it has been over twenty years. On the other hand, leprosy is not hereditary. Of hundreds of children that have been taken away from their leprous mothers soon after birth, not one has developed leprosy. The disease begins insidiously, progresses slowly, and may last for twenty or thirty years. The Greek writer, Aretaeus, over two thousand years ago gave the following description of leprosy which is true of the leper of today:

> Shining tubercles of different size, dusky red or livid in color, on face, ears and extremities, together with a thickened and rugous state of the skin, a diminution or total loss of its sensibility, and a falling off of all the hair except that of the scalp. The alæ of the nose become swollen, the nostrils dilate, the lips

are tumid; the external ears, especially the lobes, are enlarged and thickened and beset with tubercles; the skin of the cheek and forehead grows thick and tumid and forms large and prominent rugae, especially over the eyes; the hair of the eyebrows, beard, pubes and axillæ falls off; the voice becomes hoarse and obscure, and the sensibility of the parts affected is obtuse or totally abolished, so that pinching or puncturing gives no uneasiness. This disfiguration of the countenance suggested the idea of the features of a satyr, or wild beast; hence the disease was, by some, called satyriasis, or by others leontiasis. As the malady proceeds the tubercles crack and ultimately ulcerate. Ulcerations also appear in the throat and nose, which sometimes destroy the palate and septum, the nose falls, and the breath is intolerably offensive; the fingers and toes gangrene and separate joint after joint.

It is not infrequent to see a lighted cigarette burning into the fingers of a leper without his being aware of it. The limbs become paralyzed. Slight injuries often start unhealable ulcers that produce deep holes in the bottoms of the feet and discharge foul-smelling pus. After the disease attacks the nerves, the ordinary wear on the fingers and toes, for instance, is not repaired, so that through this and through absorption these members disappear. I have seen, for instance, a string orchestra of lepers that has literally played "its fingers off", and nothing but mere bats remained where hands once were. Owing to the anæsthesia which accompanies the disease, there is as a rule not much pain, but in some instances leprosy attacks certain parts of the eyes causing intense pain which lasts day after day and even for months. Far beyond the physical suffering is the terrible mental anguish. No criminal condemned to solitary confinement is confronted with such torture and loneliness. Shunned by his friends and associates who are in terror of coming even within speaking distance, the unfortunate victim soon finds himself alone in a world in which he has no part; the few who come in contact with lepers instinctively draw back from them, so that any attempt at normal social relationship dies in its birth.

There is no way of knowing even approximately how many lepers there are in the world. It is not even known how many there are in the United States, but that the number given in official statistics is far below the actual number is conceded by all who have made an investigation. Estimates for the United States vary from 400 to 1,000, and the total number in the world is

given by different writers as between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000. The great strongholds of leprosy are in India, China and Japan. The incidence in the Philippines has probably been as high as anywhere. The disease was introduced into the Islands by a few leper immigrants in the sixteenth century. When Dewey defeated the Spanish fleet in the Manila harbor there were probably 10,000, so that America, among other responsibilities, acquired its first large leper problem. The indigenous races of Africa included thousands upon thousands of lepers, and pitiful stories are told of the rapid spread of the disease among these unfortunate people. Owing to the improved avenues of transportation which are being opened on the initiative of the white man, civilization is going forward more rapidly than are the defenses against the evils which heretofore had natural checks. South America has had large invasions, and one little country alone is said to have over 100,000 lepers. The Islands of the West Indies, far-away Ceylon and Java, the archipelagoes of the South Seas, and many distant lands contain large numbers. Our own possession, Hawaii, has suffered terribly from the ravages of leprosy, for in its population of a little over 100,000, there have been over 800 lepers at one time.

What defenses then has the science of modern public health erected against leprosy? Considerable definite knowledge is available. In the first place the cause of the disease is known. Hansen, a Norwegian doctor, proved that it is due to a bacillus. Whenever the leper bacillus can be demonstrated in the tissues of a person, it may be stated beyond question that this person has leprosy. It is a disease confined exclusively to the human race. No animal contracts leprosy naturally, nor will it develop when inoculated into any animal. The latter fact greatly retards the study of the disease. No one has yet been able to prove leprosy was ever contracted except through contact. Just how the transmission from person to person takes place is not known. In some places apparently it does not spread. During the past twenty-five years it has been known that leprosy does not spread in England nor in New York State. On the other hand, it does spread in Germany, France, Louisiana, Texas and Canada. From the foregoing it will be apparent that if all lepers in a country

are promptly isolated, that is, kept from coming in contact with the public, the disease should disappear. This is exactly what has happened in England and in other countries in which that plan was effectively carried out. It is more or less the aim to take similar measures in all countries in which the disease prevails, but owing to the lack of proper organization and money the plans have not always been realized. Isolation not only protects others from contracting leprosy, but it is a humane solution for the leper himself, for instead of being shunned, he has an opportunity to associate with other lepers under pleasant relationship, and is spared the world's rebuffs. Congregation in special hospitals or colonies affords opportunities for the study of the disease on a large scale and for the administration of treatment by trained doctors and attendants.

What is the United States doing at home and in its dependencies to bring leprosy under control? Although its start was late, its pace slow, and occasionally lepers suffered terrible outrages in continental United States for lack of legal protection, yet on the whole the record is very creditable. As has so frequently happened in the past with other public health measures, the first action was taken in the dependencies, and the home land followed many years later. It was soon recognized that the best hope of success lay in following the methods of modern research. Congress made available funds with which it was possible to send a small scientific commission to Hawaii in 1907. In the meantime the world's largest leper colony was started in the Philippines and received its first lepers in 1906. That colony now has approximately 6,000 leper inmates.

As most of the lepers in the United States are aliens in whom the disease could not be detected at the time of their admission, dealing with them was regarded as a national rather than a State obligation. To meet the situation, Congress in 1917 authorized a national leprosarium. This is located in Louisiana, and anyone who develops leprosy can be taken care of there free of all cost. Very comfortable quarters are provided, excellent care is given, and medical officers are ever keen to give the inmates the very best the world affords in the way of treatment.

A good leper colony was being maintained by the Government

of Hawaii at the time the sovereignty of the Islands passed to the United States, which continued the kindly care. In Porto Rico as well as in Panama all lepers are isolated.

The research work started under United States auspices and the large numbers of cures reported from the Philippines have been a tremendous stimulus to the whole world, so that in the few years that have elapsed since the United States became identified with the problem, a new horizon has appeared and there is hope where once all was darkness. Charitable people of the United States for many years have been the largest contributors towards missions that have cared for lepers throughout the world. In recent years the organization "The Mission to Lepers" has coördinated missionary effort, and approached the problem of leprosy control from the public health viewpoint. This means that another important agency is working, not only to relieve the suffering of lepers but to make it less likely for others to contract this frightful disease.

So much for prevention and control. What has modern medicine to offer the unfortunate victim who has the disease? Leprosy is undoubtedly the oldest disease of which there is any record that man has attempted to conquer. Frequent mention of these efforts is made in the Bible, and among the miracles performed by Christ leprosy is specifically mentioned. The early writings of Galen and Aristotle indicate a lack of success in combating the disease and so the history of failure goes on down to the twentieth century. Throughout this long record one bright light illuminates much of the darkness: the aid which the Christian missionary gave. It is indeed an inspiring sight to visit lepers all over the world, whether in comparatively civilized places, in barren islands, or in haunts far removed from the world's paths, and see the cheer, comfort, and hope that has been put into the lives of these unfortunate outcasts.

Although the practice of medicine was developed to a science before the close of the nineteenth century, the newer methods of research were not focused upon leprosy until well into the twentieth century. The prospects of success were most discouraging. Literally hundreds of remedies had been tried, but only failure followed in their wake. Gradually out of the darkness one rem-

edy seemed to offer an element of hope. The natives of India claimed beneficial effects with certain herbs. Investigation revealed that the faith was based on the fact that the natives chewed the leaves and twigs of the chaulmoogra tree. Gradually it was ascertained that it was the oil of the tree that appeared to have healing properties. This led to the extraction of the oil of chaulmoogra from the nut. With that discovery it became possible to try the remedy in all parts of the world. This wider use showed that chaulmoogra oil alone stood the test of time. Unfortunately, its nauseating properties greatly interfered with its successful administration, and further experience demonstrated that perhaps only one leper in a hundred could retain it. There the matter rested for many years while research was being made into methods which might be used to counteract the unpleasant effects of the drug. In the Philippines it was finally learned that by adding camphor and resorcin to the oil it could be successfully given hypodermically without causing much nausea. Although cures had been reported with chaulmoogra oil from the leper colony in Louisiana and perhaps from other isolated places, yet it was not until its administration by the hypodermic method was undertaken on a large scale in the Philippines that sufficient experience became available to make a fairly accurate prediction as to the possibilities of the treatment.

The news of this experiment in the Philippines spread rapidly throughout the world. Soon afterward successful results were reported from Hawaii, Fiji, Korea, Australia, Sumatra, China, India and other countries. The effect on lepers all over the earth was little short of magical. Hope replaced gloom and despair. It was a never to be forgotten experience to see the light of hope in the eyes of lepers wherever the news became known.

The study of leprosy became world-wide. After the success of the treatment in the Philippines was published, Sir Leonard Rogers, in India, used essential principles from the oil which caused improvement more rapidly than the Philippine formula. Then research was again taken up by scientists in Hawaii. They converted chaulmoogra oil into ethyl esters, which apparently gave much more rapid and satisfactory results. Investigations are under way at the United States Government Leper Station at

Carville, Louisiana. Other promising avenues are being explored in Calcutta, in China, in Hawaii, in South Africa, several places in Japan and in other countries. In addition to the chaulmoogra oil, many other remedies have been put forward; some of them of considerable promise. The great advantage of international action is that all of these remedies can now be rapidly tested in various countries and the results compared. Thus if a remedy is found which gives promising results in a number of places, there is encouragement for further trial, whereas if there is more or less evidence of the failure of a drug in a number of different countries much time is saved by directing the attack to other fields. Only recently, for instance, the remedy "tryparsamide" discovered in the United States which has proved so efficacious in the treatment of sleeping sickness, gives promise of being of value in leprosy. A medical missionary in West Africa while treating a leper with tryparsamide, who was also afflicted with sleeping sickness, reported that upon the completion of the treatment the victim had been cured of both diseases. This observation can be tested in many places, and soon we shall know whether this is a new remedy of promise. Recently, too, some very favorable results have been obtained with mercurochrome. Thus it will be apparent that through international action any remedy of promise can be quickly evaluated, and the workers in the disease soon know whether another instrument has been added to their armamentarium. And so a new day has dawned for the leper. Now there is hope where all was darkness and despair. The prospects of being freed of the disease are excellent.

Briefly then experience warrants the statement that of the lepers who have not had the disease for more than four or five years and are not beyond the period of young adult life 25 per cent. can be cured. In Hawaii the reports are good; many lepers become negative and the cosmetic results are excellent. For instance, Dr. Hasseltine reported (February 25, 1924) that at the Kalihi treatment station it was possible to parole 77, or 23½ per cent. of all those treated. Of the remainder, 60 per cent. were improved, 31 per cent. stationary or arrested, and eight per cent. were not affected by treatment. Of some 4,000 lepers under treatment in

the Philippine Islands, over 300 are ready for parole, 53 per cent. of the remainder are distinctly improved, and in another 36 per cent. the disease has become stationary. Results such as these, though far from perfection, are very stimulating. What a tremendous advance over a few years ago, when even one recovered case was almost unknown!

This slow, persistent attempt to protect people against leprosy is typical of the progress of preventive medicine. The real gains have been due, not to unrelated efforts of private practitioners dealing with individual patients for personal profit, but to the disinterested coöperation of physicians and sanitarians who have shared knowledge and experience, and helped governments and institutions to organize systematic measures of isolation and treatment. Their aim has been not merely to relieve the afflicted but to protect whole populations. These modern crusaders will not be content until leprosy has been banished from the world.

VICTOR G. HEISER.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

When the Pilgrims came to Plymouth in 1620, they brought with them the English conscience and intellect and energy, but, roughly speaking, it may be said that the English imagination stayed behind, with the children of Shakespeare. Now humanity demands imagination as well as conscience, and it is most curious to trace in New England the gradual assertion of the imaginative type. Assuredly in Charlotte Cushman we have an interesting spectacle of the development of the two elements, not exactly in conflict, but in marked contrast, and existing side by side, on the whole in well balanced efficiency.

Miss Cushman was born in Boston in 1816. She belonged to the best New England stock on both sides of the family, and was brought up in comfortable surroundings, and with an excellent education. Perhaps she would never have been attracted directly to the stage, though from her childhood she was remarkable as a mimic. Her early aspirations were musical, and she hoped that her powerful contralto voice might be developed to operatic quality. Her disappointment as to this was a bitter blow, but incidentally she had discovered that, though she could not sing, she could act, and she continued to do so, with a career of mainly triumphant and unbroken success, until the cruel malady of cancer, which she bore with heroic patience, made it impossible for her to give even the dramatic readings in which she was quite as effective as on the actual stage. She died in 1876.

It may be said at once that Miss Cushman's life was one of full, joyous, and complete absorption in her work and devotion to it. She had no apologies for her profession, no distrust of it, no shame about it. It is hardly necessary to say that, with such a temper as hers, this view meant constant devotion and

sacrifice. Her work was never trifling, never frivolous; she never slighted it or neglected it. Her soul was in whatever she did: "To be thoroughly in earnest, intensely in earnest in all my thoughts and in all my actions, whether in my profession or out of it, became my one single idea. And I honestly believe herein lies the secret of my success in life."

This affection, this passion, for her art made her ready to overlook all the drawbacks and annoyances which repel so many from the theatrical life who might otherwise succeed in it. To Miss Cushman it was a noble art, and required all a man's energy and genius to make and keep himself worthy of it. Even the humbler and the harsher sides of it she valued as a useful discipline to purify and elevate her spirit when it was worn and shattered with some special strain and misery. And she sums up this beneficent element of her work in one effective sentence: "Art is an exacting mistress, but she repays with royal munificence."

In Miss Cushman's case, as in that of any imaginative artist, back of the intense immediate enjoyment of artistic effort and achievement, there was the long, conscious ambition to succeed, to make a great place in the world, to leave a great name behind her. And no doubt, in thoughtful moments, she was clearly conscious of the defective side of this ambition, so far as the stage is concerned. No art is capable of such immediate, intense, directly appreciated triumph. And no other art is so ephemeral in its appeal, leaves so little permanent impress on the imagination of humanity. Yet, after all, there is something to be said for the glory which comes in one's lifetime, if it ever comes, and the immense, immediate applause of thousands laughing and weeping right before you may be worth a good deal more than the shadowy adoration of a dream-posterity. At any rate, there can be no doubt that ambition, the desire to achieve glory, if possible, and as much of it as possible, was a substantial, enduring motive in Miss Cushman's life.

And if glory was what she sought, she certainly got it, in large measure and perhaps as little mixed as often falls to the lot of any one in this complicated world. So far as one can judge of her acting from the varied comments of critics, it was, as one might expect, perhaps stronger in the intellectual than in the im-

passioned aspect. She had a mighty and ardently impetuous temperament, and no doubt she lost herself in the emotional sway of her creations to a very great extent. Still, the main impression seems to be one rather of profound, penetrative intellectual power than of immediate, spontaneous self-abandonment, as for example with Salvini. She was universally recognized as a very great actress, but perhaps rather of the Saxon than of the Latin type.

In consequence, her successes and triumphs may not always have been as violent and sensational as in some cases, but her hold on the intelligent portion of her audiences was sure and lasting. In America everywhere and in Europe her reputation grew and she was received with admiration and enthusiasm, not only in the lesser parts, like Meg Merrilies, which she had created and which died with her, but in the great Shakespearean characters, which can never die, and which each actress recreates for herself. Perhaps the hints of what her glory was are best caught in her own reflections of it, the hasty accounts of triumphant receptions which she scribbles off to her family and friends. Thus, in early days, we hear of the "particulars of my great and triumphant success of last night, of my reception, of being called out after the play, and hats and handkerchiefs waved to me, flowers sent to me, etc." And it was just the same to the end.

And of course it all delighted her, the hand-clapping, the shouting, the fireworks, and the general ecstasy. It was the seal of reward for a life of prolonged and noble effort, and she enjoyed it; and what human being would not? She naturally missed it, when by any accident it failed to come, and the lack made her uneasy and restless. But generally there was no lack, a superabundance, amounting almost to surfeit, if any one could be surfeited with nourishment of that kind. That Miss Cushman's appetite for it was as wide and lasting as most appears in the pretty anecdote of her behavior on one conspicuous occasion, when she had been for some time absent from the stage: "Just then the storm of applause burst out afresh for a second 'call'; as Miss Cushman heard it, she threw up her arms with a peculiar gesture, and cried out in a tone of indescribable, passionate, eager ecstasy: 'Oh, how have I lived without this through all these years!' "

It is very obvious that no such career could pass without its drawbacks, its struggles and trials, and its bitterness. There were the critics always. Sometimes they said harsh things from mere prejudice, from conventional association, or favoritism for others. If the actor gets many kind words, when he is successful, he is bound also to get plenty of cruel ones, and they hurt, perhaps all the more, when you feel that they are not deserved. Then, even the greatest artists make mistakes, set their hearts passionately upon what they are unfitted for, and get just the same rebuff from an unfeeling world that comes to those who have no genius whatever. The best and greatest are never quite free from such attempts and such failures and such disappointments as these. But perhaps even worse than the concrete individual failure is the general sense of disillusion, the days of discouragement when the high rapture of the taut nerves leaves you, and it seems as if your best effort and your longest struggle could never reach their aim, if indeed the aim is worth reaching. Or some trifle makes you realize that popular favor is won by tricks and held by compromises, and that the serious study and passion of the artist are too often thrown away, as Charlotte remarked bitterly in regard to Meg Merrilies: "With an outlandish dress and a trick or two, I can bring much more money to the theatre than when I give the public my heart's blood in my finest character." When you have the artistic temperament, that temperament which the Pilgrims forgot to bring over, these things depress as much as the high praise exalts, and Miss Cushman had that temperament in splendid fulness.

It shows not only in connection with her professional life, but in all the aspects of her career and character. She threw herself with her whole soul into what she was doing. If she succeeded, if things went well and as she wished, she was elevated to the clouds. When they went wrong, the depression was equally immediate and immense.

So the intensity which she threw into creation went also into passive enjoyment. Take the great poets; she read them effectively, because she loved them and felt them first herself. Take her ecstasy over the poetry of Tennyson, which flowed perhaps as superbly from her lips as from his. In the same way

she vibrated to the subtle and varied rhythms of Shakespeare, and so made others vibrate as she did. Again, music was always a delight to her, and with this, as with everything, her first instinct was to communicate her delight. Up to her last years she was fond of singing in small companies. As always, the intense personal interest predominated, in the feeling for art, as in everything else.

And this intensely personal quality of course made her and kept her always a social being. She liked men and women about her, to feel them and touch them and enter into their lives and have them enter into hers. She herself declared that social life was necessary to her, that it was vain to try under any circumstances to seclude her from the warm contact of mortality: "I am sympathetic, and so more a lover of my kind than most people; hence I must see people, and it is useless to attempt to box me up. I cannot be saved in this respect, and it is folly to try."

At any rate, it is evident that she impressed people, attracted people, charmed some people, and always kept people about her. Perhaps the quality of her general social relation, its wide range and at the same time firm personal grasp, is well summed up in her own ample phrase. She used to say, "This is Liberty Hall; every one does as I please."

In the more intimate ties the same intense personal feeling appears even more vividly. Miss Cushman's attachment and devotion to the members of her family was always unfailing. Her brothers and sisters and their children were the objects of her constant thought and care. How much direct experience she herself had of love-making is not directly shown to us; but there are interesting stories about it. When she was a music student in Boston, working hard at her art, but personally solitary, she became engaged to a young man of excellent family, who seems to have been ardently devoted to her. The engagement lasted some time, and Charlotte even visited the young man's mother in the country, as to which visit odd and characteristic anecdotes are told. Charlotte came driving up one afternoon, on the outside of the stage, in animated conversation with two young men. Her prospective mother-in-law, who had never seen her, received her cordially, and congratulated her on having found acquaint-

ances. "Acquaintances?" laughed Charlotte. "I never saw them before, but I am going to ride with one of them tomorrow." So next morning the youth appeared, leading an extra horse. Charlotte mounted, galloped off at once, and returned in an hour or so, laughing gaily, having kept about a half mile ahead of her companion all the way. It may well be imagined that a week of diversions like this did not wholly predispose a staid New England matron in her future daughter-in-law's favor. Perhaps the experience did not augur very well for Charlotte's happiness. Perhaps she felt it so herself. At any rate, when it came to an absolute choice between her lover and her career, the lover was discarded—with much or little anguish, who shall say? Very shortly after, the lover died.

There is no sign of any later thought of marriage in Miss Cushman's career, or even of any distinct approach to attachment, so far as men were concerned. Her life was full, however, of ardent devotion to women friends, who worshiped her and were worshiped by her. "Everything I do in this world I do hard," she says, "even to loving my friends." How intense and how complete the surrender was is well shown by one charming passage of self-confession: "Unless I can utterly forget myself, I am as nothing; and this is why you care for me, why my own friends love and judge me kindly; because, when I can talk freely upon the subjects which interest and occupy me, without a thought of myself or the impression I am making, all is well enough and my life, my character through my life, makes itself felt."

It is indeed possible that this extreme zeal of friendship sometimes led Miss Cushman to overlook other obligations and rights. W. J. Stillman, who knew her well in Rome and elsewhere, insists that this disregard was excessive and scandalous. He urges that, for the sake of advancing the interests of the sculptors who were intimate with her personally, she was ready to undermine the reputation and injure the business of all the other American artists. According to Stillman, Miss Cushman's prejudices were so strong, and her passions so ardent, as to blind her to all considerations of courtesy, or even decency. Those about her must bow to her sway, accept her domination, advance her objects, or be swept from her path. There is little

evidence besides Stillman's to support this extreme view, and I should not even refer to it, if the man did not show himself generally to be a shrewd and careful judge of character and widely conversant with the human heart. His judgment of Charlotte is so fiercely adverse that one can only regard it as the manifestation of contrast and conflict between two temperaments alike in energy and salience but differing totally in their general attitude toward life.

At the same time, it must be admitted that a milder glimpse of what Stillman means is afforded also by the remark of Mrs. Fields, that "it is amusing to see how full her letters are of suggestions for forwarding her own plans or those of others in whom she was interested." In other words, the woman lived with passion, her soul was absorbed with fierce intensity by whatever happened to appeal to her at the moment, and minor considerations, even of others' comfort or convenience, were overlooked. In this aspect she was all life, all fire, a creature of ample and magnificent temperament.

Yet the solid substructure of New England character and intelligence was there all the time, sometimes reënforcing the temperament, sometimes checking it. You can see it in the face and figure. There was no feminine charm, no grace, or witching tenderness, and it is said that Miss Cushman sometimes longed for these things with a profound longing: "I would rather be a pretty woman than anything else in this world." Instead, there was a deep, resonant, immensely varied and penetrating voice, firm, substantial, strongly-marked features, and a commanding presence, which impressed and imposed, but hardly fascinated.

And the character showed in far other things than the face. There was the capacity for work. After all, genius in any line gets so little way without the habit of industry behind it. When a task had to be done, Miss Cushman threw herself into it, no matter how distasteful it was, or how weary she was, and it was done. In some of these aspects of work, as in so many phases of her character, there is the undeniable suggestion of something masculine. And there was a virile element in her, which she strove neither to diminish nor to conceal. She herself says, "I was born a tomboy," and all her life she liked active and even

dangerous sports and amusements. She was passionately fond of riding, as appears in the anecdote I have already quoted as to her youthful love affair. She liked animals, and was tenderly devoted to them, but especially to her horses.

Whether, in the intervals of sighing for female loveliness, Charlotte ever sighed for a complete transference to the other sex, I cannot say. But I doubt it. To be sure, she liked to play male parts. But I imagine she was well aware that masculine energy and feminine privileges make a very successful and effective combination in the practical affairs of life. At any rate, she manifested that combination in a wonderful aptitude for business. Her early years had been passed in a more or less constant struggle with narrow means, and in consequence she had always a keen sense of the value of money and a wide appreciation of the desirability and the varied means of obtaining it. This prominence of the financial side is undeniably a rather ungracious element in her. There was no fine shyness, no retiring eschewal of the imputation of active acquisitiveness. She wanted a lot of money, to use in broad and generous ways and for good purposes; but she wanted it, and she got it. It was not her habit to entrust business affairs to others, or to let the artist's delicacy keep her out of the hot struggle of dollars and cents.

In all matters Miss Cushman showed at all times her clear, energetic, penetrating New England intelligence. Her temperament might absorb her, inflame her; it did not fool her. Her brain was vigorous, active, and unclouded: it went straight to the heart of life, whether as reflected in the great dramas that she studied professionally, or as embodied in the flesh and blood creatures that she saw about her. Take the following superb analysis and portrayal of Mrs. Carlyle: "Clever, witty, calm, cool, unsmiling, unsparing, a *raconteur* unparalleled, a manner inimitable, a behavior scrupulous, and a power invincible—a combination rare and strange exists in that plain, keen, unattractive, yet unescapable woman." In some respects this sketch would almost seem to serve for Charlotte herself, and it is easy to see how, in the direct, concrete management of life, men and women and facts yielded to her, because she applied her profound intellectual power to mould them as she wished.

Once again to revert to the bitter criticism of Stillman, who was so deeply impressed by this intellectual power that it appeared to him to crowd out all moral qualities entirely: "I think she possessed an utterly selfish nature, was not at all scrupulous in the attainment of her purposes, and was, in effect, that most dangerous member of society, a strong-willed and large-brained woman without a vestige of principle." It is interesting to see this impression produced upon an acute and on the whole generally fair-minded observer by the striking prominence of certain undeniable and even admirable qualities in Miss Cushman, while he remains oblivious of other qualities, which are equally undeniable, indisputable, not only from the testimony of her friends, but from the far more substantial testimony of her own actions and written words. The presence of the New England conscience in her is just as clear as that of the New England brain, and her great moral qualities were as persistent and as impressive as the mental.

Her eminent and unfailing loyalty is denied by no one; indeed in its exaggerated form it makes the basis of the charges against her. With all her subtlety and suppleness, she had a singular large simplicity of nature, a frankness and abandon of candor, which are so often characteristic of New England at its best. And there was, too, a fundamental goodness about her, a quick response to what was high and fine in life and thought, which may have been at times obscured by prejudice or the ardor of success, but which shone out at its best when she was quiet and untroubled.

Or, to look at the various elements of this moral nature more concretely. Take business: For all her zest for success, her keen scent for money and acquisition, she was highly honorable, would not condescend to a mean or dubious action. Her word once passed must be kept, whatever the consequences to herself. Obligations of all kinds must be met, whatever it cost to do it.

Take, again, professional jealousy. This is, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be peculiarly characteristic of those who seek prominence upon the stage, perhaps because jarring pretensions and efforts are brought so much more closely into contact and juxtaposition before the footlights than elsewhere. Even her critics

do not accuse Miss Cushman of being narrow or mean in this respect. It is true that she quarreled with Forrest, as pretty much everybody did. Forrest was an easy man to quarrel with. But in the main it is clear that she was largely sympathetic, or at least tolerant, with her competitors, and appreciated that the world had room for other styles and other glories besides her own.

She was not only tolerant; she was generous and helpful. Both in her profession and out of it, she was quick to see and feel the needs and troubles of others and to respond to and relieve them. She was ready to aid with money, according to her abilities and sometimes even beyond them. In this regard it is indeed interesting to see the constant presence of New England thrift and canniness. She had lived for years with little money herself. She knew that others could live with little, and she did not propose to be the prey of thoughtless extravagance and shiftlessness. When she was urgently appealed to for local charities, she rebelled, and insisted that she gave in her own fashion and to her own people what she thought was right, and did not intend to be bullied into throwing her earnings away for mere ostentation. She knew the value of pennies, none better, and her shrewdness in regard to them sometimes brought upon her the reputation of actual meanness. Yet no one gave more aptly when there was real need, and especially none gave more intelligently.

She gave her woman's heart, too, her sympathy and gentle, helpful comprehension. She well knew how often mere listening and listening rightly is the best help. Again, she could put herself in others' places, could gauge and understand their sufferings by her own. One evening she was dressing hurriedly for a ball. A woman began to sing in the street below her window. Miss Cushman stopped her dressing and dispatched her faithful attendant, Sally, who shared all her experiences and perhaps more of her life than any one else, to give the woman a substantial charity: "I never hear a woman sing like that," she said, "but I think I might have been doing it myself."

What is perhaps most curious of all in the spiritual side of Miss Cushman's life is the actual and constant presence of religious thinking and feeling. This does not seem to have implied any

very definite form of creed or church affiliation. She may not have been particularly orthodox in her belief or in her practice. But the thought of God and the consideration of God, the reference of all daily interests and actions to God, were a powerful element in her make-up, and the analysis of this in her letters is exceedingly significant and interesting, making one think at moments of Emily Dickinson's preoccupation with similar topics. As to actual belief in God, Miss Cushman constantly affirms it, not perhaps with any precise metaphysical definition, but with the glow of emotion which goes further than any metaphysics. "Every human being who goes to sleep awakes believing in God, whatever he may call it."

Also, she did not for one moment regard her special occupation as in any way distracting or detached from this interest in God and love of Him. She was convinced that, in doing her work in the world in the highest and best and most faithful manner she was capable of, she was doing God's work, and doing it as He would have it done. "For I know He does not fail to set me His work to do, and helps me to do it, and helps others to help me. (Do you see this tracing back, and then forward, to an eternity of good, and do you see how better and better one can become in recognizing oneself as a minister of the Almighty to faithfully carry out our part of His great plan according to our strength and ability?) Oh, believe we cannot live one moment for ourselves, one moment of selfish repining, and not be failing Him at that moment, hiding the God spark in us, letting the flesh conquer the spirit, the evil dominate the good."

So, it is undeniable that, in spite of the splendid vigor and aggressiveness of her ample personality, she did not live for herself alone, ever, was always on the look out for larger ends, was alive to the larger interests of humanity, worked for patriotism, interesting herself passionately in the great patriotic struggle of the Civil War, worked for benevolence, worked for education, worked for the broader, more intelligent life of man and woman everywhere. And in doing this she gave a splendid example of making the spirit conquer the flesh to the very end, for she fought the bitterest battle that man or woman can fight with disease, and fought it with courage, with energy, with cheerfulness, till

even her superb resistance was utterly worn out by a strain which would have conquered any one else long before.

All which somehow does not sound quite like the ordinary conception of the actress's character, suggesting, as it does, to many of us, a shallow emotionalism, a somewhat superficial vanity, and a way of taking life which, to say the least of it, does not imply any passionate concern with spiritual things. It is unnecessary to point out how many admirable contradictions there have been and are to such a conception as this of the theatrical career. It must be admitted, also, that there were even in Miss Cushman hints and intimations of what the stage habit and influence can be. Nevertheless, she was a distinguished, a noble, an impressive figure, and would have been so in any calling in life. When you have realized fully how intense her artistic temperament was, how it absorbed and transported her, with what free and entire possession it tended to dominate her thoughts and all her soul, you appreciate how great was the energy of character which could at all times subdue this temperament, make it a servant and not a master, an agent to do great things intelligently, securely, and always for great purposes. She was royal and supreme as an artist, because she had firmly established dominion over her own soul: "Teach yourself quiet and repose in the time you are waiting. With half your strength I could bear to wait and labor with myself to conquer fretting. The greatest power in the world is shown in conquest over self."

Yet I confess that I relish most, and even I think Charlotte herself would have relished, the brief epitaph of the Mount Auburn grave-digger, who might have turned up skulls in the cemetery of Elsinore: "She was considerable of a woman, for a play-actress."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

THE PROBLEM OF LANGUAGE

BY F. V. KEYS

LANGUAGE, like most transcendent things, is usually taken for granted. This is not surprising. We learn to speak before we are aware of the process; and it is likely that in this the child repeats the history, linguistically, of the race. Primitive man probably was unconscious of the gradual encroachment of the word over all other forms of expressive gesture; his preference of it must have been instinctive, as continued experience recommended it by its superior carrying power, and its amazing expressiveness, leaving meanwhile the hand free to perform other services. Imagination, indeed, can find no moment of human history more dramatic to dwell on than that when the "lingual gesture" emerged supreme, and the articulate word found its way upon the lips, the clear idea into the brain, of man; but the magnitude of the achievement whereby man became the speaking animal, its superlative significance in orienting the whole subsequent development of the race, are matters of surmise rather for the heirs of the bequest than for its originators. So closely indeed is the very consciousness of man identified with language, so difficult is it for him to disentangle himself from its all-enfolding vesture, that it failed to preoccupy profoundly the acute Greek mind, which was content to accept human speech as a gift of nature, or at most as arising in a "convention". And although Dante himself was counted among the philologists of the dawning Renaissance, it has been left for scholars inspired by the evolutionary view of all phenomena to gauge the full grandeur of the fact of language while attempting to trace it to its source in "the dark backward and abysm of time": one of these, who was also a philosopher, contending that "when, amidst the discordant, noisy, many-voiced choir of utterances . . . there was first heard on earth a sound that conveyed clear sense, objective meaning, there came a moment of sublimest poetry; the sixth day of creation dawned."

But neither philologist nor philosopher has apprehended so deeply the supreme intrinsic value of language, nor expressed with such majesty its mystery, as did the mystic who penned the Fourth Gospel.

To-day, when the question of language has surged to the front as one of the burning issues in contemporary history,—requiring the most delicate handling in the drawing up of treaties, and presenting almost insuperable difficulties in their execution,—it is timely to invite attention to the nature and function of what is undoubtedly, as an achievement, the top of man's performance. In it, as in none of the arts, he has mirrored himself; for through the word he escapes from the arrested motion of the plastic arts and from the vagueness, the ambiguity, of music, while preserving no mean portion of music's exquisite quality of suggestiveness; and, like music, but again more lucidly, it reveals him at the most critical moment of experience, the moment of transition, on which all that follows depends. So intimately, so tirelessly, does language companion his experience, that, when it fails him, silence itself becomes eloquence. In the word, art and nature fuse irresistibly, filling with imaginative splendor the contents of public and private life. Over against the utterances of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Burke, born of the urgent national danger, may be placed the million unrecorded poems that escape from the lips of the sensitive and go to swell the muted music of humanity, the obscure and piercing melody that attunes to beauty the personal life. For language creates experience as well as reflecting it. The word perpetually hovers over the surface of the subconscious, that sea of the myriad unformulated elements where, intensely aware of itself, the mind floats at ease, depending on the word to seize on whatever may emerge from the deeps, to give it form, reveal its nature, make it communicable, to ourselves no less than to others. By means of the word, man can objectify himself, take his own measure. Its power, whether over himself or others, is incalculable: it can strike from centre to centre, across the continents, and the centuries. Its effectiveness, when consciously wielded as a weapon, is so terrific, that in time men will have recourse to no other.

Thus, nothing in our equipment as social beings is so intimately and intensely ourselves as the language we use; above all, the language we are born to. Our mother-tongue is fraught with all the traditions, great and trivial, that find their focus in our personality and converge to build up the precious sense of identity. Every language, it has been observed, has what is known as its ground-melody, and before we could know it we have been rocked to that measure, and its burden will to the last sing to us as can no other. Only in our native language are we mentally completely at ease; while every family possesses its own intimate idiom, which will recur spontaneously when its members meet across the separation of years, bringing back the fresh imprints of childhood and loosening the tongue from the last restraint of instinctive formality. Those who are born to the same language share the knowledge not only of what it denotes, but of those infinitely more potent elements, its connotations. In so far, that is, as these represent the accretions of the national or cultural experience, the historical implications, to a given people, of a term; for the train of association roused in each individual by a word varies with his experience and perpetually eludes examination and frustrates inquiry, even his own. It is this connotative force of words that introduces something incalculable into the play of language, whether the dialogue be carried on between individuals, or nations. The connotation of a word constitutes its secret "charge", which is liable to explode inopportunely or in the wrong direction, disrupting intercourse and wrecking its object, which is understanding. A gift for language, whether in speakers or writers, involves a sure intuition concerning this obscure charge with which all words are, on occasion, endowed: an intuition that permits the born poet and orator to touch the single note that will awaken a full chord of response, and supplement his plain-song with the deep effects of harmony. In times of social and political crisis, all the terms involved in the controversy become "loaded" with the passions of contending parties or nations; while in epochs that, as the saying goes, make history, the very denotation of certain words will suffer changes that make the use of them ambiguous if not self-contradictory. The last ten years have played havoc with the whole vocabulary of politi-

cal and national terms, in so far as their former meanings are concerned, and never before has intelligence been so openly flouted by the assumption or retention of names and titles by those who alike in principle and action deny their historic validity. Here, indeed, a common tongue helps little toward understanding. Yet when, out of the crucible of the present violent transition, language emerges with new implications, finer shadings, each national idiom will bear its own peculiar image and superscription. Frail symbols though they be, and light as the breath that bears them, words still bear the freight of the mingled fortunes, the glory and the infamy, of the peoples.

It is small wonder, then, that its language is to each nation its most precious, its inalienable, possession. It is at once the shrine of its individuality, and the most potent source of it. To suppress it, is to suppress what is peculiarly its own in the spiritual life of a people; it is a form of sacrilege, the more odious when it is committed against what French scholars call a "language of civilization", the organ of a traditional and living culture. On the other hand, the very fact of this apparent identity of language with the soul of a people makes it the object of attack on the part of a power whose aim is not merely economic or even political conquest, but spiritual dominion, the making over of another mind into its own image of life, the imposing of its own fashions in experience, so to speak, upon the subject people. This form of conquest is opposed by the victim as a spiritual assassination. Both the attempt on language, and the resistance to it, belong to the modern, not the classic, world. They have grown out of nationalism in its modern sense, and with the growing self-consciousness of the social body within the last hundred years, the struggle for mastery has deepened in intensity and bitterness. The vast empires of Alexander the Great and Cæsar Augustus were not sown with the fires that for the last century and more have been smouldering in Central and Eastern Europe, and that burst into flame with the first breath of freedom that blew across the ruins of the autocracies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

Of these Powers, Russia was the most easy-going in the matter of language in regard to the peoples she held subject, and Prussia, for obvious reasons, the most drastic. For obvious rea-

sons; for Bismarck's empire excelled in organizing and imposing public education; and the public school, with its obligatory attendance, is the nursery of the cult of the national language and what the government interprets as the national genius. It is evident, indeed, that nowhere today are the public schools devoted exclusively to raising the general human standard of articulate intelligence. Even though they function to this end, they tend to become everywhere centres of national self-consciousness, teaching the national history as a modified hero-saga, stressing the virtues of the native at the cost of the foreign actors in the epic. Compulsory education is the most powerful weapon hitherto put into the hand of any State. From the first, Germany recognized this, and left nothing in her schools to chance, which has remained the presiding genius of so much of our Anglo-Saxon education. The cult of the national genius—as interpreted by Bismarck—centred in the study of the native tongue, which was "purified" as much as possible from foreign elements, to correspond to a fancied purity of a "Germanic race". An immense propulsion to this activity was given by the rise, throughout the nineteenth century, of the comparative study of languages, which, hailed by early scholars as the means of harmonizing nations by proving the unity of languages and cultures, became like the public schools in other hands the tool to sharpen the sense of particularity, as ethnology provided the politician and the imperialist with new slogans to their own ends. There is no sadder contrast afforded by the irony of history than the national animus displayed during the years immediately before the Great War by German intellectuals,—not to mention the ignominy of the notorious Ninety-Three signatures,—compared with the temper prevailing among the group of German philologists at the opening of the nineteenth century, pioneers of the finest type of intellectual progress, men of genius who collaborated with French and English scholars in complete scientific disinterestedness and the utmost social amenity.

Nothing, it seems, is incapable of abuse. But some deep-seated psychological cause, some type of arrested development, can alone explain the rapid confusion on the part of the German intelligence of nationalist with human values, resulting in a

perverted judgment that exalted immoderately the notion of the national dignity and function, and taught the expansion of its spiritual dominion as a religious mission.

The means of that dominion, its sacred weapon, was above all the German language—a German language purified, as far as possible, from the dross of "foreign" elements. The writer well remembers the spontaneous laughter with which the German children, too young to have lost a healthy common sense, received the instructions of teachers to substitute for the familiar and easy French terms current ever since the eighteenth century the clumsy and cumbersome "Germanic" equivalent, even though the awful name of the Iron Chancellor himself was invoked as the authority for the injunction. From the same source proceeded the emphasis with which the language of the conqueror was imposed on Alsace, and the linguistic lines tightened in Prussian Poland. It was the savage offensive against their mother-tongue as the language of culture that was perhaps the most potent cause why the populations of Poland and Alsace never became reconciled to the German rule: its aim was to weaken, by proscribing their language, their spiritual identity, which was the essential element of their personality. Neither the Russian nor the Austrian bureaucracy approached the Prussian in the thoroughness with which this method of "assimilation" was applied. In "Russian" Poland there were many Poles who neither spoke nor understood Russian. The Hapsburg Government showed in this as in other matters the vacillation that to the "imperial" German has seemed an inherent trait in the Austrian character, the "slovenliness" that aroused the Prussian contempt. Only rarely an attempt was made to interfere linguistically with the powerful Magyar within his own boundaries of Hungary; but the pan-German group had its representatives at Vienna, and so deep had the obsession of the Teutonic mission become that even an advanced liberal could urge moderation in imposing the German tongue on Czechs and Slovaks on the ground that "it doesn't matter what tongue they speak, provided they think German thoughts".

But if comparative philology and the spread of compulsory education put a new and powerful weapon into the hands of re-

actionary and oppressive States, they also forged into steel the will of the subject peoples to withstand the proposed obliteration of their national consciousness. Everywhere, during the course of the nineteenth century, the spread of the public schools heightened the self-consciousness of the masses, however little it may have added to their fund of natural sagacity. For the first time literacy opened a million eyes to peruse the daily press and the broadsides of the political propagandist. Just as the printing press aided the Reformation by widening the scope of its appeal, so the rise of popular education coincided with the blossoming of the Romantic movement, with its stress on individualism and the national pasts, into the cult of nationalism, that super-personality embodied in the individual, but transcending his limits and inspiring him to the utmost effort, the last sacrifice, that it may live. A vast gathering momentum to this cult came from the growing ranks of the literate. Forgotten ancestries were drawn from oblivion to fill the pages that for the first time in history yielded up an intelligible content to the humblest eye and stirred obscure bosoms with pride of lineage. The vague traditional faltering report of "old unhappy far-off things" was confirmed, clarified, and driven home to the heart and the intellect by writers of imagination versed in the sources of the national history. And everywhere, language emerged as the token and shrine of the national identity. While the independent Powers were founding university chairs for the teaching of earlier stages of the national language and literature, among the subject peoples, especially those who had once been great European Powers, the preservation of the national tongue, or its rescue from decay and even from oblivion, became the focus of a slow but powerful expansion of a national self-consciousness set toward the goal of national independence. These linguistic revivals were met by the heady counter-current of the new interest and zeal for their own tongue on the part of the political masters, and the strife of tongues sharpened to the point of exasperation the psychological differences between sovereign and subject peoples. Each felt that he was defending something sacred and inalienable, and every attempt to resist the imposition of the dominant language was repudiated as an encroachment on the linguistic do-

main of the sovereign, whose long insolence of rule had made him confuse liberty with dominion.

The most dramatic of these battles of the tongues was that carried on by the Czechs against Vienna. In their case, it was a struggle for life. The country of John Huss had almost lost its literature with its Protestantism. The Jesuit crusade that with fire and sword brought the country again under the sway of Rome in the century after the Austrian victory at the White Hill in 1620, succeeded so well that nearly all Czech literature perished. The confiscated estates of the Czech nobility passed into the hands of foreigners ignorant of the language of the country. By the latter part of the eighteenth century Czech had sunk to the level of a vernacular on the lips of the illiterate masses. The thrilling story of the revival of what was once a great civilized tongue was told by Dr. Jelinek of the University of Prague in a course of lectures on contemporary Czech literature delivered at the Sorbonne four years before the War. The Romantic revival of the closing eighteenth century was identified at Prague with a nationalist movement that sought its inspiration and its instrument in the restitution of the national language. The pent-up energy of a powerful race was put into the task. In an incredibly brief time Czech became the vehicle of cultivated intercourse and of a rich imaginative and historical literature. The patriotic Romanticism of the first writers became imbued with democratic realism under the influence of Russian and French and Scandinavian literature. Men of genius, and of popular origin, put their whole life into the movement. The Greek and Latin classics were translated into the vernacular, and once again, as in the time of the Renaissance, those masterpieces of the human mind sustained the fainting language of the people and expanded it to compass their own splendid imaginative and philosophic range.

Before Austria proceeded, after the tragedy of Serajevo, to the long-planned annexation of Serbia, the cause of the Czech language had been won. A national theatre and university had been opened at Prague, and the leaders in the last stages of the language struggle had fitted themselves to be leaders not only of an independent Czecho-Slovakia, but of democracy in the Balkans. This rôle has been shaped for them by their history. Forming

the extreme western wedge of Slavism thrust into the heart of Europe, in close contact with the laborious and methodical German temper, near enough to France to catch the accents of her logic and her passionate idealism, the Czechs have proved in their political forms and methods the same happy fusion that is reflected in their literature—of logical acumen with rich and delicate emotion. The latter quality is the glory of Russian literature, but Russia has no counterpart to such critics as Masaryk and Machar. And it was the irresistible call of the native tongue that drew forth the distinctive genius of the Czechs to impress upon literature and politics its lucid common sense, its grace and brilliance, its instinct for democracy.

But the phenomenal revival of shrunken languages was not confined to the cases where these were struggling against a settled campaign for their extinction. Everywhere the rise of democracy found the accents of vernaculars to express the sharpening of individualism. Languages that had long slumbered in semi-consciousness on the lips of the people remote from centres of government and culture again entered the lists of literature, and stirred patriotic impulses. Such was the revival of Welsh in Wales, of Irish in the South of Ireland, of Low German as a literary medium, of Provençal in the poetry of Mistral and the prose and verse of Roumanille. None of these languages had ever been the vehicle for the ideas of modern civilization, nor had they ever played a part in the shaping of distinctive national and historical cultures. Where the language impulse was allowed free play, it satisfied itself in a purely literary and cultural expression. Wherever there were political separatist movements afoot, it added its momentum to the political struggle. Now openly, now obscurely, the clash of tongues throughout Europe, from Iceland to the Balkans, preceded the clash of arms, and had perhaps a decisive influence in determining the long-delayed issue—sapping the strength of the Central Powers which fought for dominion and centralization against the deepest instincts of a large fraction of the conscripts under their command, imbuing their opponents with the fervor of a religious instinct.

The triumph of the Allied arms has meant linguistically the triumph of all the vernaculars, noble or obscure, that throughout

the nineteenth century were attempting to maintain or establish themselves in despite of political dominion. The fact that the self-determination of peoples is in so many cases also the self-determination of languages, immeasurably heightens the critical nature of the process. Linguistically, people have emerged from the grip of war with sensibilities lashed to exasperation. All kinds of reactionaries, theological and political, are busier than ever exploiting the situation to their own ends. It is true that into all the treaties in force today was written a clause protecting the linguistic rights of minorities. But the fact that many of the minorities of today belong to the political masters of yesterday, does not facilitate the definition or the observation of "rights". The loudest complaints naturally come from the would-be recipients of a linguistic justice they were not generous in bestowing. The great and real practical inconvenience of the increase of "official" languages has been used to suggest comparisons favorable to the former enforced uniformity over wide areas, just as the cry has been raised of the Balkanization of Europe—as if the instability of the Balkans was not due precisely to the imposition of alien suzerainties over people stirred by a profound sense of their distinctive national identity. Business agents and tourists have been inconvenienced by the turn things have taken. Americans especially often fail to appreciate the linguistic aspect of self-determination, accustomed as they are to travel over wide areas unmolested by a foreign tongue. Yet the American himself has not escaped the impulse of the age toward linguistic particularism, nor is he unacquainted with the feeling of enmity toward a language as such, because he repudiates the policies and actions of the nation that owns it.

During the War there appeared the first serious and compendious work on the American Language; while nowhere among the enemies of Germany which were also Great Powers was the German language repudiated to the extent that occurred in the United States, throughout the schools and universities. The incident is full of instruction. It should incline the American to sympathize with the nations which are escaping from the pressure of German language and psychology upon their personal and political life. To the world at large it reveals the essentially

popular stamp of American culture, its quickness to respond to mass movements, especially when arising from what is believed to be an attack on democratic principles. The cultures of the Old World, derived from aristocratic traditions, if more liberal in these matters, are perhaps also more sophisticated.

Apart, however, from all local and immediate conditions, the question of linguistic self-determination—as of individual rights in general—has its philosophic bearing. The multiplying of the forms of human intercourse indefinitely is not in itself desirable: the time and energy devoted to acquiring a new tongue are a price paid willingly only when the return in spiritual and intellectual riches is recognized as commensurate with the cost. A language that offers no cultural content, either past or present, of sufficient importance to solicit the attention and study of a wider public than the professional linguist, inevitably tends to shut off the people using it from the main currents of intellectual and artistic activity, certainly when its circulation is within circumscribed numbers, settled remote from the great arteries of civilization. Moreover, Professor Meillet of the Collège de France points out the paradox of the differentiation of languages—within the confines of Europe more than thirty-four languages are spoken and printed and lay claim to official recognition—at the moment when civilization tends, as never before, toward unity. Science and the machine, he remarks, are everywhere the same; in every laboratory and observatory the same methods are pursued, and the same scientific terms employed. The paradox, however, is only one of many. One may witness the same conflicting tendencies apparent in the great movements towards uniformity, as represented severally by imperialism and communism, which are met by the rising tide of nationalism all through the nineteenth century, a form of individualism that has as yet escaped all endeavor on the part of the other tendencies to make it play their game. In quite another field we are confronted by radio and the film, the former restoring the balance between the appeal to the eye and the ear; as if Nature were intent on preserving, by means of opposing extremes, the movement of humanity along some middle course toward an objective beyond the ken of intelligence, but which instinct obstinately clings to: an instinct

prophetic everywhere of an ultimate synthesis, so rich that it shall embrace things forgotten with things still to come.

Toward some such synthesis, perhaps, all language is moving, in spite of the unexampled passion of differentiation which we are witnessing today. No one who is aware of the new atmosphere of Europe, who feels the fresh spiritual currents blowing in the serene upper air above the confused outcry of defeated ambitions, disappointed prophets and impatient pacifists, will give anything but a welcome to the new tongues that are struggling to make articulate peoples who have hitherto been little more than objects for material exploitation. Who would quarrel with brave little Esthonia, cheerfully constructing a "language of civilization" out of what has been noted by linguists hitherto as a dialect of Finnish, itself laboring under the disability of having had to compete with Swedish as the language of culture in Finland, and only now making pretentions to a complete independence? Neither Finnish nor the related Magyar belongs to the Aryan family; but Finnish has produced one of the loveliest early epics of Europe, and Magyar is the instrument of a high imaginative culture.

It is improbable that the present acute crisis will continue long enough to give any serious impulse to an artificial "universal" language, such as Esperanto or Ido, nor to the claim of any widely diffused national language to assume that function. No humanist will favor such pretensions on the part of any one language, nor lend himself to the argument of the superior expressive power of this or that idiom. He feels too well the potency and beauty of each of the great languages of culture, qualities not absent from humbler accents, wherever they are the spontaneous utterance of humanity. Meantime, science is everywhere bringing back to living use Greek and Latin roots. To the shaping of these vast impersonal agencies, science and art, may be safely committed the future of language. In their hands neither its clarity nor its suppleness will suffer. As culture becomes more and more cosmopolitan and strikes its roots deeper into nature, so much is certain: no language will prevail that does not voice what is essentially human in the spirit of man.

F. V. Keys.

HONOR COURSES IN COLLEGES

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

SOME fifteen years ago there was established in my college an English course unique, I believe, among the courses in American colleges. It was limited to six upper class men singled out as those most likely to turn out to be authors in the future. Upon these six fortunate youths the best efforts of six of the best professors of the college were expended. Each professor took the men in turn for a six weeks go at writing the essay, the short story, the play, the poem, the oration, and the translation. As some of the professors were literary men of repute in their own right, the students got a great deal of good out of the course, even though they never learned to be builders of the oration or makers of rhyme.

Quite the best part of the affair was the intimate relationship of the men with the masters. There was no trace of the chilliness of the classroom. The men "lived around" with the professors, smoked their tobacco, sprawled in their chairs, got to know them unlaced and at ease, with all the pleasant sins of human nature on their heads. At the end of each division of the course there was a senate session of all the six instructors and all the six men before the Colonial kettles of the President's fireplace, with the best philosopher of college presidents himself to preside over the reading and criticism of the work. Somehow, from my own experience in the course when I took it some years after its institution, I remember little of the literary masterpieces that we must have produced for those final meetings; but I shall always number among the things brass and bronze of my education that college family gathered about the table, the random wisdom of the scholar who devoted his life to making Dante an English classic, the four-square satisfaction of the mind of the man who presided over the poem, the calm judgments of the college head, who would have been at home among the Greeks, the

fellowship and the friendship of mature and gifted men willing and glad to talk over the things of life that matter with men little more than boys. This, I think, was one of the first courses among those conceived in the present Honor idea in American colleges.

It is illuminating to recall the criticism which that course at Bowdoin evoked. Several New England newspapers visited it with that sharp moral rebuke, so dear to the hearts of American editors, of un-Americanism. The general opinion was that the novel course was exclusive and undemocratic. One editor, after pointing out the snobbishness and unfairness of a college spending a great deal of attention on the few at the expense of the many, who had paid the same price of admission, coined an immortal figure. He described the course as a limited, parlor-car business, a coach *de luxe* in the college train. The undergraduates seized upon the felicitous figure. The phrase stuck. To this day that course is known on the campus as Pullman English.

Much water has passed under academic bridges in the past decade. Today any number of the leading colleges may decide to separate the intellectually ambitious from those who look upon the college as a social and athletic organization primarily, and, though this policy means that a considerable portion of the college funds will be devoted to the intellectual minority, not a single editor will raise his voice in protest. So far from being thought un-American is this trend that a dozen or so institutions of higher education in the East have already erected Honor courses and as many more are seriously considering doing so. The Honor idea is remodelling our colleges.

One can summarize briefly the present general tendency. Simply put, the Honor idea means this—greater opportunity for the gifted and willing student. This opportunity is realized in many ways. Chief among these is the release of the student from many of the formal exercises of a routine nature, from periodic quizzes and set exercises graded down to the average ability. More freedom of every sort is given, more chance for uninterrupted work. A closer contact of the student with one or more professors is naturally inherent in the scheme. Here is

an approach to the ideal university—one teacher, one scholar. Naturally the new system is enormously more expensive; but, like many costlier things, it pays in the end. Naturally, too, the system must exist at present for the selected few.

Above all, the Honor student is put squarely upon his own feet. It is his own mind that he is to discover; it is his own thoughts that he is to have for his companions, not the intellectual foundlings of the lecture hall, but flesh of his flesh, sons of his mind. At Oxford, as I learned from my tutor there, the unpardonable academic sin is the acceptance of other men's opinions of the books you are to read. Read the books, read about them afterwards, if you will, but be very sure your own judgments are the fixed stars to guide you always. Something similar is the assumption behind all Honor courses in America. This is the virtue of the Honor idea, the independence that is born of freedom, the development of the thews of the mind that are to bear one on to the end of life, whether it be in the quest of the pots at the end of the rainbow or in the plain matter of helping one's neighbor cultivate his garden. Life after college, in many ways, will be not unlike the examinations which the Honor students in many colleges must stand at the end of their career—an independent mastery of work covering not months but years, in which a grasp of detail must go hand in hand with vision and a survey of a whole field of human endeavor. One cannot "cram" for such an examination.

It is hard to say just how the revolution has come about. Perhaps the free elective system through its inherent weaknesses of dissipated energy and superficial breadth has been an important factor. More clearly it is the general dissatisfaction with our collegiate achievement that followed with the ending of the war. Our system has stood for mediocrity; the best student has been held back by the average one. If the war taught nothing else, it taught us that mediocrity and democracy should not be looked upon as synonyms. Equality of opportunity is a splendid ideal; but it can be overworked. We had no need to cripple the swiftest and keenest to make them match strides with those who never burn to run.

Nor is the idea so utterly revolutionary. Across the Atlantic

there are two great universities, whose tongue is our tongue, that have long made it their business to separate at the outset the mentally ambitious from the unambitious. Pass men and Honor men; nor is it fair to the men who have done less because they have demanded less intellectually of their university to call the two groups, after the Biblical manner, the sheep and the goats. There are many advantages in a college other than those specifically studious; and, in any case, for many less original students the wholesale method of the lecture system is probably best. Oxford and Cambridge have been there as examples to us, doing successfully the thing we are beginning to do now. And it is significant that among the pioneers in the Honor course movement there are Americans who have been Oxonian "Honour" men. The vision of Rhodes grows clearer with the years.

Yet there has been no slavish importation of a foreign ideal. Granting the importance of the English example in the birth of the American idea, we are nevertheless working out our salvation in our own way. The difference in weather and climate alone would make the transplantation of the Oxonian system impossible. After the intensities of our winters and the rigors of our springs, nothing so becomes us as a rest. Nor would our hot summers permit us to do the major part of our reading then, even if we would. Our terms are longer, and so the vacations we have are mainly given to the business of pure being. Like the darkey, we follow the sun around the house, and books are not for us. And there are other more important differences. The separation of our Honor students from the others does not come, ordinarily, until the end of the Sophomore year. The candidates are weighed in the balance of the regular college work for two years; they must prove themselves worthy of the best the college can give. The student's grades both in the field of his chief interest and in his studies in general are factors governing his admission to read for Honors.

As yet the precise nature of the Honor courses differs widely from college to college and often from one department in a college to another. The whole affair is in the trial stage, and it will be some years before uniformity of any sort emerges. The great matter is that we are dissatisfied with past results and are experi-

menting hopefully. Perhaps, it will be our felicity never to crystallize our ideas. Systems are sometimes dead things, as the academic valleys of dry bones in the past can bear mute witness.

In the working out of these Honor courses in American colleges two decidedly opposite systems are already emerging. In the one group, and perhaps it is the larger because it is less of a departure from past American practices, the Honor work tends to assume the nature of work done in graduate courses in the universities. The emphasis is put on more intensive and more specialized study. Often the student attends classes and stands the regular examinations; but he is expected to do more work and especially work outside the classroom on his own. He may act as an assistant to the head of his department. In any case, his association with one or two of the leading instructors in his field is bound to be of enormous benefit to him. Such an Honor student may present at the completion of his course a thesis similar to that required in the university for the Master of Arts degree. He is, in short, a graduate student in microcosm. And an undergraduate training that enables a student to enter upon a career at once or a course leading immediately to the Doctorate is of evident advantage. In some departments of study, notably those on the scientific side, this is probably the ideal type of Honor work, and this system is bound to become permanently a feature of the American college.

But more novel, and more interesting to me personally, are the many brilliant experiments being made in the other great group of Honor courses, those designed mainly for the more cultural studies of the Liberal Arts. Here, obviously, is more room for boldness and originality. The schemes range all the way from the more ordinary type of graduate work to as close an approximation of the Oxford and Cambridge system as our national needs allow. It is partly for the reason that it is easier to study a thing in its extreme development and partly for the reason that I have used my Oxford training as a cornerstone in the English Honor course offered at Wells College that I wish to take my own college as an example.

In my part of the planning and conducting of the Wells experiment I have borne in mind chiefly the idea that most of the Honor

students are less interested in doing a sort of graduate work than in acquiring a liberal education of the best kind. Hence, in many particulars, I have departed from the Oxonian English School as I knew it and have modelled my plans more on the older and more important School of the *Literæ Humaniores*, the review of the two civilizations of the Greeks and the Romans, the glory and the achievement of Oxford. In this course, commonly known as "Greats", the aim is to master not only the literature of the two ancient nations, but their geography, their history, their economics and politics, their art, their philosophies and religion, their contributions to human progress in general. Naturally one cannot stop short with the ancients themselves; and in philosophy, for instance, one must survey the whole field down to the moderns. The assumption is that one who knows a good deal about one great civilization will have gone a long way to the understanding of any civilization at all, notably his own.

Accepting this theory as an axiom, I have approached the English civilization—which is to a great extent our own, culturally and politically—with the idea that here is a field of study small enough for some impression of unity and yet large enough to satisfy any craving for a sound and all-round education in human nature. Here are all the materials for a course in the arts that are liberal, for a training that will help one to write well and think sanely, to work and play more intelligently, to feel more at home in a factory or in a library, to be more at home in the past and in the future. Here are the makings of a scholar and a gentleman, whom it is the age-old business of a college to produce, of a lover of the fine in books and men. Whether it be the artistic or the historical point of view that a student possesses, in such a wide course he will find content. Above all, one ought to find here a sense of the unity of things, an opportunity for getting to be on better terms with one's great-grandfather, an abiding conception of the permanence of beauty and truth.

In brief the Wells course is this: the student starts at the beginning of English literature and reads through to the end. A large order! But two college years are given to this task, including such parts of the vacations as the American climate will grant. There are no classes to attend, save for one exception

each year, no quizzes or examinations. But at the end of the course the student must prove that the college has not vainly sacrificed its time and money by writing for twenty-four hours, with decent intervals for rest, an intelligent summary of the whole field of English literature in general and of one special period or subject in particular, and withal in something of a style that becomes one who looks upon the expression of ideas in words as one of the arts. It is on these papers solely that the standing of the student is based.

The English Honor student at Wells, carefully selected on her record the first two years, is turned out of the classroom and pastured in the Library. She is assigned a tutor who watches over her intellectual progress. Every week she reads her tutor an essay of some three thousand words based on the reading for that period. My ideal in this paper has been such an essay as would be interesting to the average cultured reader, rather than a college instructor looking chiefly for a judicial array of facts—a paper that a good magazine would perhaps accept for publication. . . . Ideals, of course, are elusive things; but they are honored in the pursuit. . . . At any rate, I know, from my own experience, of no better training for any career in which writing plays a large part than a course in which a student had composed, with an eye to beauty of style as well as originality of thought, the equivalent of three novels. Given a feeling for style and an enthusiasm for trying one's wings in words—and these are implicit in the requirements for admission to the course—and a student will not come away empty-handed from two such years. And it is no small achievement to have read all the important works of English literature.

Grades and attendance records there are none, though the progress of the student can be checked both in the essays and in the trial examinations, similar to the final papers, which are set from time to time. The reader for Honors is not cramped by any schedule of exact hours to be spent each day at such and such work. An hour of brilliant thinking will sometimes far outweigh twelve of hack labor with others' opinions. A flash of independent inspiration may well be worth a week's attendance at lectures and a notebook full of superimposed criticism. Nor are the

subjects for papers set. The student is free to read and write at her own best times and in her own way. Two years, a library, and a professor who is an interested friend, are set before her. It is for the student to make the best use of these. And no grades however high that the reader may attain in the finals can be more than a feeble index of the value of two years of reading and writing, of thinking and talking about the things that are the wellsprings of life.

By far the most precious thing at Oxford is not the atmosphere, not the historic buildings, not the traditions of the place; it is the intellectual companionship and conversation of an elderly scholar and a young one. It is by living with a teacher that one learns best. Say what you will, there is such a thing as the insulation of the lecture room. The collective minds of the young deliberately make a few feet of space a gulf that is abysmal. Students in a body have a sort of shame at showing interest in a subject. Even the willing and eager must protect themselves with pretended indifference to some degree. But once they are taken individually, the insulation vanishes. Being talked at and smoked at by a lover of books, one somehow comes nigh to feeling the pulses of books. One can get something of a sweep of vision into all humanity by being a student of human nature in an Oxford don. The dons of Oxford are notoriously rich in human nature. By knowing one prince well one has the best introduction to the other princes of the world. And this acquaintance is more than the kind one acquires in the classroom; it goes deeper than a professor's taste in ties and lecture mannerisms. It reaches to the marrow of a man. One catches him in his home in his golden, unguarded moments of relaxation. The dialogue was the glory of Plato and Socrates. It can never be superseded as the best method of achieving a liberal education.

It has been my endeavor at Wells to play, howsoever weakly, the don of Oxford. I have tried to adopt my Honor pupils into my family. I have succeeded so well, sometimes, that the talk may often be of things more profitable than the sonnets of Wyatt and Surrey and "such small deer". Who knows but my students will some day have some joy of a memory of discussions that started with Miracles and Moralities and led to Junior dramatics,

with the Religious Poets and descended to the proper method of making gray-goose quills? For it seems to me, after all due credit is given to the precept and example of Oxford, that in this Wells experiment there is a glorious opportunity for a return to the American college of that old figure from our own American past, so long and so sadly missed from our midst, the Professor of Things in General. In our zeal for specialization we have lost one of our best philosophers. It is high time we got him back. We need that man who touched on all branches of human knowledge and—

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,

who could range gracefully from the pyramid of Cheops to the reason why the tools of masons and carpenters have changed so little with the ages and the reason why the simplest things have a beauty that endures.

The sort of an education I should be proudest to assist in would be the kind I got myself at the beginning of my life. It was in one of our little red schoolhouses in the country, where the teacher "lived around" with her pupils' families and lived herself into the hearts of those who while learning came to love, and in loving to learn. Really, the two teachers, the Oxford don and the country schoolmarm, were not so far apart. Both were masters who won the hearts of the young forever by finding in the poetry and pudding of life, in the books and the furrowed fields, a zest which led the young to imitate. Both were all-round persons. Both trafficked, not in creeds or systems or facts, but in human beings. They showed me how graceful and easy a thing it is to find in a variety of situations and subjects the sources of happiness.

The only way to know roses is to put away the catalogues and walk in the garden where they grow. And to know what men have been trying to say in their books the best way is to make friends with a mature man or woman with some store of wisdom, to talk and live with one going through life eagerly and having a good time out of it. If the teachers in our colleges cannot "live around" with their students, they can at least bring the best of their students to live in their own homes.

Quite the most surprising and pleasant thing that has come out of my brief experience with Honor students is the fact that they are discovering that studies are pleasant things. Now that the stop-watches are no longer held on them, now that they are free to work when they like, they have begun to be so enthusiastic as to mingle their reading with their playing. In these days, when there are so many pleasures in college life outside of books that books themselves are anything but a pleasure, this fact is most significant. With the coming of the Honor courses I believe the day is not far distant when a man who is both a member of Phi Beta Kappa and a letter man will regard his scholastic achievement as highly as his athletic.

The faculty members have been as much to blame as the students for the unpopularity of studies in the past. Too often we have made them tasks and routine affairs to be gotten through with by the students and put aside for more engaging pursuits. Now it is in our power to make good our mistakes. By letting the students see how we are living our learning sixteen hours a day, how vital a thing we find it, we can win them to go and do likewise. So they may discover that books do often have the breath of life and hold the salt and savor of living.

I have had a good deal to say of the students and the good they are getting out of the new Honor courses, and all too little of the teachers themselves. I think it is the professors who are learning most of all.

Mutuo ista fiunt, et homines, dum docent, discunt.

Seneca's words are as true today as they were two thousand years ago. It may be that we shall become so enamored of making our learning as broad as our living, for the benefit of the Honor students, that we shall be able to bring to our classrooms and our lectures a clearer vision of the unity of things in this ancient and infant pageantry of mankind, a keener zest that will weave around things that we believe to be true aureoles which are winsome and fair.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

"THE BOOK OF THE HOURS"

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

RAINER MARIA RILKE was born in 1875 in the city of Prague. A childhood passed in Bohemia amid conditions almost incredibly romantic; years of study in the universities of Prague, Munich and Berlin; travels in Russia, the Scandinavian countries, in Italy and Spain; an installation of considerable length in Paris where he became the private secretary and the friend of Rodin—these are the outward events of his life hitherto. For everything else we must look to the work behind which as behind a wall of his own building the artist would conceal the man.

"*L'action de l'art, ne consiste-elle pas en ceci qu'on remplace les contours changeants de la vie par un système de lignes correspondantes mais plus définitives et d'une signification concentrée?*" This phrase from a recent letter of the poet was written to explain his unalterable conviction that the life of a man is but so much bare material with which the public can have nothing to do except in so far as it has been fashioned into achievment, which is art. However, in *The Note Book of Malte Laurids Brigge*, which is perhaps the best known of all Rilke's prose writings since it has for some reason attracted more than the others the attention of French translators and critics and so found its way to a larger public, it is impossible not to suspect autobiography in its more accepted sense. One recognizes Rilke's own portrait, none the less clear for being unconfessed, in the person of the sensitive young aristocrat, fallen upon poverty and upon that Paris of the poor whose every sight and sound can but be to him a torment, and in this presentment as in the engravings of his unforgettable face which we see in contemporary literary histories and reviews, one is involuntarily led to think of the perils and the penalties attaching to a too great separation from the common currents of human life. One suspects a race too long refined, a tradition too unyielding, a mind too exquisitely attuned to hidden

and secret harmonies not to be painfully affected by the unselected instruments and airs that make up the music of less cultivated ears, and one feels that Rilke has been doubly equipped for suffering; but turning to his poetry one is reassured by a certain luminous quality that could only exist where the way out had been discovered; where the soul in the midst of its perplexities could still declare with the prophet of old—I have found a ransom.

The Book of the Hours is considered by many to be Rilke's greatest work, and by some to be the most important lyrical achievment of our day. Certainly it must be admitted by all to possess a depth of thought and a simplicity of utterance that are the attributes of only the best poetry in any age. Saint Francis comes first to mind perhaps, in reading this "profound and perfect prayer-book", or Angelius Silesius. There is the same sweet materialism, the same deep and friendly intimacy with all the little objects of this world, and with that larger object who is God, which make the *Fioretti* and the *Cherubinischer Wandersmann* so dear and so convincing. There is besides an all-pervading stillness which seems wider than any breadth of pantheism, and which the voice of the poet in speaking of it seems strangely not to break.

Three shorter collections of poems published in different years, *The Book of Monastery Life*, *The Book of Pilgrimage*, and *The Book of Poverty and Death*, have been gathered harmoniously under one head to make up *The Book of the Hours*, and it seems generally admitted that it was during the months he spent in Russia—an experience which he himself qualifies as epochal—that these poems took shape in Rilke's mind. "Russia; that is the land where men stand alone, each with a world in himself; each as full of shadows as a mountain, and so sunk in his own humbleness that he can have no fear to fall. . . . Here men are silent, and their words are only frail and shaking bridges over their real being." His work is full of reminiscences, expressed or implied, of this land and people for whom he feels so intimate a sympathy. He writes of

Moscow with bells like chiming memories

and the "absorbed and shadowy ways" of monastery gardens in a country of mystery which seems from the first to have been singularly open to his understanding. It is perhaps Russia that he has again in mind in descriptions of landscapes that are infinite and lonely, and it may be that a certain idea of vastness both in Silence and in Time that remains with the reader after dwelling much on Rilke's poetry, found its need of expression in this wide air:

> The land lies windy, flat and far,
> To the primæval forest given
> And rendered whole to the high heaven.

It is naturally amid such boundaries unconfined that men should seek to capture in a work of art some trace or breath of the Immeasurable. But on the other hand there is small wisdom, once the work of art is done, in holding it too strictly accountable to the place or circumstances of its origin. These are after all rather the barriers through which genius breaks its way than the mould and condition of its being, and in reading *The Book of the Hours* one thinks less of Russia with its still monasteries and the prayers of its quiet brotherhoods than of that wider land that is the human soul, of the great silence that surrounds it, and those faint intimations that are its only voice. Of such whisperings those who listen are made aware in every time and place, and most of all "in dreams, in deep visions of the night, when a man lieth upon his bed. . . ."

In selecting from a collection of poems a possible few which may lend themselves to translation into another tongue, one is almost always obliged to leave untouched the very ones which through a peculiarly felicitous homogeneity of thought and symbol seem in their own language to be most delicately perfect. It is too, perhaps, especially difficult to rehandle Rilke's poetry in any way because of his almost startling originality in the choice of his images. A different consciousness seems to preside over the association of his ideas, and those very words which in the original have all the sudden charm of a revelation, are apt to seem bizarre and *recherchés* in another tongue. But the pitfalls that beset the way of the translator are too well known and too universally deplored to insist upon. He must be counted happy

who succeeds, not indeed in recreating in another language a poetry he has greatly loved, but at most in awakening an interest in the original which may eventually lead a few readers to seek such beauty where it may be found.

Dear neighbor God, I fear
I often knock too loud in the long night;
It is because you breathe so light
I scarce can hear.
I think:—you are alone in your wide hall
With no one there at all
To reach you even a cup of wine.
I listen always; give a little sign;
I am so near.

There is between us such a fragile wall;
As if by chance it stands today,
But if at any time you thought to call,
It would give way.

It is all built of pictures with old names,
And when the light flares up in me
By which at last I hope to see
Your face, it only flickers on their frames.

My thoughts are very little flames
And quickly lost in your immensity.

* * *

See, Lord, there comes to share
Your work this one so near a child; the prayer
That women taught him trembles yet
Upon his lips that must so soon forget;
The fold
That women gave them,—that they soon must lose,
His hands still hold.
Even now they seek to draw apart and use
Their separate will to beckon or defend.

But yesterday his forehead was as fair
And smooth as a white stone
In running water, rounded by the days
That have no meaning but to ripple on
And know no longing but to wear
The pictures that the leaning heavens lend;

Now is this at an end;
The vision of the world is in his gaze,
And an irrevocable judgment lays
That on his brow which it must bend and bear.

Now shall it widen to a new awaking;
There was no light before this morning breaking;
No language written like that written here.

We dare not paint you as you meet our gaze,
O Dusk from whence the morning rose.
We choose from out our box of colors those
The ancients chose,
And still disguise you in their ancient ways.

We build your pictures as men build a wall;
They stand before you wide and tall,
And if our hearts should ever see you plain
Our pious hands would cover you again.

* * *

What would you do, Lord, if I died?
I am your pitcher; would you thrust aside
Your water, spill your wine?
I am your woven garment and the thread
Of the great loom you tread;
Your work is mine.

With me nowhere at all what would you do?
So would you have no house to wander through
And find in every room words warm and sweet;
So would there fall from off your feet
The velvet sandal that I am for you.

Your mantle, that I make, would be unloosed,
Your glance I am so used
To watch for and to catch on my warm cheek,
Soft like a pillow, would still come and seek
That resting place
And fall at last on the unfriendly face
Of some cold stone
And lie there all unwelcome and alone . . .
Surely it would be strange to find me gone.

There was the time of Michelangelo:—
He was the man of whom the strange books tell
Who made gigantic shapes like visions grow
And sought to measure the immeasurable.

He was the man who ever comes again
In every age that ripens to its fall,
He comes and gathers all
Its might and meaning into one great whole
And thrusts it in the depths of his own soul.
The men before him knew of joy and pain,
But he can understand
The monstrous weight of life and strain
Its strength with his own hand.
God only is the element outside
His grasp and more than all his willing wide.

How must he then adore and hate
This incommensurate?

* * *

Look from your housetops and see where
His white encampment waits
Before your gates,
And grows no weaker and no wearier
From year to year.
Still as the landscape and as far
His armies reach;
And none he sends to threaten or to preach
Or to persuade into the town;

He is the mighty instrument of war
That works in silence till the wall breaks down.

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIP

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HENRY CABOT LODGE. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The letters which, during the years between 1884 and 1918, passed between Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, furnish one of the most important collections of source material that have appeared during the last few years. The opening note is that of the plan of two young "reformers", educated, well-born, idealistic, to prevent the nomination of James G. Blaine on account of what Roosevelt called his "mottled record" and, failing that, the struggle to find their way through a veritable conflict of duties, ending in the choice of party loyalty rather than personal merit.

Each friend believed thoroughly in the future success of the other, and it is a real proof of inner merit that there seems to have been only the most loyal, ungrudging support of the one for the other, and untiring efforts to advance the interests of a dear and intimate friend. Said Roosevelt: "I do not know a man in the country whose future I regard as so promising as yours" (June 18, 1884); and a short time later he wrote to Lodge (August 12, 1884): "For two or three years I have felt that you were one of 'the' very few men whom I really desired to know as a *friend;* and I have never been able to work so well with anybody before." More than a decade later Roosevelt wrote Lodge a statement that is unusually self-revealing, and perhaps brings out a side of the generally popular political hero of that and later days which is not usually known or appreciated by students of his career. Said he: "I can't help writing you, for literally I have no one here to whom to unburden myself; I make acquaintances very easily, but there are only one or two people in the world, outside of my own family, whom I deem friends, or for whom I really care." (October 11, 1895.)

On the other side, Lodge was just as loyal, just as devoted, and set just as high a value on Roosevelt and his ability, not to mention his friendship. On September 22, 1895, he wrote Roosevelt suggesting the proper way to manage his career, political and otherwise, if he would reach the Presidency. He added: "You do not realize how you have impressed the popular imagination, and that means getting what you want. I am no dreamer either about you or myself. . . . If you were like most men I should not repeat these things to you, but you so underrate your political strength that I fear you will neglect to use it and so miss the opportunity which will give you a big place in national politics." It was this same friend who urged successively the acceptance of the place on the Civil Service Commission, the office of Commissioner of Police, and that of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He also strongly urged the Vice-Presidency as a proper stepping-stone to that of President itself. In fact, one is more and more impressed with the political acumen, foresight, and fine judgment shown by Lodge on repeated occasions, and is compelled to admit that Roosevelt's debt to his friend was far greater, from the standpoint of his ultimate and outstanding success, than ever has been known, or even imagined, by the general public.

Time after time, Roosevelt really seemed to believe that he had reached the "end of his career", using those words in a letter of June 29, 1891; adding: "You may be but at the beginning of yours, and you have already had a most honorable one." He also thought the same at the close of the Spanish War, as he neared the end of his term as Governor of New York, and repeatedly seemed to be nerving himself to face inevitable defeat, and a final and complete retirement from public life. When it is remembered that these letters were entirely private, it causes a new appraisement of their writer. It is true that he was unboundedly ambitious, that he wanted success and wanted it with his whole heart and soul, but he was willing to work for it, and work hard, even that gruelling, grinding work which is irksome when it means plodding instead of "soaring". But he probably succeeded so brilliantly in this life because of that work, and also because of the fact that he never failed to hitch his wagon to the proverbial star.

The carping critic, tinged with the jealousy that so often shows itself in the lines of journalistic, political and other writers, probably will sneer at the efforts of Roosevelt to get the Medal of Honor from the United States Government. In this he failed, in spite of the dogged and persistent efforts of Lodge, probably because of this same jealousy and its influence in more exalted stations. But Roosevelt had an innate sense of justice, to himself as well as to others. He knew he deserved the medal, that he had a moral right to it, and therefore in his view it was not a case of self-seeking and self-flattery, but mere participation in honor according to his just deserts. And always in the back of his mind there lay the thought of his children, and the name and fame that he might be able to leave to them.

It is especially interesting to note how Roosevelt gradually matured. He was decidedly of the type whose bark was not only as bad, but often worse than his bite, and he unburdened himself without restraint to Lodge, whether the subject of his present detestation were Godkin, President Harrison, George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, or Woodrow Wilson. But more and more he learned restraint, for as he himself acknowledged while Governor of New York, in a letter dated August 28, 1899, "I am not, thank Heaven, under the least illusion as to the permanence of my position; for both my good qualities and my defects—including in the last, the habit, to which you have once or twice unfeelingly alluded, of expressing a great variety of opinions on a great variety of subjects, and, formerly, at least, with some intemperance of expression—will tend to make my official life short." Lodge was continually warning him to be careful, and Roosevelt took the advice more often than his enemies of today would seem to admit.

There is an element of real tragedy when the reader comes to the correspondence of the early part of the year 1912, which resulted in an interchange of letters, and then with the exception of a short note, a long hiatus of seven months. Lodge wrote on February 28:

> I have had my share of mishaps in politics, but I never thought that any situation could arise which would make me so miserably unhappy as I have been during the past week. I found myself confronted with the fact that I was

opposed to your policies declared at Columbus with great force in regard to changes in our Constitution and principles of government as I understand them. . . . I knew of course that you and I differed on some of these points, but I had not realized that the difference was so wide. That I failed to do so was very likely my fault, owing probably to my unwillingness to admit that there could be any serious difference of opinion between us on constitutional questions which seemed to me vital. . . . I could not abandon my convictions, and to come out for you, holding and known to hold the views which I have expressed, would have stultified me and made me worse than useless to you. Nor do I believe that you for a moment would wish me to do so. As for going against you in any way or supporting anyone else against you, that I could not do. There is very little of the Roman in me to those I love best, and I hope a good deal of loyalty in my affection. . . . I have a speech—long ago promised—next week at Princeton, on the Constitution, which must be made, and then I shall be silent until the convention is over. I cannot tell you how much I have suffered from these harsh necessities, and so I shall say no more. You, I am sure, will understand.

Roosevelt replied the next day (March 1):

I don't know whether to be most touched by your letter, or to be inclined to laugh over it. My dear fellow, you could not do anything that would make me lose my warm personal affection for you. For a couple of years I have felt that you and I were heading opposite ways as regards internal politics. I shan't try to justify my viewpoint because it would seem as if I were attacking yours. . . . Of course you will stand by your convictions. Now don't you ever think of this matter again.

With the exception of the short note mentioned above, which dealt with the returns from the Massachusetts primaries in April, the next items are telegrams from Lodge to Mrs. Roosevelt, and to Roosevelt himself, both dated October 16, and caused by the news of the attempt upon the latter's life by an assassin in Milwaukee. He stated that "Our thoughts have been unceasingly with you. Our distress and anxiety only equalled by our admiration for your wonderful and wholly characteristic nerve and courage. Rejoiced by good news this morning. Our dearest love is with you always."

From this time there is a steady renewal of the old intimacy, until the last letter of the entire collection of two volumes, which ends with a short note from Lodge to Roosevelt, dated December 23, 1918, while the latter was still in the hospital in New York, and from which he returned home only to die just two weeks later. Said Lodge: "I hope you continue to improve. You

cannot think what a joy it was to have those two talks with you." As we know today, these "talks" had to do with the League Covenant, then in the process of germination in the minds and efforts of its authors, and they resulted in large part in the thought and principles underlying the celebrated "Lodge Reservations", which were not accepted by the Wilson Administration, but to which many European leaders are now at last turning as a proper alternative to the recent Geneva Protocol, which has been proved impossible of adoption or successful working.

One especially pleasant feature runs through the correspondence. It consists in the constant reference to "Nannie" and "Edith", meaning Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. Roosevelt. Evidently both men were blessed with happy marriage, and the wife of each was a confidante and an adequate adviser, and contributed a large share to the success of the famous husband.

Lodge never seemed to lose his New England provincialism, and his political orientation was based entirely upon the principles and prejudices of that geographical section of the country. Roosevelt was far more national in his outlook, and the two men served as foils, the one to the other. This collection of letters, with little editing or accompanying notes, will hardly prove of widespread popular interest. It requires too full a knowledge of the people and times. But when one reads between the lines, it serves as an extremely valuable index to many of the most important events of the past four decades, as well as a remarkably revealing, and also appealing, record of the characters and friendship of two of the outstanding men of American history.

WILLIAM STARR MYERS.

A DEVONSHIRE GENTLEMAN

EARLY REMINISCENCES. By S. Baring-Gould. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

S. BARING-GOULD, parson and squire of Lew in Devonshire, died on January 2, 1924. He was a most prolific writer. In the ninetieth year of his life he was occupied in composing his

early reminiscences, occupied in carefully setting before us, page by page, an inimitable picture of an old-fashioned English country gentleman of the kind that is at once the admiration and despair of Europe.

Never did anyone write more true to type than Parson Baring-Gould. It is clear that he was completely indifferent as to what any of us might think of him. He just blurted out what came into his head, and if offense was taken, so much the worse. His insular arrogance is often extraordinary, but so is a certain sterling honesty that is an essential part of his nature. His prejudices were fixed. They were like knots in the trunk of some great oak in the garden of Lew Trenchard, tough as the devil, and such as no amount of labor could remove.

Practical, matter of fact, given to illogical compromises, the world appeared to him a very simple affair. He entertained no misgivings about it, he suspected no treachery. Under the stout leather of his country boots had he not felt the good red soil of Devon, firm and solid, for fourscore years and ten? And it was of course to this very self-confidence that he owed his strength and his weakness.

We can well imagine how simple an affair life must have seemed on a Harvest Thanksgiving in the church of Saint Petrock when contented laborers settled themselves in their restored oaken pews to listen to a sermon preached by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould in his own church, under ancient beams decorated with his own colors.

There is something charming about the old man's devotion to the Church of England: "I am inclined to wonder where on earth I should have been, spiritually, religiously, had I not been born and bred in the Church of England. There is so much that to me is repellant in the Roman Communion, such an indifference to truth, in the matter of toleration of what are lies: so much superabundance of ceremonial, and so much suppression of reason, that I never could have been happy in that part of the church." After such a sentence it might easily be supposed that he felt sympathy towards all Protestant denominations. Nothing could be further from the case. If not a superabundance, it appears that he finds an abundance of ceremonial necessary to salvation;

if not complete suppression of the reason, it appears that he finds it necessary for man's reason to be sufficiently suppressed for it in no way to offend against what has been judged sound sense at the Manor House for the last three hundred years. "As for Lutheran Protestantism and Calvinism, I could not away with either."

He travels in Switzerland and marks down the failings of its people. They are incapable of artistic feeling, he says: "They make good waiters, pastry-cooks, confectioners, *et voilà tout.*" He discusses Socialism: "By converting every fifth man into a Government salaried official, the country would be covered with a bureaucratic net. Incompetent and uninstructed men would be appointed to superintend work of which they know nothing. We see this now among ourselves. Our County Councils appoint these noodles to manage the highways, to superintend nuisances, to value land, to kill rats, etc." He comments upon the advantages derived in the Wesleyan ministry from the practice of moving the pastors from place to place: "He (the Wesleyan minister) was neither suffered to get stale nor to discover the evanescence and shallowness of the results of his preaching. . . . He lived in a fool's paradise, a paradise of Wesley's own creation and planting."

Again he has a sudden illumination as to the number of those of us who are not English squires: "There are tens of thousands of men who simply vegetate, do no good, do no harm, and who when they die leave no more trace behind them . . . than does a cabbage stump when plucked up and thrown over the hedge."

Americans reading this review perhaps congratulate themselves that their great onward moving country is beyond the ken of this testy old gentleman. 'Twere better not to begin shouting till they are out of the wood: "The Pilgrim Fathers . . . were a parcel of ill-conditioned, cantankerous rascals of whom England was well rid." And his sole regret is that "the old slaver Mayflower had not sunk on the voyage and taken the whole set to the bottom of the Atlantic to feed the fishes".

His observations about some of the famous people he has known have about them the same racy directness of opinion. "John Keble," he says, "was a singularly plain man and his somewhat un-

couth features seemed to me to find a reflex in his poetry." Mark Pattison's mind, so he declares, "had turned sour over disappointment like beer under thunder, and with equal inability to recover."

The fastidious spiritual passion of Newman alone seems to have been of fine enough quality to penetrate the aged curmudgeon's thick skin. "Sanctity," he asserts, "streamed forth from his face like light from a lantern." The pontifical self-consciousness of Cardinal Manning was of course guaranteed to rouse his spleen. And so it did: "A cat does not squeal and claw unless its tail has been pinched; and Manning was doubly nipped. He was disappointed at the slender effect his own secession had produced. . . . I gravely doubt his possessing any governing principle other than self-glorification."

But it would be a mistake to conclude that our venerable author is incapable of writing in anything but a peevish vein. Scattered through the book are certain sentences that reveal how dear to him was every sight and sound of the Devonshire countryside. He likes to hear the noise that a scythe makes as it lays low the grass on a summer's morning, the strange swishing sound of the strokes and the tinkling music of the whetstone. He likes to see the boys play at making "sweet hay" with the girls by enmeshing them in a rope of grass; provided always that they go no further in their play than is judged innocent by their landlord.

After a time one comes to know the kind of uncouth jokes that tickle the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's fancy. He dislikes Jews and lawyers and is never tired of girding at one or the other of them: "We have among us in England a good sprinkling of Hebrews who seek to screen their Hebraic origin by adopting good old English or Norman names. . . . The story circulates that a certain Jew named Samuel, like the great prophet who anointed Saul to be King, aye and David also, received a call from Heaven: 'Samuel! Samuel!' But, unlike his great forerunner and namesake, he did not reply 'Speak; for thy servant heareth!' but answered from among the bedclothes, 'You may shout till you are hoarse; I will not reply till you call me Montagu.'" He is delighted by the story which tells of Peter the Great's astonishment during his visit to London at seeing so many lawyers in the Inner Temple.

"In Russia," said he, "there are but two of these men, and on my return it is my intent to hang them both."

It must be confessed that his humor is often a little crude. On one occasion, while driving in a dog-cart with his mother and father, the pony fell down and precipitated his two parents to the road. Baring-Gould laughed, and when his father reproved him excused himself by saying that "they looked so like rooks taking flight from a field where they had been feeding". He speaks of the conversation of the neighboring clergy. "They talked of old Betty's cough and the legs of Polly that ran, or rather bad sores in them that ran." Yes, without doubt there is a certain bucolic vein in his writing. Whatever actually happened, that he puts down in plain English, just as a farmer might express himself with realistic unreserve while taking his boots off by the fire.

But what pride he possessed! Pride of family, pride of his conversational powers, pride of his knowledge of what is good for the world: "One who has ideas gauges the capacities of those with whom he is engaged in converse, and if he detects in them an inability to receive any other seed than groundsel, he holds back his superior grain."

Evidently he felt no small contempt for the chatter of his immediate entourage. "Those whose words I really do value are to be found in books, not in small talk on foods, motors, lawn-tennis, bridge and novels." He began life as a Liberal, but in latter days was constrained to modify his opinions: "I think that Radicalism has passed beyond the limit regarded as permissible and the attainment of which is desirable."

We feel quite sure that if any present-day "noodle" had pressed for an explanation of this truly aristocratic utterance, he would have been answered after the manner of Sir Andrew Aguecheek: "I have no exquisite reason, but I have reason good enough."

LLEWELYN POWYS.

A ROYAL BIOGRAPHY

KING EDWARD VII: A Biography. By Sir Sidney Lee. Vol. I. From Birth to Accession, 9th November 1841 to 22nd January 1901. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In the late nineties *Punch* published a cartoon showing an immaculately dressed, stout, elderly gentleman with a beard, looking much like the late King Edward, gazing out of a window at a heavy downpour in the streets of London. Under it was the caption, "It's a mighty long rain we're having!"

Sir Sidney Lee's biography covers most of this reign, and long as it is—the first volume contains over eight hundred large pages—it is interesting from beginning to end. As an "official" history it has the advantage of being based on important unpublished material. At the same time it has the natural disadvantage which attaches to any "authorized" biography. Sir Sidney's work has been further handicapped by the fact that much of the material concerns persons still alive, and a good part of it can hardly be made public without inviting diplomatic complications. He has been forced to pick and choose, and yet has done this with sufficient skill to present a full picture of the part which King Edward as Prince of Wales played in international politics. Perhaps the King's foibles are too readily overlooked. Certainly the depiction of his nephew, Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany and Doorn, is too satanic. That the former Emperor is impetuous, foolish, vain, and unreliable, has long been known. Any doubts on this subject were dispelled by the publication of his own memoirs three years ago. In Sir Sidney's biography, however, he figures as a combination of Mephistopheles and Machiavelli. This does him too much credit.

Despite the fact that this volume is important as an historical document, and should be considered in the light of the new material which it offers for the study of international politics during the reign of Queen Victoria, to the general reader its principal interest is in the picture which it gives of three personalities—Victoria, Edward, and William II. The interchange of letters between these three, and with their countless relatives on nearly all the thrones of Europe, gives a vivid idea of their weakness and strength, and a clear understanding of the curious inter-

play of family affections and antipathies that had profound effect on the politics of the world.

The Queen Victoria who lives in these pages is not altogether the same figure as the Victoria of Mr. Lytton Strachey. In the early part she is more of a mother, in the latter more of a politician. In both rôles her distrust of her son's judgment continues unabated. At first she appears as a stuffy, over-solicitous parent, trying to impose her will by force on her children. In later years she proves to be a wiser person, shrewdly appreciating her son's impetuosity and tendency to be swayed by his personal likes and loyalties.

The account of the education of the Prince of Wales under the heavy hand of the Prince Consort, whose orderly German mind and cold, inhuman nature led him to impose "systems" to fit the young Prince for his ultimate rôle as King, is painful reading. In the light of modern theories of psychology the marvel is that the boy didn't go to pieces under it. He was allowed no playmates of his own age. He was forced to study many hours a day. He had few recreations and but little exercise. His entire time was spent in the company of his elders, who apparently were more anxious to correct than to encourage him. Family affection was fostered as a duty, rather than as an instinctive response. Everything was ordered, everything was forced, everything was calculated to restrain. The Prince Consort was ever ready with lectures and theories. Victoria was always waiting to disapprove.

The restraints of every nature were held upon the young prince until long after he became of age. He rebelled, of course—privately, like a well brought up Victorian child—and "played hookey" whenever he could. In the army in Ireland he was first associated with persons of his own age, and the reaction was greater than if he had not been so firmly tied to Victoria's apron strings.

In one respect, however, his rebellion was unblushing and open. He despised books, and never read after he had passed his study years. In their stead, he eagerly sought the company of men of achievement in many walks of life, and plied them with countless questions. Information thus obtained was never forgotten. As a result, although he disappointed his father, who

considered books better teachers than men, he acquired vast information and wide interests. He hated to be alone. His personal cronies, after he grew up, were mostly from the ranks of high society, but his interest in scientists, explorers, actors, diplomats, army and navy men, and all others who were doing something of interest and value, never ceased. He constantly demanded their company, and loved nothing better than to draw them out and hear what they had to say. To all with whom he thus came in contact he remained strongly loyal.

"Mama" never took her eyes off her son, and rarely ceased to criticize him. Parental inability to forget that he had grown up and was old enough to look after himself accounted for some of this. But the old lady was shrewd enough to realize that "Bertie," as his relatives knew him, was inclined to be impetuous, and did things unthinkingly which not only were out of keeping with his position, but which were embarrassing to the British Government and sometimes clearly wrong. For this reason she refused, until the very last years of her life, when the Prince of Wales was over fifty, to delegate to him any share of her authority. She did not think that he was fit to have much responsibility, and so she declined to encourage any of his incessant efforts to "be of use". The Prince, however, increasingly showed his keen interest in affairs, and particularly in international politics. He managed on various occasions to accomplish much by personal contact with the crowned heads and leading politicians of Europe.

In view of the developments since King Edward died, particular interest attaches to his relations with his many German relatives. His mother by training and by marriage had acquired a keen sympathy for Germany. Her infatuation for her German Prince Consort tended to strengthen her love of that country after he died. She was, therefore, much pleased when her eldest child, Victoria, married the heir to the throne of Prussia, Frederick. To "Bertie" however, this was not an agreeable event. His older sister was one of his few intimates. Her cold reception in Prussia, where many of the nobility resented the presence of a strongly English princess, rankled from the very beginning. As the years went by, and the Prince saw that his sister was often treated with Prussian harshness, he became still more impatient.

The climax occurred when her husband died, and her son, William II, became Kaiser. Her palace was surrounded with guards, so that she was actually a prisoner and, in the opinion of her brother, the young Kaiser treated her with unbecoming indifference. Thereafter William did not fail to criticize her openly, and found fault with her devotion to her English relatives.

After his accession to the throne, "Willie", whose conceit and arrogance had long annoyed "Uncle Bertie", became more and more intolerable in his relations with his English relatives. He himself has told us in his memoirs how, when he first visited England after coming to the throne, his grandmother, Queen Victoria, had received him with the same affection that she had always shown to her grandchildren. The Kaiser, however, felt that more was due him. Had he written "I very quickly put Grandmama in her place" he would have expressed more directly his sentiments on the occasion. Thereafter, he proudly pointed out, she treated him with the deference due an Emperor and fellow sovereign. Victoria, grown more tolerant in her old age, was ready to overlook his conceit. To the Prince, however, Willie's bumptiousness was intolerable. As a man of the world and the Kaiser's senior by eighteen years, he sought to placate him, but on two or three occasions he was so angered by the Kaiser's deliberate affronts that it took all of the tact of his mother to prevent a serious breach.

Despite the fact that the incidents between the Kaiser and his uncle are shown from one side only, it is clear that the young Emperor of Germany was an ill-mannered, flighty man. He was intensely jealous of England, and apparently secretly hated his Uncle Bertie's suave manners and wide influence throughout the world even as Prince of Wales. His balloonified ego led him early to pose as the world's greatest monarch, and strengthened his ambitions to get for Germany her famous "place in the sun". Territorial aggrandizement was his first thought, followed by the expansion of his navy. This naturally brought him in constant conflict with England, whose widely flung Empire was occupying the remaining "free" land, and whose fleet was essential to its very existence. His are normally classed as "justifiable aspirations". The Kaiser, however, could not refrain from rattling

his sword, even when he had no provocation. This, coupled with the fact that his Uncle Bertie and his grandmama had their own opinion about his boasted partnership with the Almighty, served to make them look askance upon his plans. When he was nearly forty he complained to the British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles, that the Prince always looked upon him "as a silly boy". This is undoubtedly true, for this he undoubtedly was and continued to be. But it naturally irked his ego to be so regarded. At the same time, he could not refrain from offering the Queen and the Prince of Wales constant advice about their army, their navy, their general policies, and finally, the conduct of the Boer War. In the meantime he made repeated advances to England for an alliance, but was bitterly resentful when his own terms, on which he insisted, were not deemed acceptable.

Sir Sidney's narrative stops with the death of Queen Victoria in 1901. It leaves the reader more impressed than ever with the pompous absurdity and danger of the German Kaiser, and with increased respect for Queen Victoria's political wisdom in her later years. King Edward, however, appears as little more than a man of the world, charming, vigorous, well informed. Aside from much common sense and a memory that enabled him to retain vivid impressions of his talks with all the principal statesmen and leaders of Europe throughout forty years or more, he does not stand out as an intellectual force. His loyalty too often got the better of his judgment, and while loyalty in a King is a great virtue, judgment is indispensable. Although the Queen's distrust of her son as shown in the first part of this volume seems unnecessarily severe, one closes the book with the feeling that her instinct was perhaps right in withholding much power from him during the first fifty years or more of his life. It was a long reign—for the Prince of Wales. But at least it gave him the opportunity to prepare himself amply for his kingly task. He was no schemer, like his German nephew. Nor was he flighty and unstable. But he was very human and easily impressionable, and by the very charm of his personality and strength of his prestige he might have been less fortunate as King had he earlier succeeded to the throne.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT.

FRENCH LETTERS.

XXe Siècle, Première Série. Par Benjamin Crémieux. Paris: *Nouvelle Revue Française.*

Le Chèvrefeuille. Par Thierry Sandre. Paris: *Nouvelle Revue Française.*

Mousseline. Par Thierry Sandre. Amiens: Librairie Edgar Malfère.

Dialogues sur le Commandement. Par André Maurois. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

Oncle Anghel, Les Récits d'Adrien Zograffi, II. Par Panaït Istrati. Paris: F. Rieder & Cie.

Two very significant figures have disappeared from French letters during the last six months: Anatole France and Jacques Rivière. The death of the editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* is being felt much more keenly, if not more widely, than that of the patriarch of the Villa Saïd. For Anatole France had few imitators and still fewer followers, in the world of letters. He was not liked by young men. Indeed, literarily speaking, he had ceased to exist many years before he died; and if one wishes a perfect proof of this, let him read the book which the great man's secretary saw fit to publish with startling suddenness after his death: *Anatole France en Pantouffles.* It has merit, doubtless. It is selling well, certainly. But it is not imbued with that spirit of moved reverence which the disappearance of a master should leave, one would suppose, in his closest friend.

Jacques Rivière was in all things a contrast to Anatole France. Young (he was not yet thirty-nine), having produced just enough to give great promise of the future, he died with only five days of illness separating him from a life of intense activity, the object of which was not in any sense the winning of laurels for himself, but the seeking out and encouragement of talent in others. His *Revue* was the centre of the most vigorous, the most distinguished and the most disinterested literary movement in present-day France. Jacques Rivière was, by their own confession, the inspirer and sustainer of a whole company of young writers whose works appeared in the familiar red-and-black printed covers. An extraordinary combination of uncompromising idealism, critical acumen and sound business sense had enabled him to make of his review and its publications the meeting-place of a

group of men eager for high endeavor, striving unsparingly for technical excellence, and more pleased by a wide reading among the élite than by immediate financial advantages. Jacques Rivière was the one man in the world of Parisian publication who was never accused, even by his worst enemies, of any but the highest motives. And under his leadership the *Revue* has come to such a position of prominence that many very intelligent readers within and without France allow it to be their sole interpreter of French literature. The premature snuffing of this candle cannot be too profoundly regretted.

It is difficult to find any common characteristic of the writers of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* group, unless it be perhaps their high-minded seriousness. The personal taste of Jacques Rivière is easier to discover. It has been said of him that he brought French literature back to classicism, by dissuading from the mere romantic reproduction of sensation and sentiment, as the symbolists practised it, and encouraging the study of the passions by the intelligence. The sifting of the emotions by the mind is certainly classic, and French. But the basis of French classicism is not only reason, but also good sense, and good sense demands that the passions studied be not abnormal, but broadly human. Now Rivière's increasing interest, during the latter years of his life, was the isolation and microscopic examination of a passion so unusual, so extraordinary, that only the treatment of genius could convince of its relation to every-day humanity. His own attempt at such a study, the novel *Aimée*, is not very successful. But that the thing can be done, and made real, he has indicated himself by dedicating his novel to Marcel Proust. And Marcel Proust has perhaps done better than anyone else what Jacques Rivière considered as supremely worth doing in literature.

There has appeared upon Proust the first study to have any pretension to completeness. Benjamin Crémieux, novelist, translator of Pirandello, but especially critic for the *Nouvelle Revue Française* and the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, in the first hundred pages of a group of critical articles which are being published under the title *XXe Siècle*, has taken up and dusted off, as it were, nearly all the moot questions which have been bandied about concerning *A la Recherche du Temps perdu*. His main

endeavor is, however, to demonstrate the unity of Proust's work. A kind of unity has been grudgingly and vaguely granted Proust. But it is the unconscious unity which can be found underlying every utterance of any individual, especially of any artist, and which is the revelation of the oneness of the personality. Even this, however, has been doubted, because Proust's method of portraying character tends to show rather the diversity than the integrity of the self. M. Crémieux grants immediately this unconscious unity, "the confrontation of the '*moi*' of Proust with the universe", the "obedience to an interior rhythm". But he finds also unity of aim and unity of composition. The aim of Proust, like that of Balzac, was to leave a picture of his time, showing "the most characteristic crisis of the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries: the final uncrowning of the French aristocracy, the first leveling of the nobility and the rich middle class, prelude of the universal leveling of all classes accelerated by the war". His difference from Balzac lies, first, in an effort to present, not the voluntary, characteristic actions of men, but their involuntary gestures, result of deep-seated habit, and revelation of the hidden preoccupations of the subconscious; and, second, in the practice of introspection rather than observation for the gathering of his material. As for the unity of composition, M. Crémieux very ingeniously compares the entire work to a rose-window, each episode forming one of the "*lobes*", but the effect of the whole and the interrelation of the parts unperceivable before the work is completed.

Another contention of M. Crémieux is that Proust's work is profoundly, even exaltedly, moral. It encourages, to be sure, the refusal to follow blindly the dictates of ancestral habit, or the current platitudes of so-called moral instruction; but it incites to a study of our own soul so penetrating, so thorough, as to bring to light the root of every evil desire, of every lie-engendering passion. In the light, they die. No motives for action then remain save those of wisdom, which lead us as often to act for the good of others as for our own good. The sage of this philosophy practices "abstention, nearly related to stoic quietude and to Christian renunciation". The following episode, recounted by M. Crémieux, would seem to show the extraordinary reality for Proust

himself of both his artistic practice and his moral code: "On his deathbed, Proust asked the nurse to bring him the page of his manuscript on which was found the description of the death-agony of one of his characters: 'I have several changes to make in it,' said he, 'now that I am almost there myself.'"

A similarity to the Proust technique is evident in the work of many contemporary Frenchmen. Two of the three novels for which Thierry Sandre was awarded the Goncourt Prize may be taken as examples of the adaptation to the traditional French manner of new processes used by Proust. Both books are short stories rather than novels. *Le Chèvrefeuille* is done in a way not unlike the "*composition en rosace*" which M. Crémieux ascribes to Proust. The story (a young husband is so overwhelmed by the tyranny of his wife's affection that he seizes the opportunity offered him by his being in the front line trenches at the Battle of Verdun to disappear), is presented as follows: First a friend of the couple digs about in his memory and brings out here an incident, there an observation, which give the reader a vision of the whole as through a veil; then the husband, turning up, explains to his friend the reasons for his conduct, thus lifting the veil in part; and finally, in the last pages, the wife is discovered to have just remarried, and the whole picture is flooded with light. More striking even than this in resemblance to Proust, is the immensely greater importance that the author gives to the secret workings of the inner self than to external voluntary action: perverse sentimental complexities drive into the background of a soldier's consciousness the events of the Battle of Verdun! It is certainly for this reason that, despite great technical qualities, the book leaves the reader rather cold.

Mousseline is a better book, perhaps the best of the Goncourt Prize novels since the war. The story is told carefully, slowly, chronologically. A father, concierge in a Parisian apartment house, cherishes an only daughter; overproud of her, and over-ambitious, he refuses her hand in marriage to a lodger; she runs off with the young man, and the father is plunged in grief and shame; as time goes by, his shame grows less; rumors come to him that Mousseline has become the mistress of a rich man, and hope dawns of comfort for his old age; the daughter returns, miserable,

abandoned, with a baby, and he drives her in fury from his door. For the ending to convince, the reason for the change in the old man must be clear. And M. Sandre has used remarkable skill to make it so. In the beginning, the limelight of Père Trébuc's consciousness, the goal of his ambitions, the end of his every voluntary action, is his daughter: her virtue, her well-being, her marriage and future happiness. But in his little unconscious acts, the old man reveals that, unbeknown to himself, he has another and different primary demand upon life, namely, his reputation for integrity, for respectability, for uprightness, and the continued enjoyment of physical and moral comfort. To assure this, one is made to feel, he will consent to any compromise, to any abasement. And when the test comes, one readily admits that he accept with animal eagerness the prosperity which his daughter's shame may bring him, and that, on the other hand, he revolt in animal fury against the disgrace with which her innocent misfortune threatens to surround his last days. The book is, in the Zola sense, a sort of experiment: a disease of the personality is studied in the class of patient usually found in hospital clinics. No remedy is indicated. But as the case is presented, the only remedy imaginable is that implied by the ethics of Proust: an exhaustive study of the self.

The name of Proust is undoubtedly the greatest in French letters of today. But the "rhythm" of Proust becomes intelligible only in the light of purely modern thought. One feels beneath the sinuous delicacy of his art the conclusions of a Bergson, of a Freud, even of an Einstein. One fact of his life has, however, been insufficiently emphasized by critics: his asthma. He lived and worked in an atmosphere necessary for him, but stifling to healthy lungs. And a long sojourn in the society of the Guermantes or the Verdurin has somewhat the same effect upon the mind that a long visit in his tightly closed room might have had upon the body: one rushes to the street for air. The street, and the man in the street. One cannot indeed avoid a feeling of deliverance, of relief, when one finds that there are still in France men capable of high thinking whose fundamental reactions to life are those of the mass. Such is André Maurois.

Especially to English and American readers, no living French

writer is perhaps more immediately sympathetic than he. The figures of Colonel Bramble and his staff were treated with a delicate humor and a completeness of understanding all too rarely found in Continental appreciations of the British; and the gentle but final destruction of the ethereal legend with which nineteenth-century criticism had shrouded Shelley, accomplished without provoking the slightest ripple of indignation from over the Channel, was no mean feat of international criticism.

If in these earlier books there is a sprightliness of fancy, a gracefulness of pleasantry, that make one look upon the author as a Frenchman who has acquired English virtues, in his latest book there are a soundness and an honesty of argument, a balance and a firmness of logic, a nimbleness and measure in demonstration, that reveal in him those qualities of the French which we consider most typical and most enviable. Not that here he has become heavy: the very form of the dialogue which he has given these conversations between a professor of philosophy and his former pupil is in the best classic tradition of elegant and playful discussion. It is always lightly that they touch, in the quick vagaries of their talk, on some of the gravest problems that have in all times puzzled great minds. But beneath their words is an earnestness, a candid love of truth, a lack of obstinacy before objections, a willingness to face every difficulty squarely, that are characteristically and beautifully French.

It is to Romain Rolland that we are indebted for two of the most striking books of the year. He found, recovering from unsuccessful suicide in a hospital at Nice, an outcast and wanderer come from the Balkans, who, after rolling from adventure to revolution and from revolution to adventure over a large part of Europe, Asia and Africa, had met Despair in the peacefully flowering sunlight of the Riviera. In his extremity, the vagabond called upon the Master. The Master came, and showed the vagabond the use that could be made of the voice that was within him. And now, Panaït Istrati has gone back to carefree peddling in the flowering sunlight, while his tales, written in French because he knew that language as well as another, are making hearts beat faster and breath come shorter here and there throughout the Western World.

Kyra Kyralina, published in the early summer, and *Oncle Anghel*, in the autumn, are just bits of the past of Adrien Zograffi, son of a Rumanian peasant woman and a Greek merchant "who had no use for marriage", stories he has heard and things he has seen in his varied and precarious existence. Not however the reflections of misery, ugliness, oppression and stint that might be expected from a haunter of slums and a sleeper in lofts. For Adrien is a poet. His uncles are poets. They have the surge and lift of great passions within them. Life to them is color, movement, swift and utter enjoyment; not a gesture but is filled with meaning, instinct with the richness and fullness of life. Uncle Anghel, from his infancy, has a deep detestation for work on another's land. So he goes to the city, becomes a wine-merchant's helper. He saves. He buys a wine-shop beside the highway, and in winter his door opens to the "carter, with icicles hanging from his moustache". He marries the most beautiful girl in the village, has by her three children. He prospers, buys a farm, builds the finest house in the country. But his wife is stricken with a terrible laziness: she sleeps always, and stirs for neither noise nor blows. The windows are so covered with fly-specks that the house is dark: Anghel breaks them. An envious neighbor burns down the fine house. The two daughters are drowned in the Danube. The wife dies. The son is killed in a cavalry charge. At his funeral, the incendiary, guilty of conscience, confesses, asking Anghel to kill him. "He said: 'I forgive thee,' and left. None dared follow him. Home in his wineshop, he took down from the wall the ikon, the Virgin with Jesus in her arms, and also the pictures of the King, the Queen, and the Crown Prince. He took a pick, made a hole in the yard, put them in the bottom of it, and covered them with earth."

One thinks of the Books of the Kings, or of the Chronicles. And we, for whom the King James Version was the milk and barley of our intellectual up-bringing, may perhaps be pardoned for reveling in these wild tales of men in whom the proddings of the subconscious were translated with lightning swiftness into terrible and irremediable action.

PERCY CHAPMAN.

SCIENCE AND FAITH

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By J. Arthur Thomson, Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Throughout the world, there is proceeding today a conflict, stern and continuous, between Science and Faith. In this momentous struggle, all Sciences and all Faiths are involved. On the one hand, the Presbytery of New York debates and votes upon the ordination of a student, trained by Union Theological Seminary, who says that he cannot accept the Virgin Birth, and the raising of Lazarus and of the Widow's Son at Nain. On the other hand, those Fundamentalists of Islam, the Kurds, rise in wrath against the Republic founded by Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and demand that impious Modernism shall restore the Sultan and Caliph and again veil the face of woman. In India, too, pure reason is combating cults which enforce caste, the purdah, the widowhood of mere babes and other restrictions on human life. Here then is a problem that, in one form or another, is universal to the human race. It affects the redoubtable Dr. Macartney of Philadelphia as he seeks to safeguard the orthodoxy of theological seminaries like Princeton. Not less does it affect the incantations of a devil dancer in mid-Africa.

Before these assaults of Science, sometimes expressed as pure reason and sometimes applied to matters like health and locomotion, every religion save one is crumbling. The question is today solely whether Christianity, while permeating other faiths, will be found itself impregnable to the permeation of a destructive rationalism. Many observers would say that on the continent of Europe, the issue appears to be, for the moment, settled. The Scientist is an anti-clerical who regards the Church as a survival of the Middle Ages. And in Russia, the churches are placarded with Bolshevist abuse. But within the English-speaking world, a breach so definite as this has been avoided. Darwin may be damned in Kentucky but he is buried in Westminster Abbey, and many of his disciples are as devout as Isaac Newton, who was much more interested in explaining the Apocalypse than ever he was in enunciating the three laws of motion.

Professor Thomson is a scientist of this reverent type. Elec-

tricity—he exclaims—"how big it is with mystery!" Biology—why it "does not do more than hint at the way in which even the simplest living creatures may have come into being". Suppose that "birds arose from an extinct reptilian stock". Even so, it follows that "always the resultant seems too large for the components". Science may formulate "Lowest Common Denominators". But Faith responds with the "Greatest Common Measure".

Here surely we have a gentler tone of voice than that in which usually Science has called on Faith to surrender. As the Israelites worshipped the golden calf because, though a poor thing, it was still their own, so do we, as a rule, exalt that which our hands or our brains have fashioned. Science has been by no means immune from this idolatrous temptation. What God reveals is His, not ours; what we find out is flattering to our pride. Dr. Thomson is a disciple of nature. To the methods of scientific inquiry into phenomena, he is wholly loyal. But he admits that such research should be illuminated by revelation. "With ordinary vision," writes he, "the young man in the ancient story saw what are sometimes called 'the facts of the case'—the beleaguering hosts and Israel's poor chance; but he looked again, and saw, beyond all that, 'the chariots of God and the horsemen thereof'. That was religious vision." And to this excellent illustration, Dr. Thomson later adds a reference to Professor J. B. Pratt's delightful picture of a country in which everybody, including the philosophers, was blind, except a few simple folk, who saw the sun. The philosophers began by denying that there was a sun. And when the simple people still insisted on believing the evidence of their senses, the philosophers told the simple people to be honest with themselves and confess that they only saw the sun when they opened their eyes. The blind philosophers thus concluded, by strict logic, that there was no sun but only a trick with the eyes, practised by simple people; who went away, none the less smiling as they said, "We see the sun."

Most of us are acquainted with books which defend Science against Faith; or Faith against Science; or which seek to "reconcile" the two. Dr. Thomson declares that there is no quarrel. Says he:

An opposition between scientific description and religious interpretation is fundamentally a false antithesis. The aims and moods are quite different, and there is no justification for what has been called "warfare" or "conflict".

In other words, the rivalry suggests the famous description of a war between the German Army and the British Navy as a battle between an elephant and a whale, which is a line of argument often followed by peacemakers. The question is whether the argument really meets the case. Is it true that the elephant and the whale never fought? Did not the whale blockade the elephant? And did not the hawk drop bombs on both? Life is not a duality but one and indivisible. You cannot say that the Bible is merely a book of religion and that Einstein merely writes science. There may be religion in Einstein and there may be science in Ezekiel. Dr. Thomson himself talks about a "penumbra"—a "still half-conquered territory'—"a zone between light and shade", and he says that "psychic science" is "penumbral". But is it only a question of the "penumbra"? What if true Science and true Faith should embrace the whole of life?

Dr. Thomson calls for "a frontier commission" which will "render unto Science the tribute that is its due; and to God the things that are HIS". The delimitation of the penumbra he would refer, as it were, to the League of Nations, or the Hague Court. That is seeing life, not whole, but dual. And, as a solution, does it meet the case? Here, on this planet, are some hundreds of millions of people who say that they believe Jesus to be not good only but God. Their adherence to a dogma so stupendous may be, in many cases, nominal. Their worship and their obedience may be perfunctory. But it is by their formulas that they must be judged. That Jesus "emptied Himself" and so lived as man, is Pauline theology. But it is also Pauline theology that in Him was latent at all times, past, present and future, the fullness of the Godhead and that in Him should be summed up, not a selection of things, determined by Science, but all things, in heaven and on earth. Many Protestants would say that, in this, it is Paul and not Paul's Master that speaks. But no Catholic could believe less and remain a Catholic. And it is with Catholics as well as Protestants and with Fundamentalists as well as Modernists that Science has to deal.

One idea is to reserve the material for the domain of Science and leave the spiritual to the domain of Religion. And between the material and the spiritual, Dr. Thomson assuredly presents a masterly differentiation. In language of genuine eloquence, he declares that energy, whatever form it assumes—and energy is the Greek God Proteus—is "conserved" strictly in amount. One moment, it may be heat. At another moment, it may be electricity. But its total does not change. That is, of course, a dogma. And apparently, it applies as much to radium which distributes energy as it does to lead, out of which energy has been distributed. Assuming then that the aggregate of energy is constant, what about thought? What about love? What about joy and peace and hope? Here are energies which, to exact science, are entirely imponderable. You cannot weigh them. You cannot count them in billions of atoms and molecules. They are independent of distance and of time and of measurement. They are outside the equation that conserves. You may know everything about the whole world and yet you may know nothing of your own soul. Even so simple a phenomenon as telepathy or thought transference, when presented to science by Sir Gilbert Murray, and attested by Lord Balfour, leaves the pundits without either an explanation to offer or an idea that any explanation will ever be forthcoming. It is, simply, "a miracle".

So far as it goes, that argument appears to be conclusive. It proves, for instance, that the theories of Einstein do not affect or explain what St. Paul called "the fruits of the Spirit". Relativity is a principle applied to matter in motion. But love, joy and peace are due to something which—whatever it be—is not matter, as matter is discerned by our faculties and the instruments which we use as aids to our observation. Einstein may argue, if he wishes, with Newton. But it is only over the material of which he has knowledge that he can have any argument with Christ. It would simplify the case if we could say that Jesus left the control of matter to the regular working of natural law. But unless we are to tear the records to ribands, we must recognize that this is precisely what He declined to do. He was "the Word"—meaning the Idea which according to Dr. Thomson transcends the energies of matter—but He was the Word made

flesh. He wept material tears, yielded material sweat and shed material blood. He thus meets Einstein and all scientists on their own ground. The Cross meant that He submitted to natural law. But He did not thus submit until, according to the records, He had asserted, both for Himself and for His disciples, the power and, under God's guidance, the obligation to work miracles. The theory that, in His miracles, Christ acted according to material laws of which He had a knowledge denied to us, is certainly not His account of the matter. What He emphasized was that God's will is paramount over matter.

Nor is this merely a question for antiquarians, whether inside or outside of the Sunday School. In a France generally critical of faith, a million pilgrims annually visit Lourdes. And at Lourdes, more miracles of physical healing are attested by trained physicians, without being challenged by Science, than were ever described or indicated in the New Testament. That matter is controlled by mind is among the axioms of auto-suggestion. In other words, Fate is not master of man. But man is master of Fate. It is to some such conclusion that we appear to be led by the reasoning of Dr. Thomson himself. With the delightful humor which frequently flashes over these pages, he says:

> One may take three observations of a comet and three of a cat, but it is safer to predict the date of the comet's return than to tell how the cat will jump.

In other words, there is a limit to "the discovery of laws or general formulæ which will enable us to say: 'If this, then that'." There are laws which Science defines. But there is also something beyond Law, namely Will, which is beyond all our calculations. Let us agree that the cat was created by evolution. Let us further agree that secretions from appropriate glands stimulate the sensations of the cat. Even if all that be so, the cat is still unaccountable to any molecule when it jumps. Mankind also, like the cat, insists on jumping. And God also, though subject to His own laws, has the same right of action as the cat which He created. In denying this, Science has pressed the claim of predestination to an extreme surely amazing. To man's free will, there are obvious limits. But to contend that the Almighty has no free will at all, is to reduce Him and us all to mere machines.

The alternative to an inevitable machine is a possible miracle. It is natural enough that, as a Scientist, Dr. Thomson should talk about God obeying His own laws. But it sometimes happens that scientists like saints lead a double life. These very demons of logic preach the dogma known as the survival of the fittest. And they then spend their energies in hospitals which are consecrated to the survival of the unfit. So with the fanatics for natural law. They are one thing as scientists and another as human beings. A physicist, who out-Calvins Calvin by declaring that all life is predetermined by the inevitable interaction of protons and electrons, is an excellent golfer, a kindly father and a romantic husband. If you were to tell him that he lives by natural law and has no faculty of choice, he would agree with you in the class-room, and laugh at you the moment that he got outside.

This attempt to subject the Supreme Being to the laws of gravity is, indeed, no novelty of the Twentieth Century. It is an old foe, draped in new trappings. The attempt to reconcile free will and predestination has been perennial for thousands of years. It involves, not species alone and astronomy, but prayer. It is as much a challenge to the Sermon on the Mount as it is a challenge to the miracles. We try to draw a distinction between forgiveness of sins or avoidance of temptation and walking on the water or raising the dead. No such distinction was drawn by Christ. To cure a drug addict is just as hard as to cure cancer. To convert the soul is just as definite a reversal of law as it is to convert water into wine. The philosophy which declares that law is supreme may be "scientific". But it is merely Mosaic and indeed Islamic. It is the deification of Fate as God. And in considering the Mosaic Law, from which, as from Scientific Law, there was to be no escape, we must remember that there was a mitigation provided by sacrifice of bulls and goats. The atonement in the Temple may have been inadequate to the conscience. But, at least, it was attempted. It indicated that, under a universe of law, man could not live and retain his sanity. As Christ on the cross confronted Sinai, so now—according to His Church—does He confront Science. Between the pitiless inevitabilities of cause and effect, He interposes an Atonement.

Take Professor Thomson himself as a subject for vivisection.

Lay him out on the table, and then dissect him. He argues for the majesty of natural law. And then he adds three learned appendices on relativity, the quantum theory and states of matter by "my youngest son, David Landsborough Thomson, M.A., B.Sc." Do we not discern in that acknowledgment a touch of true parental pride? Is not "my youngest son" at least as important to our professor as the theories of relativity, of quantum and of states of matter, all put together? Scientists, like Saviours, are "both human and divine". After all, around a fireside, they are not such very terrible fellows. If they teach a law too heavy to be borne, they act as if the real fulfilment of law in their own relations were love. It was from the human father that Jesus, as it were, argued His way to God. And he taught His disciples that it is love which, in one word, defines the Supreme Being. Is love bound by a material law? None of us would say so. The defiance of law by love is a theme of poetry, biography and utmost realism. If God be mind, creating and controlling matter, then it is love that deals with natural law. That law is doubtless an expression of love. But is love to have no expression save determinable routine?

The real mystery in life lies far deeper than physical miracles. To explain them is mere child's-play compared with the task of determining the how and the why and the what of evil. That is the inner riddle to be solved. And towards its solution, it cannot be said that Professor Thomson, with his academic speculations, has furnished a signpost. It would be untrue to say that he has cut out Hamlet from the play of *Hamlet*. But he has omitted Iago from the play of *Othello*. Whence came Iago? And by what law was he permitted to be? Why is this world out of joint? Elucidate that secret; and you get somewhere.

For I fear that this interesting book will be for the few alone. The multitude is still "accursed", not knowing the laws, whether of Moses or of Einstein. We laugh, we cry, we marry, we pray, we sin, we repent, we love, we hate; nor do we ask the how, the why, the whence or the whither. We may be right—we may be wrong—but most of us think it more important to live than to know by what concatenations of atoms our life is sustained within us.

PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON.

REVOLUTION AND PATRIOTISM

THE SOCIOLOGY OF REVOLUTION. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE UNION. By William McDougal. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE NEW BARBARIANS. By Wilbur C. Abbott. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

If the study of sociology should result in the discovery of fixed and comprehensive laws governing the group behavior of mankind, a curious paradox would seem to follow. For if such laws existed, the study of them would be futile—except for the satisfaction of what Veblen has named "idle curiosity"—since the laws would operate inevitably, whether understood or not. In point of fact, however, all that these "laws" appear to tell us is that this or that will be the outcome unless we *will* otherwise. There is, thus, in almost every sociological discussion an ethical implication, which becomes more prominent at critical times.

Such a time is the present. The disappointment of the hope, very natural under all the circumstances, that the millennium would begin the moment the war was over, the almost insuperable difficulties encountered in adjusting international relations, the critical internal conditions of many European nations, the collapse of Russia, and finally the appearance in many countries, even in the United States, of threatening subversive tendencies—all these causes have stimulated thinking of the ethical type and have demonstrated the need of it.

The great work performed by Professor Sorokin in his work on the sociology of revolutions appears to be in reality the stripping of camouflage from revolutionary propaganda. It is true that he looks at revolution from a purely scientific point of view, regarding it as a natural phenomenon—something that is bound to occur when the conditions are right, just as does the eruption of a volcano. It is, in point of fact, an uprush of inherited instincts that have been suppressed or unduly "cramped". These inherited dispositions are certain to prevail over acquired habits of thought and behavior. They carry all before them—traditions, law, morality, religion—and this result is inevitable from the very nature of the forces involved. "Secondary reactions" cannot

stand against "primary reactions". Such is the teaching of psychology, and such are the observed facts in all great revolutions. But it may be questioned whether the chief value of Professor Sorokin's book lies, after all, in this naturalistic view of the subject, necessary as this may be for the sake of objectivity and clearness.

To adopt a principle stated by the late Charles Peirce, questions that involve human responsibility or "free will" are not really questions of fact but rather questions of the *arrangement* of facts. We may arrange the facts regarding crime, for example, so as to give the meaning, "It is impossible but that offences will come", or we may arrange them so as to mean, "Woe to those through whom they come!" And both views will be correct. Similarly, we may arrange the facts regarding revolution so as to stress the idea that revolution is a natural phenomenon certain to occur under the appropriate circumstances—and this will be the true view for a ruler; or we may arrange them so as to mean that revolution, being the release of the lower instincts in large masses of men and being fated to pass through certain profitless and painful phases, is in no way a means to the "good life", but an irrational and baneful thing from which we should all seek to be delivered—and this view (which assumes control of the future) is the natural and true view for a citizen.

From this latter point of view it is the *meaning* rather than the (ultimate) causation of revolution that is important, and the meaning is revealed by Professor Sorokin as perhaps no other writer has revealed it.

To write against revolution is not so superfluous a task as it may seem to those who desire above all things peace and order. In the abstract, most men would deplore the overthrow of the existing social order, but under the appropriate conditions the concrete revolutionary movement will always have its well-nigh irresistible appeal for many. Make men aware that revolution is invariably "a bad method for the improvement of the material and spiritual condition of the masses". Prove by facts that while "verbally promising the realization of many of the greatest values, it actually leads as often and as much to opposite results". Show that "whatever gains it yields are purchased at a prodigious

and disproportionate cost". And make clear, as Professor Sorokin has done, that all this is true not merely of particular revolutions, but of revolution in general. Then you will have done something to increase the power of those restraints which are necessary to the welfare of society.

But it is not enough to be anti-revolutionary; it is necessary also to have a true conception of the value of nationhood. Here again the facts, scientifically and historically interpreted, must be relied upon to guide that moral purpose in mankind without which, it may be assumed, all knowledge and all effort would be vain. Surely, the serpent will bite without enchantment, and if men were utterly selfish or by nature traitorous, neither psychology nor history could change them a whit. But for normal persons there is inspiration in the account that Professor McDougal gives of nationhood in general and of the United States in particular. When we examine the facts, when we compare nationality with its alternatives, with anarchy or with a hypothetical world-state, we are fairly driven to the conclusion that "nations are indispensable means to the good life for the masses of mankind". They furnish the only available means of harmonizing the social impulse and that of self-assertion and mastery. Nations, being historic growths, cannot be destroyed without irreparable loss. Though not perfect, they cannot be torn down and rebuilt, like mere mechanisms.

The echo in our emotions of this historic and organic character of the nation is patriotism. In another book, Professor McDougal has gone so far as to deny the value of all universal systems of morality and to found ethical consciousness in national consciousness. Without conceding the whole of this thesis, one may agree that patriotism is an important element in moral consciousness; that without it most men are, morally speaking, but half alive. And one may add that no one has labored to better effect than has Professor McDougal to find the deepest and surest foundation for this sentiment.

The hard-won unity of the United States of America is a real thing. Manifold causes help to make us one, both physically and spiritually. Unity of purpose has on the whole prevailed from the beginning. Americans have proved the strength of their

determination to be a united nation and to make that nation a political and social democracy.

This unity is precious not only for reasons that give value to all nationhood, but especially because of the democratic character of our government and our life. For democracy, as Professor McDougal points out, is not a mere accident or an experiment; it is of the very essence of nationality. The highest type of nation, the fullest form of nationality, cannot exist without it. "A true nation is a people so organized that all its members take part in its deliberations and decisions, are influenced by and in turn play their due part in the moulding of public opinion, the final arbiter in all questions of public policy. That is to say, a people can advance beyond the first steps in the scale of nationhood only by achieving democratic organization."

Briefly, then, the American Union, as an accomplished fact, represents the continuous and successful workings of a purpose to secure under democratic institutions the largest possible measure of the "good life" for great masses of people, and as such it is no mere fiction or accident, but an august reality.

Toward complete nationhood, however, one further step, thinks Professor McDougal, needs to be taken. The aspect of national unity most difficult for any democracy to attain is unity with respect to foreign affairs, and this is for America peculiarly hard. "The American Nation," says this candid critic, "has consistently displayed a naïve self-righteousness, a child-like belief in the purity and nobility of all its aims and actions in relation to other States, and a primitive, uncritical conviction of its moral superiority to all other States. At the same time it has naturally displayed a correlative childish impatience at all criticism coming from outside, a touchiness and petulance unbecoming to a great nation, and an incapacity to exert impartial moral judgment in international affairs." Whether or not this picture, when we actually contrast American diplomacy with that of certain more "mature" nations, seems overdrawn, few would dissent from the view that a wider and sounder knowledge of foreign affairs, and a greater disposition loyally to accept all treaties that have been constitutionally made, would be of advantage to the United States as a nation.

In its comprehensiveness and wide grasp of the situation, in its energetic frankness, and its essential justice and tolerance, Professor Abbott's book is remarkable. Never lapsing into the attitude of the *laudator temporis acti*, nor confining himself to what might be called a technical criticism of political or economic doctrines, the author aims to outline the facts and to find the cause. "We all," writes Professor Abbott, "admit the evils of unrestricted capitalism, and seek to stamp it out." To that extent we are all Socialists! But "capitalism" is not the real root of our discontent. The principal cause is, in fact, "overproduction of the human species wherever industrialism has gone". The whole problem, from jazz music to Communistic propaganda, is really a problem of masses.

This situation, which is a very real and serious one, faces equally the "proletariat" and the "bourgeoisie". It is manifestly impossible to end it by abolishing industrialism or by exterminating a part of the population! Nor does the situation involve any necessary opposition between the classes. Both together are involved in it, and both must work it out. The real conflict is not a battle of one "class" against another, or of rival "interests", such as labor and capital. It is a conflict of equalitarianism with democracy. No point seems better worth stressing than this. "Socialism" is the name of a doctrine; "Radicalism" is the name of a tendency which may be only liberalism, progressiveness, or an eagerness for prompt reform; but "equalitarianism" is the name of a spirit—it is the pervasive thing everywhere, the breaker-down of distinctions, the voice of the crowd *as a crowd*.

To demonstrate the theoretical unsoundness of Socialism, of large programmes of nationalization, of Syndicalism, of the "economic State", seems not so important as to define the issue between equalitarianism and democracy. The real distinguishing mark of all these proposals is the doctrine of "equality of enjoyment, of the right of every individual to have his equal share not only of the material rewards of life but of its amusements". Opposed to the ideal of "leisure and pleasure in ample measure"—an ideal which in practice turns out to be almost wholly materialistic—is the democratic ideal of equality of effort and of obligation. "The real problem of social equality," writes Professor Abbott, "is to

substitute for the ideal of a life with little work or none a spirit of endeavor to do and be something better than we are . . . This doctrine of equal endeavor must replace the principle of equal amusement among the modern moralities, whether of rich or poor."

The equalitarian spirit would abolish or radically alter our present institutions. That is its remedy for a situation which is indeed, as has been said, serious enough. Or, to state the case perhaps more exactly, this spirit finds its opportunity in the industrial situation already described. But it is one of the fallacies of the classic Socialism to suppose that this remedy is the only one possible and the one destined to be put into effect. The "dependence of the bourgeoisie upon the proletariat" has proved to be a fiction, and, indeed, instead of a dragging-down of the bourgeoisie to the level of the proletariat, what we have seen and what we are likely to see is rather a gradual elevation of large numbers of the proletariat to the level of the middle class.

Nor is it correct to suppose that the latter class has no fighting spirit and no programme. Just the contrary is the case. The middle class in this country appears to be energetic and fearless. The contented democratic part of the population far outnumbers the discontented Radicals, and if it possesses no definite unalterable programme and no doctrinaire theory, it has been the author of many reforms and of much progress. Even a partial enumeration is impressive. On the industrial side we have profit-sharing, share in management, stock distribution, group insurance, workman's compensation. As a part of the social and humanitarian effort, we have hospitals, public sanitation; public schools and universities, public libraries, churches and missions, boys' clubs, settlement work, Americanization.

Will the programme succeed! If not, it would seem that the high value of nationhood which Professor McDougal has so convincingly described would be lost, the indestructible union would be destroyed, and we should begin one of those fatal cycles which Professor Sorokin has outlined. The success of the alternative policies proposed would amount, in fact, to revolution. There are many signs that the democratic programme will finally prove adequate. If only we can keep America "the land of opportu-

nity", if only reasonable "equality of opportunity" remains, if only the effort to raise the standard of living and of culture among the less fortunate be not frustrated by economic causes, there need be no fear of revolution.

Glancing back over the considerations discussed, one cannot help being once more impressed with the idea that every sociological problem involves the ethical element. Revolution is chiefly a moral disaster. The nation is preëminently a moral and spiritual unity, a union of purpose. Though the assault upon democracy carried on by the "new barbarians" has its economic cause, its fallacy lies primarily in its lack of a sound moral foundation. If such treatises as those just passed in review profit us, it is not because history or psychology furnishes us with new methods of controlling events, but rather because they reveal the true meaning of facts and ideas and enable us to pass moral judgments upon the situation before us.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

STARK YOUNG

GLAMOUR: ESSAYS ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Stark Young's latest book, *Glamour: Studies in the Art of the Theatre*, places him as the one critic of our theatre who brings to it a broad, deep conception of the theatre as an art and an expression of life and who views its possibilities and shortcomings in the light of a greater theatre, which is the fundamental form to which all civilizations and nations and movements have contributed. He has no stereotyped humor nor pseudo-destructive criticism to cover over any gaps of knowledge and insight. The anecdotal side of the theatre is left entirely alone. His reader remains before the stage itself, seeing and sensing every movement and the implications of gesture, hearing the overtones of the sentences spoken there; and the reader realizes that he has never seen nor been shown the theatre in this light before. His mind is a maze of vivid impression,

subtle suggestion, sharp contrasts, all interwoven in a great pattern of a larger yet clearly and sharply projected theatre.

I think Mr. Young's writing of the theatre is like the acting of Duse, of whom he writes a second—one recalls his "Letter to Duse" in his earlier volume *The Flower in Drama*—and a more profound and glowingly beautiful tribute to her genius:

> To people for whom Duse's art was a power and a new impulse of life, her supreme quality was what lay behind no art in particular, but behind all art, the response to life. The poet, the musician, the painter and architect, and actor or dancer, and the saint, also, whose life and ways possess the continuity and creative passion of art, all draw life to them by their capacity for it. In them life is gathered, it refracts, simplifies, finds out its essential and eternal principle or idea and a new body for it, and so goes on. And in Duse of all artists people most felt the thing they most respond to in all living, an infinity of tragic wonder and tenderness.

He speaks of Duse as expressing the greatest living, the keenest sensitivity. So, of American critics of the theatre, he expresses the greatest living, the deepest sensitivity. He is an impressionist in the sense that all art impresses in him a subtle, responsive medium that translates it in its own terms, its own perspective, in which its idea lives again in its peculiar depth and color. That is impressionism far different from writing one's particular impressions of a special work; for Mr. Young's sensibility involves a pattern of life, an underlying and overarching conception, just as deep living and sensibility reflect and do not refract the images of life. And as art is the essence of life, reflection can impart to us far more than refraction. Pure reflection is the artist as Leonardo da Vinci would have him and the perfect reader as Mr. Percy Lubbock imagines him. Mr. Young is the perfect spectator and listener of the theatre.

His latest studies have a greater depth and inclusiveness than his earlier studies in *The Flower in Drama*, which was a cross-section of our theatrical life caught in gem-like clarity from its passing phases and set down in its wider and deeper connection. He has included more observation in a more profound analysis of the elements in the art of the theatre. His criticism is concentrating; the farther reaches are being drawn into a broad central stream that follows a course like a work of art itself.

What he has achieved is the classic, "the poetry of the individual soul set forth with reticent intensity in universal forms."

The peculiar quality of his vibrant mind is that his observations and reflections are so present and yet timeless. Both *Glamour* and *The Flower in Drama* are wholly of the theatre today,—even when he writes of the Greek theatre,—yet when one puts them down, it is with a feeling that one has walked in realms of the theatre, that one has overlooked from a great height all the life that crowds the theatre and is there transformed. This height is not aloofness; it is rather poetical participation, a journey in which our wonder leaves in us a sense of vivid reality and far away beauty, the puzzled contemplation of a soul like that shy poet and boy in "Sophocles' Guest" that has surged with emotion and feels both the presence and distance of what has touched it:

> The boy sits there by his window looking out on the mountains, Lykabettos, and the long slopes of Pentelicos, and the country around. The light lies yellow on them, on the walls of the town; the Bay of Salamis stretching to the southwest grows darker and bluer. The lines of this world he looks upon are clear and final; they establish a final relationship together. He feels a still and lucid power among his thoughts, as if life were all pure space seen in the light and music of his contemplation. And sitting there he sees the wonderful night come on. Over the sad land he sees the stars rise. And to-night at least, watching them in the clear heavens and the forms they take, he thinks not on the mystery but on the pattern of his soul.

In the midst of much widespread writing for the merely expedient, endless comment and observation that hide a lack of grounding and ideas, but impart a cheap individuality to the writer, the work of Mr. Young stands out as clear light after a mist, a little bewildering at first as is sharp intelligent conversation after a group of bores. His is a mind that searches the fundamentals of art. Every art has its own terms in which to express itself and can be judged only so far as it has completely expressed itself in these terms. To speak of art as a divine result independent of any craft, of technique, is to lose sight of the fact that it is precisely in the complete exploitation of its craft that any art rises through and above life. There is reality that is the flower and not exact reproduction. "If one aims only at the beautiful the

flower is sure to appear." That is reassuring if one knows and can judge the beautiful. It is elusive, so dependent at times on realities about us; we see it all about us and feel it in us in happiness; in sadness it is a dream, a hope, far-distant, and austere. But the beautiful can be the sum of all life, not a collection of objects striking us as beautiful. It can be the poetry of prosaic life. Reality it has because it is founded on life, but imagination gives it depth and breadth and over-arching luminosity. The beautiful is reached by moving in terms of reality about us to the greater truth of something eternal that art gives back to life.

Mr. Young possesses above all a great breadth of learning, a remarkable assimilation of tradition. He knows the theatre and its plays of many countries, and his knowledge moves evenly through all periods and changes in the theatre. There is no classical learning, mere accumulation of Greek and Latin literary modes. He absorbs the deeper meaning of a past civilization. He looks into the life that stirred and pushed, which an earlier art expressed. That expression has life and vitality behind it; it is to be felt, not studied. The theatre of the Elizabethans, the Italian, the Spanish, the French, the Russian, the Japanese, he has been moved by all of them; he has felt their special qualities in the life they have acted. He is at home in them in the sense that he carries to them all a sensitive vibration to beauty. He asks what it is they are trying to express, wherein does it fit the larger order of things. He brings them a mind that understands their efforts in the light of the theatre in which is expressed all life that can be expressed in its terms. His is a lonely if powerful voice raised in the interest of acting as a craft based on technique, and whose analysis not only penetrates to the fundamentals but also establishes the relationship of acting to music, to the rhythm of speech, to the realities of the theatre, and to the history and spirit of the play. His sympathy in the theatre is wide and deep; in fact his breadth and confinement give him his depth because he possesses knowledge of many theatres while that knowledge remains of the theatre as it expresses life. As broad as his knowledge of the drama is, he ever brings that knowledge to bear on and illuminate the movement, the shortcomings and possibilities of an American drama. He seizes on every lack and merit in our

theatre, judging them in the light of the ideal of great art, of permanency, the abstract pattern, universality.

Stark Young writes of the theatre first of all as an art that has its own terms and expression. It has its medium, as every art has, and must work in terms of it. There is little use of one's bemoaning the fact that the theatre cannot spread the canvas of the novel or attain the purity of music or the flowing change of the permanence of architecture. It is theatre. It is an expression of life that has its possibilities and limitations. It is harried by an audience that knows too much about it, by actors unsound in technique and without idea, and by writers guided in their work by the general condition of the theatre. And the critics to whom we should be able to look for more significant judgment, a criterion of a period in art risen from art's vast store of experience and far-reaching tradition, write about the literature of the theatre, about personalities that flicker and die out; and they write pages of observations that not only indicate a relapse of imagination but also leave a feeling that they know nothing of life but a photographic reality. In Stark Young one is both at rest and constantly stimulated. It is restful to understand through another the fundamentals of an art. One knows the language and can now learn to speak its dialect. The mental poise of a well-grounded and adjusted outlook bears fruit in deeper insight to life, a narrower acceptance of but wider sympathy with life, greater intensity and contemplation rather than in action, and a reality in the poetry of the imagination which is "a soul in reality". This soul in reality is the stimulus of a restful mind.

Mr. Young is a pagan in his love of beauty in life and his conception of a higher morality founded not on repression but on release of the spirit. Life is a vital thing to him, rich in color and contrast and the heat of living; and yet as closely as he feels life he stands aloof from it, not in any sense of withdrawal but in a sense of intense contemplation. Life of the earth is real and hard; no "lost stars" can live that life, with their inability to evolve from reality a spiritual life; its closeness and openness and breadth make for a higher abstract, a wider pattern.

In recalling life that has moved in past ages, he feels that life so intensely that the reality of it becomes one for his reader. His

prose has an earnestness and strong dignity far more effective than any imploring appeal to remember the past. It is not a dead past to him. It is an eternity ever presenting a new side. He feels the continuity of life in its shifting aspects through the centuries and his contemplation is not the reflection of a period in history but the reflection of a mind imbued in the continuous theme of the infinite variation of life. He sees beauty in reality and in spirit. He has the power to make the real seem spiritual and the spiritual real. He thinks of religion as he does of dramatic art, as an expression founded on life and yet above life, a vital emotion wherever life exists, varying in outward form but ever the same in spirit. Acting becomes art when it ceases to be life, he has written; and just so does any art become art; but art must possess the vitality of life and this he will not have dried up in academic sterility. As Vernon Lee wrote, even if a character does not act, it must be intensely. In his approach to the theatre it is knowledge of the continuity of dramatic art that is Mr. Young's own vitality and it marks him off in his peculiar quality of finding poetry in reality and reality in poetry.

His is a vibrant prose of colors and contrasts, balanced, realistic in precision of detail, yet, in the choice and order of detail and his tendency toward the ideal and abstract, natural, if by natural I can convey the idea of realism without a prepossession of details and restraint without classicism's priggishness. His prose has an evenness and balance which give at times a chant-like flow, sometimes monotonous and wearisome, even affected, but at other times stately; one feels the air and settled centuries of Italy in a calm, understanding mind.

Mr. Young is a poet writing criticism of the theatre. His poetry is his clarity and depth, his sparseness but greater precision of detail, his form to which he shapes the life he feels, and his searching mind that illuminates that form through closer truth in imagination. When he speaks of attaining beauty through and above the reality about us, one thinks of his own attainment through the realities of the theatre. He has penetrated to the "soul in reality", which in any art is its profound relation to the other arts and its final identification with the art of life.

EDWARD HUSSEY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

PROFESSOR. By STANLEY JOHNSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A VOICE FROM THE DARK. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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POINTS OF HONOR. By THOMAS BOYD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PATTERN. By ROSE L. FRANKEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

DRUMS. By JAMES BOYD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GREAT GATSBY. By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

LAZARUS. By HENRI BERAUD. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE WINDLESTRAW. By JAMES MILLS WHITHAM. New York: Boni and Liveright.

YOU KNOW ME, AL. By RING W. LARDNER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHAT OF IT? By RING W. LARDNER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BIG TOWN. By RING W. LARDNER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS. By RING W. LARDNER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION. By LOUIS BERMAN. New York: The Century Company.

THE SUBURBAN TREND. By H. PAUL DOUGLASS. New York: The Century Company.

THE FARMER'S CHURCH. By WARREN H. WILSON. New York: The Century Company.

THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION. By ST. GEORGE LANE PITT FOX. Cambridge University Press.

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THE AMERICAN ARTS COLLEGE. By FREDERICK J. KELLY. New York: The Macmillan Company.

CONCERNING THE NATURE OF THINGS. By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SAINTE-BEUVE: A Biography. By LEWIS FREEMAN MOTT. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS AND PAPERS OF GEORGE SAINTSBURY. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE AND LABOR. By SAMUEL GOMPERS. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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STUDIES FROM TEN LITERATURES. By ERNEST BOYD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MAN FROM AN AFRICAN JUNGLE. By W. C. WILCOX. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ROBERT E. LEE, THE SOLDIER. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

EXPANSIONISTS OF 1812. By JULIUS W. PRATT. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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HANDBOOK OF ALASKA. By MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. GREELY, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GATEWAY OF PALESTINE. By S. TOLKOWSKY. New York: Albert and Charles Boni.

RECONSTRUCTION. By J. D. WHELPLEY. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

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THE OLD YELLOW BOOK. By JOHN MARSHALL GEST. Boston: Chipman Law Publishing Company.

DIVORCE IN AMERICA UNDER STATE AND CHURCH. By WALKER GWYNNE, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

OUR SUSSEX PARISH. By THOMAS GEERING. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE LIFE OF SAN MARTIN. By ANNA SCHOELLKOPF, with a Preface by His Excellency HONORIO PUEYRREDON. New York: Boni and Liveright.

SECRETS OF THE SALMON. By EDWARD RINGWOOD HEWITT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

GASOLINE. By T. A. BOYD. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE RESURRECTION. By THOMAS SAWYER SPIVEY. Beverley Hills, Cal.: The Author.

ANIMALS LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE. By WILLIAM ALLISON KEPNER. New York: The Macmillan Company.

WHY I AM A SPIRITUAL VAGABOND. By THOMAS L. MASSON. New York: The Century Company.

LIKE SUMMER'S CLOUD. By CHARLES S. BROOKS, illustrated by J. McC. FLORY. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THE PORTRAIT OF ZELIDE. By GEOFFREY SCOTT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BASIC AIMS. By CHARLES BLAMFIELD. Boston: The Bailey Press.

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THE EARLY HISTORY OF BENGAL. By F. J. MONAHAN. Oxford University Press.

SUBTLE SHINING SECRECIES. By WILLIAM STONE BOOTH. Boston: Walter H. Baker Company.

PORTRAIT OF A PUBLISHER. By GRANT OVERTON. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL, 1775. By HAROLD MURDOCK. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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What I Believe. By Bertrand Russell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Modern Marriage. By Paul Popenoe. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Stranger than Fiction. By Lewis Browne. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Table-Talk of G. B. S. Conversations between George Bernard Shaw and his biographer, Archibald Henderson. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Out of the Past. By Margaret Symonds. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Handbook of American Prisons. Prepared by The National Society of Penal Information. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Dionysius in Doubt. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Poems of Youth. Compiled by William Rose Benet. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War. By Tyler Dennett. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Young Mrs. Cruse. By Viola Meynell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Within a Budding Grove. By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

The Pot of Earth. By Archibald MacLeish. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Through Field and Woodland. By Alice Rich Northrop. Illustrated in color. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Johnson the Essayist. Edited by O. F. Christie. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Germany. By G. P. Gooch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Conscience of the Newspaper. By Leon Nelson Flint. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Einstein Theory Explained and Analyzed. By Samuel H. Guggenheimer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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The Problem Child in School. By Mary B. Sayles and Howard W. Nudd. New York: Joint Committee on Methods of Preventing Delinquency.

Collected Poems of H. D. New York: Boni and Liveright.

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Henry Cabot Lodge. By William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Sonata and Other Poems. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield and Company.

Forum Papers: Second Series. New York: Duffield and Company.

School Origins and Social Continuities. By Alfred Marston Tozzer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Player Under Three Reigns. By Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Freshman Readings. Compiled by Roger Sherman Loomis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Little Dark Man. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company.

War or Peace?

ON May 2, by courtesy of Stations WRC and WJZ (Radio Corporation of America) ADMIRAL WILLIAM L. RODGERS and GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS broadcast their debate, published in the May FORUM, on the question "Shall America Prepare for War?" Countless thousands were thus enabled to hear the opening guns in THE FORUM'S discussion of the larger question of War itself.

If civilization is to endure we *must* find a less barbaric means to settle international differences. As reasonable beings we *can* find a way, — whether by adequate military and naval preparation, by international coöperation, or by some other method, — remains to be seen.

THE FORUM is opening its pages to a thorough discussion of all the international, sociological, and economic factors which have a bearing on this momentous question of War.

In the June issue, SHERWOOD EDDY, who has long been active in international work for the Y. M. C. A., presents the viewpoint of a convert to Pacifism. MR. EDDY, who wrote "The Right to Fight" advocating our entrance into the World War in 1915, enlisted in the British Army in 1916, although he was over age.

The June Issue

The discussion of Catholicism is continued, this time by a Protestant. ¶ In an article entitled "Catholicism Self-Condemned", DR. CHARLES FAMA quotes specific Catholic utterances in refutation of the position taken by DR. KINSMAN in the May number. ¶ *What is Civilization?* MAURICE MAETERLINCK maintains that the influence of Egypt has set a powerful seal upon our planet. ¶ HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN uses a tooth recently dug out of Bryan's native Nebraska to refute the Commoner's anti-evolution propaganda. ¶ The present turmoil in the Balkans is interpreted by WALTER LITTLEFIELD in "Pistol Shots in the Balkans". ¶ VIOLA PARADISE tells of the adventures of two American girls in the quaint side streets of Jugo-Slavia. ¶ Is Cubism pure art? In the debate between WALTER PACH, leading exponent of the modern school of painting, and ALFRED CHURCHILL, conservative academician, the controversy will be over Picasso's version of "Nude Descending Staircase". ¶ ELIAS ARNESEN writes of his countryman, Knut Hamsun — "Bard Errant". ¶ JOSEPH V. COLLINS suggests that our excessive partizanship is poisoning American life. ¶ ETHEL COOKE ELIOT contributes a short story "Maternal" which took third place in THE FORUM prize contest. ¶ And there are many other features.

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